

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND:

A Monthly Magazine,

TO AID AND ENCOURAGE THOSE MOTHERS WHO HAVE LITTLE TIME
TO READ, AND LITTLE MONEY TO SPEND ON BOOKS.

EDITED BY ANN JANE.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE continual extension of the sale of this unpretending periodical proves that it is appreciated for the benevolent object contemplated, and some very significant intimations of still further extension encourage to further effort and labour.

The notice taken of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" in various quarters, and the introduction of the subject of it into several of our most widely circulated religious journals are some recompence, as tending to promote the great object so dear to those who launched this little vessel freighted with a mother's love, and wafted by parental prayer. Some *now happy homes*—some personal positions—and the formation of numerous Maternal Associations—the result of perusing "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND"—abundantly testify that the labour *is not in vain*, and impart a satisfaction which constitutes the best recompence on earth and in heaven.

With feelings of gratitude to the Author of all Good—

encouraged by pleasing prospects—allured by the theme of the work, and relying on the Divine blessing—the labour will be pursued while life and strength are given, with every effort to render it worthy of being *the Mother's Friend*.

Some copies may be had of the early numbers, reprinted, to complete sets; and Vols. I. (price 1s.), II., III., IV., and V. (1s. 6d. each), bound in cloth, may be obtained, which might be an acceptable present to emigrants—missionaries, town, city, and foreign—and especially to Sunday Schools.



THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND.

WHAT SHALL BE IN THE FUTURE?

"To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh which a traveller never reacheth."

Who will answer the solemn question—what shall be on the morrow? The past—where is it? it has fled! The future—it may never come! If we could ascend to heaven, and hold converse with the brightest seraph near the eternal throne, he would be utterly unable, with all his mighty powers, to turn over the folded leaves to our view, or to say what shall be on the morrow! If we could descend into the abode of the lost, and with Dives talk of the future, we should only hear from him and his miserable companions doleful regrets, that while making life's voyage they regarded not the future!—but of *our* to-morrow nothing would be heard there, but "prepare lest thou also come to this place of torment."

If we go to the lover of pleasure he will presume, indeed, to tell us bright hours are in store—the dreams of early youth that flit across the brain are full of light, of life, and joy—bright visions, that never come again; they are wild and warm and new, and we wonder, as we pass on, that they are not yet realised.

How the bright dreams of early youth
Lure the fond eye with visions gay,
And clothing them in robes of truth,
Seem fadeless in Hope's welcome day!

WHAT SHALL BE IN THE FUTURE ?

Yet think not, then, that life to thee
Shall pass a summer-dream of bliss !
Clouds and dark storms thy lot may be,
An earnest life, mothers, is this !

If we go to those who live only for earth, what will they tell us ? “ No God—no God.” The fool says in his heart, and too often we can see it in his conduct, “ a short life and a merry one, and nothing beyond to vex or torment us ;” but—

Life is a race to run,
And heaven the distant prize ;
By few the crown is won,
For few are truly wise.
The things of this short life they choose,
The endless life of heaven—refuse !

If we go to the wise and excellent, they will tell us to seek the guidance of heaven along the path of life, and the future will be bright and glorious.

Life is a path that leads
From time and earth away ;
At first, through flowery meads,
With prospects green and gay.
Then climbing many a rugged height,
Over strange hills it goes from sight.

But, if we go to the map of the land afar off, we can trace the end of the way from the spot on which we are standing. “ The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” “ I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

Seek bliss where bliss alone is thine—
Seek it in Christ—Eternal Fount !
Then shall thy path with glory shine,
And Hope on holier wings shall mount.
Live in this light, and darkness dies—
Ask of Him bliss, and forth shall roll,
From rivers springing in the skies,
Eternal bliss to fill thy soul.

But, mother ! how much of the happiness of the future, for yourself and your family, depends upon your teaching

—your influence—your example! A dying man once said, “Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!” It could not be—his influence still survives him; and the influence of the ungodly mother will live and work on, when she has passed away from earth, for years and generations to come. She puts agency in motion which she is powerless to arrest; her body, indeed, may be shrouded and coffined, and buried out of sight, but not her influence—for that, alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no shroud, no burial—it walks the earth like a pestilence—like the angel of death, and *will* walk till the hand of God arrest and chain it.

The grave is not the end of the mother, even as to this world. She is doing that, every year, every month, every hour, which will survive her, and will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after her. A mother makes a remark before a thoughtless child—it arrests his attention. She does not know her boy has noticed it, and he scarcely thinks of it again, but loses it in the instant rush and press of life; but it is gone into the storehouse of thought, and will remain and come forth, in after years, when his mother’s tongue is hushed in death. A whole system of action and belief has sometimes been drawn out of such a remark, and the destiny has been shaped by it; and, perhaps, the fate of a nation. Could we distinctly see the influences for the future we are always throwing around us, which may bless or curse our friends, our children, our neighbours—how much more watchful should we be! Every mother is a centre, constantly radiating streams of influence. Oh, what will be the future of such influences! Good or bad!

Think of the brevity of human life, and the eternal duration of human influence. How soon another year has escaped from us! Onward our moments fly, on swift wings—they fly by day and by night—onward—onward; never weary in their flight—they stop not—they wait not the convenience of man nor of nations. How quickly has

the year gone by!—its last day is numbered—its last sun has set—It has carried with it many joys and sorrows—gratifications and disappointments—the memory of its days lingers—deep traces are left on our hearts. Departed years, like ships of burden, bear a heavy lading; they carry away hopes that were illusory—cares that corroded—and pleasure that satiated in enjoyment.

To some, the past year has been one of pungent sorrow; to others, it has spoken pleasure and joy; but the thought of the flight of time makes the gayest grave—why is this? Why do we regret vanished years? Ah, we love life—we love creation—we love the blue skies, sparkling with a thousand worlds—we love the golden sun—we love to gaze on this still beautiful world—we love the spring, blushing into summer—we love the summer, ripening into autumn—we love the autumn, frowning into winter—and the winter, softening into spring. We love the dear ones clustering around us, and we like not to dwell on decay and death, of which the fading year reminds us; but it will read us an affecting and useful lesson, if we will only listen—making us wiser for the future, by telling us of the unforgotten past, and of those who dwell where everlasting spring abides.

Mothers! let us live while we live; let us open our eyes and be wide awake, and try to disturb our neighbours' sinful slumbers by the stir we make in awakening. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy, the more happy. "I have lived long enough," said a good and useful man, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate; the old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' may convey an untruth. Whatever you have, keep them going." The mate of a ship, having put everything to rights, asked the captain what more could be done: "Tell them to scour the anchor," was the reply, on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

Let there be method, too, in the arrangement of your time. Cecil says, "Method is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Give to the eternal welfare of yourself and dear family all the time it deserves; live for something; write your name by kindness—love—mercy—on the hearts of those who surround you; and, remember, you and yours are to live for ever, in a world beyond the grave, "when rolling years have ceased to move."

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;
Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

THE WIFE.

STUDY (says an old author) the duties of marriage before you enter upon them. There are crosses to be borne, and manifold obligations to be discharged, as well as felicity to be enjoyed. It combines the interests, the fortunes, the happiness of two beings in bonds that death alone can lawfully dissolve; it is the most intimate union which exists in the present world; no attachment is so strong, no tenderness so great, as that which is originated and cherished by this institution. The brightest happiness that earth imparts, or sorrow the most deep and lasting, is in the power of marriage.

A woman, indeed, ventures most, for there is no earthly resting-place for her from an unkind husband, and her tormentor has a warrant of prerogative. A wife, suffering from a cruel husband, may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; this is the only appeal she has. That was a wise wife, who, in her desolateness, would not have a

female friend to reside with her, lest she should be induced, in her hours of deep sorrow, to *talk* of the *faults* of her husband, who treated her very unkindly, but who was at length won over to the truth by her holy conversation and godliness.

To all who think rightly and seriously on the subject, the day of marriage is a solemn season ; to the *bride* it is especially so. She confides her most important destinies to one who, though fondly loved, and believed to be all he has ever seemed, is yet *untried*. She has entered upon a voyage in which it would be the height of folly to anticipate only calm and sunshine. The happy home of her childhood is hers no longer ; there she reposed upon a mother's love—now she has contracted another tie, of a still more binding nature.

It is no common tie
That binds her youthful heart,
'Tis one that only truth could weave,
And only death can part.

That must be a cold, selfish heart, which can look with indifference on a bridal party ; even strangers gaze with interest on the newly wedded pair, while friends and relatives press forward to greet them with love's best wishes. The sunshine of gladness beams on the countenance of the bridegroom, and, although the bride looks pensive and placid as she advances, it is very evident her heart is full of confiding love.

But there is another, we observe, among the group ; one on whose brow clouds and sunshine seem struggling together ! She smiles ; yet the tear is in her eye. This is the mother of the bride. Ah ! varied are the emotions conflicting within her breast. She tries to think only of her daughter's happiness, and the joy of her newly-made son, but she feels that she makes a great sacrifice to-day ! She knows full well that her home will no longer be cheered by the sweet voice and kind attentions of her beloved child,

and that in sickness and sorrow a stranger hand must now smooth her pillow and administer to her wants; but she is not selfish;—no, no—a mother's heart is not selfish. She made up her mind to all this, ere she gave her cordial consent to the union. An old sorrow, too, presses heavily on her heart this morning. She thinks of one who would have shared with her this day's joys and sorrows. But he sleeps in the green valley, and she feels more than ever that the widow's heart is indeed a desolate thing! The question, too, arises in her maternal bosom—"Shall my precious daughter suffer life's sorrows as I have done?" Yet she hushes the rising waves by looking up to Him who alone can say, "Peace, be still," and she whispers—"The good Shepherd bless thee, and guide thee, and keep thee, my precious one;" then, with feelings to which neither tears nor words can give utterance, she bids her remember her dead father's and her mother's God. The young friends look sorrowful, and the old servant utters a wish for her future weal, as the bridegroom whispers—"The chaise is at the door!" It is a solemn season.

"I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd were met
To see the saddest sight of all—a gay and girlish thing,
Lay aside her early gladness for a name and for a ring.
And I think I hear her father's sigh, her mother's calmer tone,
As they give her to another's care—their precious one—their own."

Amidst tears and blessings she takes her seat by the side of him who bears her away—it may be to a world of strangers, perhaps, to receive cold looks for the warm greetings of home, and where a true heart may seldom be found, save that which beats in the bosom of him who calls her "wife." Perhaps storms may gather, and, unable to see any bright light in the cloud, she may have to weep in secret over remembered joys of early days—the disinterested love of a mother's heart, and the home circle which her marriage had broken. Still, amidst all, if she has a good

hope through grace, she can look up to her home in the sky and say—

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

Our pen must rest till another month.

A MOTHER'S LOVE EVIDENCED.

A LADY, who was visiting in a truly pious and well-regulated family, took one of the little girls on her knee, and said, in a pleasant and thoughtless manner, “Who loves Edith?” The dear child fixed her sweet, meek eyes on her, and replied, in an earnest tone, “Jesus loves Edith!” The lady was no less astonished than delighted—for, just before, the child had received a little token of her fond mother’s affection, and when the friend asked her the question, she felt certain the answer would be, “Mamma loves Edith.” Yet, though she did not say just these words, she could not have told more expressively of her mother’s solicitude, in having led her tender little one to look through the wings of her own brooding love to that compassionate Saviour who said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.” That mother felt that she could manifest her affection by no stronger and more enduring means than leading the little lamb to that good Shepherd whose crook would be everlastingly held out to save and succour, when she could no longer watch over it, and guard it from the perils that must beset its path.

H. M.

A PAGE FROM FRANCE.

THE YOUNG GARDE MOBILE’S “TREASURE OF TREASURES.”

NEAR a barricade, erected in one of the most populous districts of Paris during those days of political excitement

which agitated France, two bands of soldiers were stationed under orders to take and destroy the barricade. One of these companies belonged to the National Guard, the other to that young militia known by the name of the "Garde Mobile." In this latter company might be seen lads of but fifteen years of age at most, not amongst the least ardent for the attack. The action was hot—much courage was shown on either side; but it was a sorrowful sight, for this terrible struggle took place between fellow-citizens—between men and youths, whom so many bonds of interest might have united as one family!

During the thickest of the fight, two soldiers separated from the ranks of their comrades, and throwing themselves into the midst of a shower of balls, gained the summit of the barricade, where they drew after them their companions in arms. This put in disorder the opposite party; a shot, however, fired from the discomfited side, wounded mortally one of the two soldiers who had advanced so valiantly before the others. He fell into the arms of his comrade near him—the same who with him had climbed the barricade. "I am going to die," said the wounded man, to the young garde mobile who supported him, "I am going to die! open my wallet—take from thence a small book; it is the New Testament—read it, ask God to bless it to you—farewell."

The young man thus addressed accepted the gift of the dying soldier. About a year after this, an excellent and truly Christian man was called, by business, to a certain place at some distance from Paris. To his surprise he observed, in the hall of one of his tenants, a Bible placed upon the table; a Bible bearing, however, visible traces of the frequent use that was made of it. "You, then, read the Bible?" said he to his host. "Yes, Sir, and with much pleasure." "God be praised for it," replied the landlord. "God be praised, truly," replied the host, "for the surprising manner in which I and my family have been led to

think of these things. Listen how it took place :—One of my nephews, whom I had adopted on the death of his parents, showed early such evil dispositions that, for the tranquillity of my household, I was compelled, when he had reached the age of thirteen years, to place him as an apprentice in Paris, with a master upon whose strictness and watchfulness I could depend. Notwithstanding this precaution, Paul found means to defeat all the care of his guardian. He escaped one day from the house of his master, and we lost all traces of him. When I thought of him I was troubled indeed. I expected every day to hear that he had committed some crime which had placed him in the hands of justice. Six months ago, however, the diligence of Paris set him down unexpectedly at my door. On seeing him, I shuddered. ‘What!’ said I, hastily, ‘after having led such a life, you are come to take refuge with us, and to bring dishonour into your own family!’ Paul looked at me with gentleness, and pointing to the uniform which he wore, he said calmly, ‘I have not dishonoured the body of which I formed a part; I have, here, attestations which prove this sufficiently; I leave on account of my health. As to what you say of my former dissipation, you cannot speak of it with more dislike than I myself feel.’ ‘Yes, yes,’ I replied, interrupting him, ‘you are ill, in consequence of excess; you have no more money, and you find it very convenient to come and recruit yourself at your uncle’s, in order to begin again your former course.’ Paul cast down his head at these words, and in a low voice, as though he feared to be heard by others besides me, he replied, ‘Uncle, a great change has taken place in me. This is not the moment to speak of it, at length; as I am now seeking assistance from your kindness, I should have the appearance of trying to gain your favour by hypocritical words; all that I can affirm is, that I am no longer that wild, that dissipated youth, whom you have known.’ ‘We shall soon see,’ I rejoined, and I led

the poor boy into my house. From that day I began to perceive that Paul was, indeed, greatly changed. In the evening, I was extremely surprised at what I saw. I had caused a bed to be placed for him in my chamber. Before lying down, he asked my permission to pray. 'Your prayer,' cried I, laughing—alas! at that time I was a mocker at real religion—'the prayer of a garde mobile! that must indeed be a curious thing; let me hear, however, this fine prayer.' Paul looked at me sorrowfully, and said with great seriousness, 'Do not laugh at this, my dear uncle, and require me to pronounce aloud what my heart desires to address to God. Soon, I hope, it will be different, when you will be assured, better than you now can be, that prayer is not a vain form with me.'"

You shall see, also, if you are spared to another month.

THE MINISTER'S FIG.

SOME few years ago I was in the west of England, and, whilst there, received a warm invitation from a dear friend, who was a returned missionary, to visit him. He had been labouring very successfully on the sunny plains of India; but, like many other valued men, his health gave way in the midst of his usefulness. He had also been called to watch by the sick-bed of a dear and affectionate wife—to minister to her many wants in affliction—to close her eyes in death; and, almost before he could realise his position, was standing by the side of the open grave, and had to leave one there who had been dearer to him than life itself; and as the clouds fell upon the coffin at the well-known words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the unearthly sound broke up the fountain of his inward grief; never had such a sound fallen upon his ear before, and never will it be forgotten. He returned to his home with a bleeding, wounded heart; and with all the active ingenuities of grief

gathering moss, or examining wild flowers," said Florence ; "he does so like to think about things all by himself. I heard him say, one day, that he sat for an hour, without moving or speaking, to watch the little ants running up and down their heap. Oh, here he comes with an old stick in his hand." "Well, my son," said Mrs. Lamure ; "we have long been expecting you ; where have you lingered ?"

"I have been sitting down by the great oak tree, ma, and here is a bit of its root. I cannot think what good this old dry root can do to the tree !" "I shall feel pleased to talk to you about it, Frank, when you have had your tea ; I am sure you must feel hungry." "No, ma, I do not ; so will you please tell me the use of this root while Sally brings my tea ?" "Well, dear, you know the acorn is put into the ground to cause a tree to grow up from it, do you not ?" "Yes, ma." "Very well ; the heat of the ground causes it to swell and crack, and from it proceed two little shoots—one comes up to form the stem and branches, and the other goes down into the ground, and is called the root,—a part of which you hold in your hand." "Yes, ma, I know that ; but what use is the root ?" "Well, dear, we will proceed. The little shoot that goes down divides itself into several parts, and by striking itself deeply into the earth, it holds the stem and branches very firmly, so that the strong winds cannot blow it down. This is one great use of this dry-looking piece of wood." "Oh, how nice, mamma, to know all this ; is it of any other use to the tree ?" "Yes, dear, it has another very important office to perform. The end of the root is so formed by the wise Creator that it can suck up the moisture from the earth, and send it into every part of the fine large tree,—even to the tender little leaves which you may observe unfolding to the light. This sap is just like the blood which runs through all the tiny veins in your hands and fingers. Now, the reason why you see me

give water to my plants is that the roots may have moisture to suck up and cause sap. In winter, the trees have rest ; they look bare and dry, because they have little or no sap in the branches, but when the gay and beautiful spring-time comes, they seem to awake from sleep, and put on their new green dress ; and this is caused by the ends of the roots spreading about to seek food, which they send up into that part of the tree which is above the ground, and the leaves act like lungs in preparing the sap to nourish the tree." "Oh dear!" said Frank, "I could sit all night to hear about trees." Mrs. Lamure smiled, and replied, "It is time for bed, now." "Is it, ma? Oh, I did so wish to see papa before I go to bed ; I want to speak to him very particularly." "He will not be home until late, my boy ; but you may get a chat with him as early as you like in his dressing-room in the morning, for I heard him say that he hoped to arise very early to-morrow."

The next morning, Frank's tap was heard at the door of his father's dressing-room—a snug little place, where he often enjoyed a cozy chat, asking many questions about various things that sometimes puzzled him ; but this morning he wished to talk of a plan very near his heart ; so, closing the door, Frank took his usual seat, and began to open his budget. "Papa, will the barn in the North Yard soon be cleared out?" he asked, looking into his father's face anxiously. "The barn cleared out, my son!" "Yes." "But why do you ask such a curious question? What can the barn and its clearing possibly have to do with you?" "Why, papa, I have a plan in my head,—if you will allow me to carry it out, I should be glad ; but I would rather not tell what it is, if you are not afraid to trust me ; but I cannot do it, unless I might have the barn all to myself during summer." "I have no objection to that, my boy," said the kind father ; "nor am I afraid to trust you to carry out your plan ; so you may have the

The voice of your darling
 Far o'er the dark sea,
 While, safe on the shore,
 I was waiting for thee!"

That voice now is hushed
 Which then guided my way,
 The form I then pressed
 Is now mingling with clay:
 But the tones of my child
 Still sound in my ear,
 "I am calling you, father!
 O, can you not hear
 The voice of your darling,
 As you toss on life's sea—
 For on a bright shore
 I am waiting for thee?"

I remember that voice
 In many a lone hour,
 It speaks to my heart
 With fresh beauty and power;
 And still echoes far on
 Over life's troubled wave,
 And sounds from loved lips
 That lie in the grave,
 "Come this way, my father!
 O, steer straight for me;
 Here, safely in Heaven,
 I am waiting for thee!"

N—Y—O—.

W. M.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIOUS MOTHER.

"Write this for a memorial."—*Exodus* xvii. 14.

AMONG other sayings of a pious mother, long embalmed in memory, there is one more particularly than the rest impressed on my heart. Although more than FORTY YEARS are passed since I heard it, yet I can still imagine I am gazing on her benign countenance and devout attitude, and still hear her sweet familiar voice while she exclaimed,

"THE BLESSED LORD KNOWS THAT NOTHING LIES SO NEAR MY HEART AS THE SALVATION OF MY CHILDREN'S SOULS!" Often have I heard her give expression to these solemn words—this heartfelt asseveration, so sweetly harmonising with her spirit and counsels—her prayers and deportment it will be our object in a few brief papers to show; trusting that other mothers may be induced to follow her example. I can never forget these words—they still linger in the chambers of memory, and come forth fresh to my heart as if spoken yesterday, and from time to time they inspire me with renewed zeal and ardour in the solemn but delightful work of training my own children for God. May many a reader of "The Mothers' Friend" be induced, by these reminiscences, to pray for her little ones, and in her maternal solicitude be enabled to say, "The blessed Lord knows that nothing lies so near my heart as the salvation of my children's souls."

There were very few religious privileges in the neighbourhood of my mother's early home; but there is good reason to believe that her mother was a God-fearing woman, as she was in the habit of lifting up her heart and voice for her children when they retired at night; and one of her petitions for my mother was, as she has often told us, "O God, give this child grace," and fully was that prayer answered. Let other mothers take encouragement from the fact! During her last illness she had been spending some time at a distance, but without much benefit. On her way home she rested at the house of her brother. Here she was urged to remain awhile, and by way of inducement was told that the next day was "Assize Sunday." "Ah!" she replied, "I am going to the great assize,"—and so it proved; she went home, and soon departed to her heavenly rest.

More to come.

E. R.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one!

Troubles never stop for ever;
The darkest day will pass away.

IF the sun goes down, look at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, we may always be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air;
A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

MIND what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that ends in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

FIGHT against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. A father killed his son one day by throwing a stick at him in a rage! and a mother killed a little one by knocking the child down!

He that revenges knows no rest,
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

IF you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little great things are accomplished, and repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Water, falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

MEETING OF MOTHERS—FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

“Keep silence, daughter of frivolity, for death is in that chamber !
That eye is fixed, that heart is still ;—how dreadful in its stillness !
Lay her in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath
departed.”

SOLEMN thoughts possess our souls as we enter on a new period of time. We look upon our dear ones, and we ask, “Shall we walk on together through another year ?” Alas ! none can answer the question. We talk of the trials and sorrows of this tearful valley,—and yet we love it right well. How few, when looking round upon the home circle, can say, “I am now ready to depart.” We know not what death is ; this nurse of dreamless slumbers—this husbandman that reapeth always—out of season as in season—taking the young and beautiful, as well as the faded and unloved, to his cold prison-house. We know what life is—its sunshine and its clouds—its joys and its sorrows ; but none have returned to tell us the tale of passing over Jordan. The bravest look on death with dread ; the humblest fear its coming. Some lingering love keeps us clinging to life,—some hope we wish to realise, ere we enter the silent waiting-hall, where the dead mother meeteth with her children. When dear ones look lovingly into our eyes, we feel that for them, at least, it were well we should linger yet on these mortal shores. •

While we greet you with fond wishes for the coming year, we must stand for a moment to look back with fond regret on those who have stepped out of our path during the past. They began the last year with us, cheering us in our work by their sweet smiles and kind words ; but, suddenly, some of them have ended the journey of life. Oh, if loving hearts could have held them, they would have walked with us still,—if usefulness could have given

them a claim to life, they would have helped us still,—if excellence could have demanded length of days, they would have entered with us into 1852. But they have left the garments of flesh, to be clothed in suitable robes for the bright spirit-land,—their hearts are tuned to harmony, to join the seraphic choir, and sing the “new song.” Blessed, for ever blessed, are the dead who die in the Lord, and we shall see them and love them yet again, when our dream of life is fled.

Is there a mother here living without God, without hope, without Christ? Oh, listen while we tell you of the uncertainty of life. On “Christmas-eve,” a mother was listening with delight while the preacher unfolded the beauties of that text, “We shall see him as he is,” little imagining that in a few brief hours it would be realised. She returned to her happy home, rejoicing in the glorious Gospel, and expressing her joy that she had been to the temple. She was, as usual, happy and cheerful. “I am glad I went out this evening,” she said, “I do love Christ! Oh, what is this?” she then exclaimed, feeling poorly, and desiring her husband to be called, for she had gone to her room. She soon became unconscious, and spoke no more—stepping from the temple below into the temple above; one hour, a worshipper here—the next, at the foot of the Eternal Throne, while dear ones looked up in amazement. Oh, how we long to know what she felt when she exclaimed, “Oh, what is this?” Doubtless, a strange sensation passed through all the frame as the spirit soared away from the body, flinging it aside as a garment. She has passed the jasper wall, and entered the golden city; but she may not come back to tell us anything of the upward journey.

Ah, many a mother has lost a friend in this dear saint; but the circle of heaven is enlarged, and another golden harp sounds through the celestial palace of our glorious King. Without a lingering illness, or the pain of speaking her farewell, she went up to spend her “Christmas-day”

among the angelic hosts who announced the advent of our Lord to the shepherds on Bethlehem's plains. Is it not difficult to realise the fact, that our dear ones, with whom we have so often talked of heaven—of what we shall be there—of its society and its employment—are really there, and know all about it? But it is even so. Let us listen while they speak to us, "Be ye also ready."

If you are busy, mother, rest here, and seek leisure for the next page.

"THE WORLDS OF BLISS AND WOE ARE PEOPLED WITH IMMORTALS."

How rich is the grave made by our heart's treasures!—what have you there? "Ah," says one, "it has in keeping for me all that I loved on earth, the loving and the beautiful." "My beloved mother is there," says another, "and my revered father." "My husband, too, the father of my helpless children." Parent and child—lover and friend, are resting side by side, where the tongue is silent and the heart is cold—

"Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied;
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear,
Peace, peace, is the watchword—the only one there."

When we look around us, and when we scan some of the letters of our correspondents during the past year, our hearts are made sorrowful by the desolations that death has made. Your minds will recur to the sad home of the dead father, who left his family on the morning after Christmas-day in his usual health, never—no, never to cheer that home by his presence again. Little did any of that family imagine that on that morning, as he walked forth in manly vigour, he would, in a few short hours, be returned to them a lifeless corpse: The widow and the five young fatherless children must live on alone in their sorrow.

Not long ago, a friend tells us, a kind mother was laying with her children, listening with delight to their merry laugh, but it was the last time she was to share in their childish mirth—the same day, that mother was taken ill, and in a few days more she was in an eternal world. That bereaved husband had scarcely consigned his beloved wife to the tomb, ere intelligence was brought to him of a dear sister having been numbered with the dead. She had taken a journey with her husband in good health—the day after her return she was taken ill, and almost before they could say, “Death is coming!”—he laid his cold hand upon her, conducting her through the dark valley, leaving her home desolate, and her loved ones weeping.

Mothers!—what say you? Are you ready to tread the shadowy vale? Are you ready to follow those of whom we have been speaking? Is your heart in tune for the songs of heaven, if you should be called to join them this night? Death will come. How full of dread—how full of hope is inevitable death; of dread, for all have sinned—of hope, for One hath saved. Death in Adam, life in Christ; the curse hung upon the cross, but we must repair to that sacred spot *now*, or it may be too late.

“I have only a moment to live,” said a dying youth. “Then,” said a Christian friend, “you have something to think of.” “I cannot think—it is too late,” he replied. Ah! death came too soon for him, but the attempt to turn him back to his own dark abode was vain—shall it be so with you? Remember, nothing turns him aside. He cares as little for the robe of ermine, as for the beggar’s rags. He likes to level the rose-bud and the thistle—the daughter of beauty, and the woman of sin—the child and the mother—all, all must die, but death does not end existence; it is only the gate to an immortality of bliss or of woe, and awful, unspeakably awful will the opening of that gate be, if you are not united to the blessed Jesus. “You will be in hell before you are in the grave;” ah, then, indeed, like

the dying young friend, you cannot say, "Do not weep for me, for I am happy." Yes, deep indeed are the comforts of the Lord within the soul of the Christian; never will that fountain of love be exhausted, in which, and from which they will derive that bliss which is unto everlasting life.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

By the shore of Time now lying,
On the darkened flood beneath,
Patiently, thou soul undying,
Waits for thee, the Ship of Death!

He who on that vessel starteth,
Sailing from the sons of men;
To the friends from whom he parteth,
Never more returns again!

From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came!
She is known unto the dying—
Azael is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken
On that dark, unfathomed sea;
Silence there is so unbroken,
She herself seems not to be.

Silent thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the soul put forth alone;
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a LAND UNKNOWN.

THE WIFE.—No. II.

THIS is a changing world, and although the great duties of life are substantially the same, they are somewhat modified by change of circumstances; character is drawn out by the varying scenes of life, and how great is the influence which the character of a *wife* exercises on all

around her. How important that she should be actuated by *Christian* principles, and that in every varying scene she should be able to display their efficacy; anxious that she may be useful in life, forgetting herself, while she tries to make a happy home for those she loves, and, above all, that she may be the guiding star to a home eternal in the heavens.

We knew a wife of this character once; she had an only and beloved child, who died suddenly while on a visit to some friends; this so greatly affected her husband's mind as to make him almost an idiot. The wife spent hours of every day by his side, trying to soothe and comfort him, keeping up a cheerful countenance though her own heart was well-nigh bursting. Her husband remained in this state for a considerable time, but at length the clouds passed away, and his fine mind shone forth with more than its usual splendour, and he became more active, more holy, more devoted than ever; but the *wife*, the untiring, the self-denying wife, became now as ill as he had been; her health and her intellect gave way, and the grave soon received her. All persons revere the character of such a wife, but, alas! there are many who would appear a perfect contrast, if we were to tell their history.

We once heard an aged minister say, "We should remember the *furies* were females as well as the *graces*;" and we often feel the truth of this remark, as we pass some of our neighbour's doors. The "*furies*" are there, indeed, and they seem to talk loud enough to frighten the poor little children "out of their judgment," as the Scotch would say. "The strength of woman," said the same gentleman, "lies not in resisting, but in yielding—her power is in her gentleness."

A missionary one day gave us a most amusing anecdote of a negro couple, who came to him with the request that he would "unmarry" them. The husband advanced, and said, "Massa, you marry me and this woman; now we

come for you to *unmarry* us." "I cannot do that," said the missionary, "the law of *man* will not allow it, and the law of God will not allow it." "Oh! yes, massa, me tell you how to manage; take this paper," pulling from his pocket the marriage certificate, "you tear this in two, massa; give me one-half, give this woman toder half; she go one way, I go toder way, and that all ended, massa." "But why do you wish to be separated?" asked the missionary. "Why, you see, massa, me take her for better for worse, but *all worse*, massa, no better at all; she too much big tongue, massa."

This anecdote makes us smile, but we believe there are many in our land who would now willingly be "unmarried," if it were possible, whose bridal morning was all sunshine, and whose bright vision saw no clouds in the vista before them; they found, too late, that they were not suited for each other, and they have neither love nor religion enough "to bear and forbear."

"An angry, coarse, and harsh expression
 Shows love to be a mere profession;
 The love that cheers life's latest stage,
 Proof against sickness and old age,
 Preserved by virtue from declension,
 Becomes not weary of attention,
 But lives when that exterior grace
 Which first inspired the flame decays;
 'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind;
 To faults compassionate or blind,
 And will with sympathy endure
 Those evils it would gladly cure.
 The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear,
 And something every day they live
 To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Thus sang our dear Cowper, and we continue his song.
 Young wife! read it again; try to sing it, it is indeed true.
 More next month.

THE MINISTER'S PIG.—No. II.

DOUBTLESS, many of our readers have been called to mourn departed friends, since we penned our last page in "The Mothers' Friend." Some we have known. They will no more read its instructive pages—no longer need its warnings or encouragements—their doom is for ever fixed!—for ever fixed—heaven or hell is their portion; no repentance now, no carrying out good intentions—as the tree falls, so it lies—progressive holiness or progressive misery is before them!

If it be matter of hesitation with any reader of these lines whether he be a Christian or not, we beseech him, by all that is sacred, to decide the doubtful point; it must be decided, either in this world or the world to come. *Now* a mistake may be remedied—*then* a mistake will be fatal! The day of grace once ended, there is no more hope—now is the day of salvation. We now turn to the completion of our narrative.

In the cheerful company of my friend the evening passed pleasantly and quickly. After a hearty shake of the hand I was conducted to my sleeping place. It was rather a large room, with a respectable show of books; the writing desk and other matters had been removed from the table and placed upon the floor, to make room for the sundries of my carpet bag, which were duly arranged for my use. Being tired, I slept soundly, but awoke rather early; after which I got dreaming, and being half awake and half asleep, I appeared to hear most unusual sounds, and seemed to be conversing with some strange being. I felt very placid and greatly pleased; at last I awoke to somewhat greater consciousness, but still the sounds seemed to have about them something unnatural, nor could I determine what they were.

From this state of uncertainty I sought to relieve myself by rising up in my bed. The morn was grey and misty;

I listened attentively, and it was some time before I could admit the thought—why it must be a pig! Gradually the conviction became stronger, and I laid down again, resolved to settle the matter the first thing in the morning. This I did immediately after I was dressed, for the geography of the house was not very difficult; and, sure enough, up in a corner beneath my window, was the home of a pig! and a fine large fat fellow he was. I told him of my surprise, and his knowing little eyes peered beneath his great ears. He grunted an acknowledgment, but it was more than doubtful whether he understood me; yet the grunt was the very same voice which had so much pleased and perplexed me. I had much conversation with him; and, scratching him with a stick, he seemed perfectly delighted, and certainly I left him with the impression that he was a most intelligent pig! When I told my friend of my adventure it amused him much.

After joining in social worship, we turned out for a morning walk, and strolled amidst delightful scenery; climbed the high hills, and lonely winding valley; then we talked about the future; the claims of the heathen; and his fond heart brooded over the dark-coloured people whom he had left behind; and, standing still, whilst his intelligent eye beamed affection, he drew an interesting picture of a group of listeners, squatted upon the ground before him, while he would chant the great truths of the Gospel in pleasing song. I never shall forget the exquisite delight I felt as he repeated one of these chants—his silvery musical voice, the gentleness of his manner, almost overpowered me. He said, they would listen for hours most attentively to instruction so given, as they are passionately fond of music. "Shall I," he affectionately asked, "ever take part in this delightful work again—ever on India's burning sands point sinners to the Lamb of God—invite them to come unto Him who is able and willing to save their souls? I am waiting—I am willing to go, but the

way is not plain." "Well," I said, "we must wait patiently till all be made plain before us; the Lord never leaves his people in such a complete darkness that there is not a little glimmer in the distance."

Eventually my friend returned to the scene of his early labours, where he is now actively employed. May he long be spared to bring souls to Christ.

Reader, have you ever spoken to any one who is in the "broad road,"—warning him to flee from the wrath to come—pointing him to the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin? Be careful that souls are not required at your hands.

M. B.

CARE FOR THE OUTCAST.

WE are encouraged by our friends responding to our wishes on this subject—which we almost tremble to touch—and gladly admit the following paper:—

TO MOTHERS OF GIRLS.

My dear Countrywomen,—For more than twenty years I was a Sunday-school teacher and district visitor in a town where the young women and girls were principally factory hands. Soon after I began my labours, I discovered that a love of finery was the ruling passion of most of these young females. Against this evil, which I found led to much sin, I set my face as a flint, strictly forbidding ornaments and unbecoming dress to my class, which was the first in the school, and watching carefully against inconsistency in my own attire; remembering that example is better than precept.

Who threw the greatest obstacles in my path of reform, think you? *Not the girls*, for they generally gave way under an affectionate appeal to their conscience, and the Word of God. It was *not* the girls who threw obstacles in my way, I say; no, but the MOTHERS! What did they

say?—"Oh, the girl works hard, and it is strange she may not have a bit of ribbon. The earrings were put in for the good of her eyes. The artificial flowers were a gift."

In vain I urged that the money might be better spent; that it was contrary to scriptural precepts; that long pendants could not affect the eyes; that injudicious presents should be firmly but properly declined; the answer was, "Well, ma'am, she may do as she likes." The class thinned at first, but almost all came back, and ere long I gathered round me a band of nineteen, simply and modestly dressed, and bound to me by respect and strong affection.

In the providence of God, I was for a time removed from my class; on my return, one of them was missing, and on inquiry I learnt that she was gone to service. A few days after, I met her,—she turned away her head, yet not so quickly but that I saw her face was surrounded with bright red ribbons. "I don't like that," said I to a lady, who was walking by my side; "there is evil at work there; I will see her mother." "Nay, you are too particular," was the reply; "the girl may be steady enough, though she does wear red ribbons." "I will see her mother," I repeated. I did so, the next day. "Indeed, ma'am," said the mother, "you are too hard upon Eliza; she is steady and industrious, and I don't grudge her a little bit of dress—no harm will come of it." "I wish there may not," I replied, "but I warn you; Eliza's love of dress will increase beyond her means of purchasing honestly, and then——Oh, do check your child in time!" The mother thanked me, but smiled incredulously.

Again I was summoned away, and on my return, three months after, I inquired for Eliza. She had lost her place, having been seduced into sin, and detected in robbing her mistress—SHE WAS IN PRISON! I asked, "What was her motive in stealing?" Listen, mothers, to the answer,—**"THE LOVE OF DRESS."** She had small wages, and wanted fine clothes—this led her into sin.

There was one girl in my class so uniformly neat and clean, that knowing how low her wages at the factory were, I asked her mother how she managed—for they had a large family. “I give Maria a shilling a week for her clothing, and take the rest of her money for board and washing,” said her mother. “She sometimes wishes for smart clothes,” she added, “but I always refuse, for I AM DETERMINED THAT MY GIRLS SHALL NEVER LEARN TO LOVE DRESS FROM ME.” I saw Maria as a wife and mother—herself and child as neat and clean as in her girlish days. I learnt that she made her husband’s home so comfortable that he had no temptation to go out in the evenings. Their means were small, but her mother’s example had not been lost, and with economy they lived in comfort.

Mothers! I leave these instances of the influences of a mother’s example and teaching on the fate of the girl, to your consideration. May God teach you the importance of checking evil in the bud. May you resolve, with Maria’s mother, that your girls shall never learn the love of dress from your example, or by your indulgence. L. T.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. II.

“Green promise of the golden wheat that yieldeth angels’ food.”

A FEW evenings after the conversation with his father, Frank was home from school earlier than he was wont, and as soon as tea was over he disappeared for more than two hours, and this continued every evening for the whole week. This aroused the curiosity of the bright Florence. “I cannot think where Frank goes!” she said to her mother; “evening after evening he goes off, and just now he took his bag of books with him.” “I dare say he goes out to read on the green seat,” replied Mrs. Lamure; “or perhaps he walks over to your uncle’s to read with Charles.” “Ah, perhaps he does. I did not think of that.”

When Frank returned, Florence asked him if he had seen her cousin Louisa. "No," he replied, "I have not seen her for a week." "Is she not at home, then?" cried the puzzled girl. "I really cannot tell." "Where have you been then, Frank?" Frank smiled, and walked into the study. Florence turned to her mother, and said, rather pettishly, "Frank always has some secret—I *hate* secrets." "Do you, my Florry? Why I thought you were making a purse in your own room, to present to Frank on his birth-day; and you would not even allow him to go into the shop when you purchased the silk!" "Ah, that's a different thing, ma." "Well, I only know that you keep *your* secret, and Frank keeps *his*; so you must not blame him, as you really do not so very much dislike secrets, after all!"

The following evening, Florence came running in breathless haste to her mother, exclaiming, "I have found out the secret! I have found out Frank's secret! Oh, ma, it is so funny! Oh, what an odd brother I have got! I have seen such a sight, ma! Do come,—pray come." "Where am I to come, my child? tell me quietly where I am to go, and what I am to see." "Oh, ma, it will spoil the whole if I tell you—come and peep, do, pray do." "I do not like peeping, Florry." "Well, then, dear ma, come and go in at the door, only come."

The wondering mother yielded to the wishes of Florence, and accompanied her into the "North Yard," where she heard a noise as of many voices, when she approached the barn. Florence danced before and behind her mother with the greatest glee, laughing and jumping with delight, till they arrived at the door of the large barn. There, in the midst of half-a-dozen village boys, surrounded with books and slates, she beheld Frank, like a young missionary in the midst of the heathen. She walked quietly back to her parlour without being observed—her heart was too full to speak.

At the usual time, Frank came in, and hanging up his bag of books, he took his seat by the fire. Florence could keep the secret no longer, but taking her brother round the neck she said, "We saw you! we have found you out." Frank smiled, and looking inquiringly at his mother. "So you have turned schoolmaster, my son, have you? Who are your pupils? and what do you teach them?" she asked. "Why, ma, the truth is, I heard that many of the village lads wanted to be taught to read, and I thought, if pa would lend me the barn, and agree to my plan, I could be of use to them, and so they come for an hour every evening. I bought a few things with my own money, and they are to give me two-pence a week to lay out in books and slates. You know, mamma, the Saviour went about doing good, and you often tell me He is our example; and as I cannot do good any other way, I thought I would try this plan." "A very good plan, my son. I hope you will always remember that the Saviour is our pattern, and do all the good you can to those who know less than you do yourself; and if you need a little cash to carry out your plan, I shall be happy to help you." "That just puts a thing into my head," said Florence. "I wish I might have a few little girls in the kitchen on Sunday afternoons to teach, as there is no Sunday school here, as there was at our last home—can I, ma?" "We will see about it, dear; your papa and I have been talking a little plan over, to aid our poor neighbours, and when we have settled it, you shall have a share in the arrangement." "Oh thank you, ma, then I shall be happy." "But, Florence," continued her mother, "you must bear in mind one thing, which is of great importance to all who attempt to teach others, and that is, that unless you ask God to send his Holy Spirit to teach you first, you can never teach others in a proper way, nor lead them into a good path—if we would guide others to heaven, WE MUST LEAD THE WAY."

THE TWO MOTHERS.

“Selfishness is base and hateful; but love considereth not itself.”

“MRS. NOTTING, will ye be so good as lend me a candle? My old man will be home soon, and trust me if I have any light to set up for him to see my pretty face by; he will storm a good one, like a black November day, I guess; and my unlucky boys there, are burning all the small wood I have in my house to see to mend their bird-catching things with.” This speech was made by Mrs. Allsop, a slatternly woman, who was a near neighbour of the tidy, orderly, generous Nancy Notting.

The kind woman arose from her work, and opened a little cupboard to cut her borrower a candle. Ally Allsop arose from her chair, and peeped across, exclaiming, “Well, to be sure, what a lot you have got, Nancy! I should think you have had a windfall, this Christmas time. Some people are always, in luck’s way; as for me, I suppose I am like the miller’s man—‘I care for nobody, no, not I; nor nobody cares for me.’” “Dear, no,” replied the quiet Nancy, remembering only the first part of Ally’s speech, “no one has given me anything, I assure you, nor do I expect anything.” “Well, then, you are a mystery to me, Nancy, and that’s all about it. Here, your husband has no more wages than mine, and I know he drinks away quite as much, for my Will tells me a near the matter about it, though he tells on’t himself the same time, without knowing it; but that’s always the way—when a man has been drinking, he loses his sober wits.”

Nancy blushed, and looked unhappy for a moment, but soon recovering herself, she rejoined, “I manage as well as I can, and we have seldom any lack.” “Ah!” replied Mrs. Allsop, looking very knowingly, “I heard a whisper, though, one day, that when *you* had dry bread at tea-time, you managed to eat it before George came home, to make believe you had all you needed, when you put a good

supper before him ; but, although you are so secret, George told my Will that he found it out through one of the little ones, and that he could not drink his pint at the Black Bear tap quite so comfortably after it ; indeed, I watched the next evening, expecting he would stay at home until Jack Brown called him. Bless the woman ! if ye be'nt a crying about it ; well, I never ! I am sure I would not have told ye, if I had thought ye would have taken on so."

Nancy smiled through her tears, and cheerfully replied, "My spirits are not very good to-day, I had not a very good night with baby ; I do not think the little creature is quite well." "Well ! how should he be *well*, poor thing ! I am sure mine were bad enough ; but, bless me, if I lived as carefully and sparingly as you do, they would have been unbearable. I took care to get all I could to keep up my strength, and let others fish for themselves ; but I do often wonder how you manage to have needful things at the end of the week ; for the life of me, I can't keep any money after the first few days ; folks are all coming after their bills, and more than I have sometimes." "I do not know," said the gentle Nancy, "that I have any particular management ; I was always taught by my good mother to have a little forecast, and now I find the profit of it. I just make a rough guess of what I shall want—what I can do without—what money I have to spend—what I need to lay by for the rent and the winter fuel—and then what I can't buy we must go without ; and I do not mind that sort of thing myself, so that George and the children have all they need to make them comfortable. I don't think there is anything uncommon in my management, and I have no secret about the matter." "Bless the woman," exclaimed Ally Allsop, "why, you have said as good as a sermon to me ; and, sure, I should think myself getting pretty nearly like an angel, if I could do all you say."

Just then, the eldest son of Mrs. Allsop was heard calling at the top of his voice, "Mother! mother! where are ye gossiping? here's our father come home, and he is just about cross, because there's no light and nothing ready, and he is going to the club, somewhere." "Yes, yes," said Ally, "I am coming. I had no notion it was so late, but, in turning my head just now, I was going to ask the time, as I saw a little table laid for your good man's supper as nice as my lord's; and, dear me, oh! if the cloth isn't just as white and clean as if no little fingers lived in the house. Well—well, I must go; all seems so tidy and comfortable, I hardly know how the time passes along while I look round me. Good day, Mrs. Notting; you always have been, and I suppose you always will be, a downright mystery."

A PAGE FROM FRANCE.

THE YOUNG GARDE MOBILE'S 'TREASURE OF TREASURES.'

NO. II.

"From that moment," continued the host, "I observed my nephew closely,—I observed him, I must confess, without any indulgence, for I could not believe in the sincerity of these new sentiments. I thought always that he had beneath them some ill design—some mystery of duplicity. Soon, however, I was forced to acknowledge that I had been unjust in my judgment.

"Paul's state of health grew worse every day; the chest complaint with which he was attacked made alarming progress, and caused him sometimes fearful suffering. In these moments of anguish he would join his hands, raise his eyes to heaven, and murmur, in a low tone, phrases such as these,—'My Father, have pity! succour me;' sometimes, 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt;'—'Lord, I know, I believe, all things work together for good to those

whom thou lovest.' But what touched me deeply, was his unchangeable gentleness. He was satisfied with every thing, and manifested so much gratitude for the little attentions that we paid him, that my wife, my children, and myself, were all greatly touched.

" ' Paul is changed in one point,' I said to my wife one day, ' which causes me ceaseless astonishment—when he speaks of the goodness of God to him—of the peace with which he sees death approach—this staggers me more than I can express.' ' It is true,' replied my wife, ' and I ought at length to acknowledge one thing, which is this—PAUL IS A TRUE CHRISTIAN!' ' What do you mean by that? you and I are not pagans, I hope!' ' Oh, my dear husband,' my wife rejoined, ' God has not till now been the first object of our thoughts; if we have pronounced the name of Jesus Christ, it has been with our lips only, with indifference, and without thinking of what he has done for sinners; from Paul I have learned truths which are now my joy.' ' How, from Paul?' I asked. ' You shall hear how it happened. One day I raised in my arms the poor boy, whom a fit of coughing was suffocating; in moving his pillow, I caused a small book to fall on the ground. Judge of my surprise,—it was a New Testament! I said nothing, but replaced the book. The next day I spoke to Paul of my discovery. He told me that a soldier of the National Guard, who had been fatally wounded by his side, had given him this book before he died. Paul told me further, that its contents, by reading and prayer, had become to him the "TREASURE OF TREASURES," the source of the peace and happiness which he now enjoyed. From that day forward, when I was alone with him, he read to me passages from the New Testament, which he explained so simply and so clearly, that at length I understood and believed the truth, "that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."—John

iii. 16. Paul wished to speak to you of these things, but he feared to do so. He said that such a fear was cowardly and unfaithful, and he besought God to grant him the courage he yet needed, in order to confess him before you, and before all the world.'

"My wife's communication made a deep impression upon me. God greatly blessed to us the conversation of the dear youth, so that at length my wife, my son, my daughter, and myself, could all say, like those spoken of in the Gospel—'Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.' Paul is no longer in the midst of us; but see," said he, placing his hand on the Bible, "see the living testimony of the good of which God allowed him to be the instrument; by means of this precious book, his 'TREASURE OF TREASURES,' by the faith that we place in its PROMISES, by the obedience that we *endeavour* to render to its commands, and still more by the words there written which live in our hearts, a peace unchangeable, and a happiness without alloy, have become our inheritance."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TALE-BEARING.

TURN a deaf ear to the backbiter. If thou receivest not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter. If thou dost receive them, they fly forward and wound the receiver.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT.

A mistress should be sometimes blind, and a servant sometimes deaf.

SLANDER.

Slander is a secret propensity of the mind to think ill of all men, and afterwards to utter such sentiments in scandalous expressions.

"SHE MEANS WELL."

Many who "mean well" do not find time to carry out their meaning.

THINGS LOST FOR EVER.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry; lost health often regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; reputation by penitence and virtue; but who ever looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years—stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

ARE YOU DESPISED?

Respect yourself, and you will be respected.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

This is a simple rule, but the most useful that people can adopt in their every-day intercourse. There is a great deal of the "Paul Pry" spirit in the human heart, or wonderful inquisitiveness in regard to the personal and private affairs of friends and neighbours, and this causes terrible mischief, and creates more malice, envy, and jealousy in a year, than can often be overcome in a century. If everybody would just mind their own business, there would not be half the trouble in the world we now experience.

WHAT WILL MAKE US MORE HAPPY?

Thinking over the list of our mercies, and talking about the love of Christ and the joys of heaven.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Scholar's Friend. London: Bartlett.

A useful little serial for the Sabbath-school class, and a great favourite with little children.

Rhymes for the People. By W. DREW. London: Arpthorp.

A cheap little book, with many energetic thoughts in it, by a temperance friend.

THE MOTHER'S DEATH-GRASP.

"How seldom we dream of the mariners' graves,
 Far down by the coral strand;
 How little we think of the winds and waves,
 When all we love are on land.
 The hurricane comes, and the hurricane goes,
 And little the heed we take—
 Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
 And the walls of our homestead shake.
 But the north-east gale tells a different tale,
 With a voice of fearful sound,
 When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail,
 On the deck of an 'Outward-bound.' "

WHO has not read with thrilling and sorrowful interest the account of the ill-fated *Amazon*? Who has not tried to imagine the terror of her passengers, who, awakening from their slumbers, and perhaps dreams of happiness and home, found themselves in a burning ship on the raging billows! But, amidst all the desolation and terror, there is one on whom the mind's eye rests with peculiar interest—a feeble woman—a mother!—holding on to the side of the burning vessel over the angry billows with one hand, while the other grasps her infant boy! Twice she lost him from her hold—but regaining him, with deathless energy she clasps him to her maternal bosom, and both are saved! What a sad memento will that precious boy be to her of the fearful night when she was written "widow," and her child "fatherless."

How wonderful are the ways of Providence!—a feeble woman with an infant boy are saved, while the father—the strong and the stout-hearted—finds a grave in the ocean wave! Ah, who can tell!—perhaps the father's deep anxiety to know where his precious ones were, amid that fearful tumult, might have prevented him from being saved himself! We have only heard of ONE among the multitude who seemed to care for nobody but himself. We

are glad this was a gentleman, and not a lady, for it would have caused many of us to blush. We take it for granted, that he was a cold, calculating piece of individuality, with none to love him, and none to love!—neither lover, husband, nor father! We do not envy him.

The fearful account of the *Amazon*, and the death-like grasp of the mother, remind us of one mother who was drowned when the vessel in which she with her infant child were sailing was capized, and she had held her boy above the waters until her arm became fixed in death. As her body was borne to the shore, the stiff, upraised arm revealed the history of her last fearful struggle, and love of her heart, seen in the mother's death-grasp. Another mother, who would do something for her child, as they were about to meet death, placed her green veil over its face, that it might not so distinctly see the horrors of the death it was about to die. One more instance of a mother's death-grasp, and we have done.

A poor widow, with an infant in her arms, was turning round the corner of a street in London, when she was suddenly met by a cart and a restive horse—the way was narrow, and there was no time for her to get out of the way. She saw death was inevitable. High above the danger she held her infant, and the shaft of the cart ran through her body, fastening her to the wall. When the crowd gathered round, she was still alive, and spoke only of her helpless babe. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing her anguish, promised to take charge of it. She thanked God and expired!

Perhaps, every mother who reads this page would exhibit like devotion in the last extremity; but allow us to ask,—Are you equally anxious to shield your precious ones from that more dreadful death to which they are all exposed? Are you doing all you can to ward off the great enemy, and save your children from the flood of ungodliness which would swallow them up? Can you see them

exposed to the contamination of sin, and all its misery, present and to come, and not strive with death-like energy to save them? Are you more anxious to save them from temporal death, than from that moral evil and spiritual death which awaits them at every step of their journey?

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, CARR'S-LANE, BIRMINGHAM.

"THE committee, in presenting their first annual report, would record their deep sense of obligation to the Giver of all Good, that they were led, by the perusal of Mrs. Sherman's 'Memoir,' to form a Maternal Association; at which formation they would not forget the kind aid rendered by their esteemed friend, Mrs. Finney, of America; and would here remark, that they have reason to believe, the instructive meetings they have so happily enjoyed together, have been given in answer to the fervent prayers long since presented by their esteemed pastor's wife, Mrs. J. A. James; and they have been stimulated with the thought, that if saints in heaven are permitted to look down upon earth, their glorified spirits must rejoice over those happy gatherings.

"The meetings have been edifying, and conducive to a more earnest piety in most of the members; they feel and acknowledge to each other, that they cannot attend the meetings without looking more closely into their own personal piety. During the past year, death has snatched away five of the children connected with the Association, but every mother is spared. We have wept with those who have wept, and rejoiced with those who have rejoiced. There are now sixty members in the Association.

"The committee mention with gratitude, that they have been permitted to form a branch at Balsall Heath, and the attendance there has been from twenty-five to thirty; and they have been greatly encouraged.

interest evinced by the members in the design of the Association. Subscribers to *The Mothers' Friend* here, sixty; at Garrison-lane Maternal Association, thirty-five members; number of subscribers to *The Mothers' Friend*, forty-two. At other places, also, promising meetings have been held."

A second report is before us, which we shall hope to give next month, and trust these happy movements may be a stimulus to others. One lady has the names of ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY subscribers for *The Mothers' Friend*!

ONE LITTLE EARLY LESSON!

A YOUTH, who was the son of highly respectable parents, was imprisoned for six months for robbery. Having been carefully educated, he was asked who had induced him to the *first* wrong step. He replied,—“My MOTHER! When very *young*, she would give me my medicine as sweetmeats, which in time I began to suspect, but my inquiry was put off by equivocation or denial. When old enough to take medicine like a man, I was told of the deception of earlier days. Having my mother's example in remembrance, I did not hesitate to deceive, when I deemed it necessary to accomplish my wishes—equivocation and lying are the necessary accompaniments of deceit—my conscience became seared; the downward path was easy; and to my own mother's false love I owe my present degraded position!” What fearful consequences, from lack of proper early training!

While on the subject of taking medicine, we would offer a few remarks. Though it is imperative on the parents to see that a medical man's orders are attended to, and all necessary medicine taken at the proper time, it is important to make little home-doses as agreeable as possible for dear little children; at the same time telling them it *is* medicine,

that it is intended to do them good, and the means God has sent to heal the little body.

We knew one little girl who was in the habit of taking her dose of rhubarb and magnesia without "making a face." One day, when little Prissy was ill, her papa mentioned this circumstance to her aunt, who was on a visit. "I should like to see her take it," said the aunt, "for I have a sad fuss at home over medicine." The father was mixing the dose, and together they went to Prissy's crib with it. The little child jumped up as usual to take it; but, alas! no sooner was it in her mouth than it was out again over papa and aunt! "Well, I declare," said Mrs. S., "my children do as well as that!" "How can it be?" said the father in astonishment; "we will go and ask mamma." The problem was soon solved. Papa had mixed the dose instead of mamma, and he had forgotten to put in a bit of sugar! The poor child always had some in it before.

Many children will take this dose if made a little sweet, who would cry over it without—only a very little sugar will do, not enough to do harm. One more instance. A little girl who was ill refused to take her medicine. She was told by both parents that it was of great moment, and *must* be taken, adding, "It must be put down your throat with a spoon, if you do not take it willingly." She still refused, and the father held her while the mother poured it gently down as she was reclining; but from that time she has never refused her medicine, and when a little brother was old enough to understand, she was heard to say, as the dose was presented, "Come, brother, better take it now, like a good boy, than have it put down by ma!"

We have sometimes trembled to behold a dear little child dangerously ill, refusing anything and everything presented to do it good, from having been unaccustomed to obey in this point from infancy; and often we have heard medical men blamed for lack of skill, when the

parents were the guilty party, for not attending to his orders—and, in more than one instance, death has been the consequence!

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. II.

“Lo! thou art a landmark on a hill; thy little ones copy thee in all things.”

“HERE’S a fine house for a tired man to come home to!” said William Allsop, as his wife entered, “everything is at sixes and sevens. I heard my young missus talking about a book called ‘Muddle,’ and thinks I to myself, the lady who wrote that book has perhaps seen my muddle of a house.” “May be so, Will,” said Amy, tossing her head, and lighting the candle she had just borrowed, “and I should like to know what woman could help being in a muddle that has so little means brought home to keep a family with!” “Well, well, wife, do give me a bit of something to eat,—I want to be off again.” “Ah, there it is, you are always off—off for ever! It was not so once. I am a miserable woman, and have a miserable family, everybody knows. I have had my tea, and you may get out yours, if you mean to be off as soon as you have swallowed it.” Saying this, Amy seated herself by the few dying embers, and folded her arms under her apron.

“Now look ye, woman,” said her husband, as he placed himself near her, “you know, while you had a tidy home for me, and a morsel of comfort, I did not go off to seek comfort elsewhere; but it’s many a day since then—worse luck! For a poor man to come home weary in mind and body, and to find his bit of a house full of washing tubs, dirty dishes, crying children, every chair and table covered with everything but what ought to be on them, no fire in the grate, and a wife anything but kind—I should like to know who is to blame? Yes, yes, Amy, you may thank

yourself for all the misery you have around you ; and so, now, if you don't give me my supper in a little more peaceable way, why I can soon go and get a rasher, where folks know how to give a poor man a smile and a welcome. And now there's no time to be lost,—so jump up, or sit still, as it best suits you ; only remember one thing, if you drive me from home to get food in comfort, of course you will have less money to take when I get my wages."

Amy now saw her husband was in earnest, and with a reluctant and lingering step she moved towards the dirty-looking cupboard, and took from it a crust of bread, which was the remains of a newly-baked penny loaf she had used at her tea, and a small bit of dry cheese. "I thought you had a bit of bacon left, Amy," said William, as he cast his eye over the table placed before him. "No, daddy," said little Ben, who was sitting in the corner, "mother has eaten it all up. I wanted some too, I did, and Jack is gone out cause mother 'fended him about it." "Oh, indeed ! Jack is gone out is he, as usual, Amy ?" said William, looking at his wife. "That boy will come to ruin in the end, I plainly see ; can't you contrive to lead him into a better way, mother ? I am away from him all day, but you always have the children under your eye." "No, indeed," replied Amy, "he is gone beyond my management. Nancy Notting says I did not begin early enough with him and with Sally, and I believe they are both going the wrong road, and I can't help it now,—and you do nothing to make them better, Will."

"Depend upon it, wife," said Will, "Nancy is pretty right, and I have long thought so, and my master one day made me think about the same thing. I was helping him to plant some young trees, and I chanced to put one in rather crooked,—'No, no, William,' says he, 'that won't do ; your work will tell tales of you for years to come, if you put it in to grow wrong at first ; just like little children,' says he, 'if parents begin to train them

the wrong way early in life, they will run wrong for years after.' Thinks I, master, you are pretty right, for I feel the wrong doings of my young days working in me now. So you see, Amy, Nancy and master think near the matter alike. I only wish our children were like hers; I can't think how it is, but they are all so tidy and so comfortable, and yet George gets no more money than I do, and I don't see but he drinks as much at the Black Bear as I do. I shall see him presently—I will ask him. Now, young ones, go to bed, I am going out." "I won't go till mother does," said Ben. "I won't go till Ben does," said Annie; and she began to cry. This awoke the poor baby, who was sleeping in a wooden cradle just by; then the mother began to scold, and the father hastened off, to seek comfort among his companions at the club.

Mrs. Allsop now, with the crying baby in her arms, pushed aside the supper table, and leaving the door on the latch, and fragments of everything that had been used through the day scattered over her comfortless home, she went up from her muddle below stairs to her muddle above; driving, dragging, and carrying her grumbling and crying little party, with the feeling that she was a miserable mother, with a miserable family of unmanageable children. Alas! had she only learned that lesson to do all things "decently and in order," following the example of Him who pleased not himself, she would have found that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come.

WILLIE AND THE BIRDS.

A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE black-eyed boy of five
Thus spake to his mamma,—
"Do look at all the pretty birds,
How beautiful they are!

How smooth and glossy are their wings,
 How beautiful their hue ;
 Besides, mamma, I really think
 That they are pious too."

"Why so, my dear?" the mother said,
 And scarce suppressed a smile.
 The answer showed a thoughtful head,
 A heart quite free from guile :—
 "Because, when each one bows his head,
 His tiny bill to wet,
 To lift a thankful glance above
 He never does forget ;
 And so, mamma, it seems to me,
 That very pious they must be!"

Dear child, I would a lesson learn
 From this sweet thought of thine ;
 And heavenward, with a glad heart turn,
 These earth-bound eyes of mine.
 Perfected praise, indeed, is given
 By babes below to God in heaven.

B. D. C.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. III.

"Character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding."

VERY soon Mr. Lamure made arrangements for conducting a Sabbath school in the kitchen, and Florence and Frank were delighted to help in teaching; and to the poor boys of the village Frank continued to act the little school-master, and, although he had a considerable distance to walk to his own school, morning and evening, he was always in time to attend to his chosen work. Many of the boys were soon able to read and write, and some of them still live to bless Frank for the early teaching they received in the barn.

A few years passed on, and Mr. Lamure removed with his family to a large town, where Frank appeared the thinking, useful lad, and became an active Sabbath-school teacher. It was his happiness to be introduced to a few pious young men, who felt anxious to lead him on in the good road they had themselves found so very "pleasant." "Will you take a walk with us to-morrow morning, at five o'clock?" asked Ernest Trueman, as they were shaking hands one summer's evening. "That is rather early,—where are you going?" asked Frank. "Oh, never mind *where*, we will lead you into no mischief,—will you go?" "I will, if I wake in time." "Well, make up your mind to go with us, and you will awake, I have no doubt. We shall make just half-a-dozen of us if you go; and you will return with a good appetite for your breakfast and no sin on your conscience by accompanying us." "Well, I shall hope to awake in time," Frank replied, and the young friends separated.

Frank was at the meeting place in time, and the party walked together to a distant wood. At a retired place, where no eye could penetrate, they sat down, and Ernest drew from his pocket a small Bible, and read a chapter. Then another of the group offered up a short prayer to the God of heaven; and this varied exercise of reading and prayer, by each in turns, lasted for half an hour, when they returned to their homes, happy and cheerful, talking of Jesus as a "pattern" and a "friend." Thus Frank walked on towards heaven, in company with those who had sought and found "wisdom" early in life.

But the time came when Frank was called to leave the happy home where the morning of his days had opened so delightfully, and mingle in the great city with various characters, to study the art of healing, which he had chosen as a profession.

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

“A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love.”

To an affectionate mother, the first few months of the life of her babe is a season so bright, so new, so interesting, that in after-life she looks back upon it as a dream of more than earthly happiness; and in these sunny days she forgets the clouds of the past. As she watches the unfolding organs of the fragile yet immortal creature committed to her care, she seems to live and move in a new atmosphere; and if she is a *Christian* mother, her prayers for her helpless treasure go up to the throne of heaven for blessings on its young head—she opens her “mouth for the dumb.”

It has been said that the first two or three months is the only period of a mother's perfect enjoyment, as dentition, with its accompanying train of ills and pain, mar the pleasure of future days, and the little temper, too, has not yet grown into fretfulness; but we think the whole time that a babe derives nutriment from its mother is to her a season of peculiar delight. What exquisite feelings thrill through her heart as she looks down into the bright eyes beaming up into hers, and feels the velvet-like touch of the tiny, soft, and beautiful hand, passing up and down her cheek, silently telling her of enjoyment and love! How soon can a nursing mother hush the sorrows and dry the tears of the little being who has only just taken hold of this life of trial, and what sacrifice of personal comfort will she make to enjoy the society of the young voyager on her lap! We know some devotedly tender mothers who are deprived of this delight, not from choice, but from physical inability, and we deeply sympathise with them, for they lose pleasure beyond our power to describe. Allow us to say to you, young mother, that it is very important you should guard

your own health and watch over your own spirit, while this season lasts, with more than usual solicitude ; and while your dear one enjoys this season of quietness in the first dawn of life, and you hush it to its dreamless sleep, lift up your heart to Him who was once a babe in Bethlehem, but is now exalted to impart gifts and graces, and strength and wisdom to every anxious, praying mother.

THE WIFE.—No. III.

WE cannot for one moment charge it upon our own sex, that in all cases *they* have caused the briars and thorns to spring up around them, for we know many who have much to bear, and who almost seem to have angelic patience ; and we think there is much truth in the saying of an old divine, that “ Some men are always showing their bitterness by words—grow quarrelsome—find fault with every thing—grow into a passion upon every little occasion, and often try blows ! Such men have little growing in their furrows but wormwood. They have a true gall of bitterness in them, and may be compared to the star in the Revelation, for as that made the third part of the waters bitter, so are more than three parts of the words of many husbands bitter words. Yea, as if their natural frowardness were not enough, some men will sharpen and whet their tongues to sound out cursed words like swords or arrows ; yea, some are so unappeasable, their anger is like the fool’s wrath.”

We believe the number of unhappy marriages is very considerable. There are many persons whose passions are too violent, or whose tempers are too sordid, to permit them to be happy in any situation ; and there are some so vicious, who will neither be happy themselves, nor suffer others with whom they reside to have an hour’s peace.

Then, again, we sometimes see persons united whose dispositions are wholly incompatible with each other. They are constantly verging off to the opposite points of the compass. Of course, where persons marry for family distinction, acquiring or repairing fortunes, obtaining rank, or gratifying in any way ambition or avarice, without feeling an atom of affection for each other, nothing but misery is before them,—and really, to say truth, we can scarcely sympathise with them. The fetters that bind such, although they may be made of fine *gold*, must, indeed, be galling, and the thought that they are riveted for *life* must augment the anguish.

Then, again, there is the lack of little attentions on the part of the husband, sometimes, that causes a sensitive mind much pain. Oh, how much is included in "*little things*!" Speaking on this subject, Cowper says—

"As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
THE SAME WE PRACTISED AT FIRST SIGHT,
Must save it from declension!"

Some husbands, who are really very kind in *private*, seem to claim the privilege of being very *unkind* in *public*; or, at least, of manifesting roughness of manner and words, as if it were a sin to *appear* to love a wife! In conversation she will get a snap or a rude contradiction that makes her heart leap back to its place and her eyes fill with tears, which she is afraid will be seen. Aye, and she is often afraid, too, that observers will form a wrong estimate of her husband's character. How different was the conduct before marriage! How very polite, and gentle, and loving everywhere! Again we repeat—

"The same we practised at first sight
Must save it from declension."

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.

"**AN**, Mrs. Gray, what a time it is since I have seen you!—we meet but seldom now ; I suppose you are like myself, much occupied with your growing family?" "Well, indeed, it is so, Mrs. Bell ; not only does every day bring its cares, but every day seems to turn up some fresh anxiety or other—so that I am fully employed from morning to night." "Never mind, Mrs. Gray, it is good to be usefully and profitably engaged." "As to that, Mrs. Bell, no doubt you are right ; but I fear I must look a good while before I find the profit of my labour!"

"I met your little Charley, Mrs. Gray, the other day ; what a nice boy he grows ! He spoke so prettily, and said you were all well. What school does he go to?" "Why, I have not sent him to any yet." "Dear me, Mrs. Gray, have you not ? Why he is quite old enough, I should think, and it would be such a relief to you to place him under the care of a kind and affectionate master, who would watch over him both for time and eternity."

"As to that, Mrs. Bell, I am told that in our new school religion is taught very nicely, and I thought of sending him there." "That may be, Mrs. Gray, but I have no idea of teaching children religion, the same as you teach to write or to sum. Mr. Price called at our house the other day, and he got talking to my husband about this very thing. He said, 'Mr. Bell, when do they teach religion in the school to which you send your little boy?' My husband looked at him, and replied, 'Why, Mr. Price, you might as well go into the shop of our thriving neighbour over the way, and ask him, "Mr. Thrifty, when do you get profit?"—he would smile, and tell you, "Why, Sir, we never lose sight of it—it is our aim from morning to night, the mainspring of all we do!" So of the teaching of religion in our school—it mingles with all

we do ; we aim to control and regulate the passions—to show the value and importance of truth—the sinfulness of using bad words—that every boy owes a duty to his schoolfellows—that submission and order are duties which we must learn to practise—that his parents claim his first affections, and he must ever strive to please them—that the Bible is the Word of God, and must be our only rule and guide in all things, and that they must love and serve Him supremely ; and this they must do, not only because it is right and proper in itself, but because God has commanded it. Now we think this the best, if not the only way of teaching children religion—and, to do it effectually, you must have a man for your teacher who is himself a Christian ; and in proportion as he knows and loves the great truths of the Gospel, will he strive to make them known and understood by the children committed to his care.' 'Well, Mr. Bell, there may be some truth in what you say, but I have not been in the habit of looking at it in this light.' This passed between my husband and Mr. Price. Yet there is a deal of responsibility, Mrs. Gray, attaches to mothers—we must be ourselves what we wish our children to be ; example is better than precept, and far better understood. We must never forget the old saying, 'Little pitchers have wide ears.'

. "I was astonished the other day," continued Mrs. Bell, "at some observations my little girl made upon a conversation I had with Mr. Price. The little thing seemed to be very busy and attentive to her own matters, but she heard every word, and, what is more, thought about it too. I was very near making some unkind observations upon our neighbour at the top of the Row—and when the child was speaking, how glad I was to think I did not ; it brought fresh to my recollection the pious resolution of Bishop Beveridge, "never to say behind a person's back what you would not say before his face." But

our responsibility also implies, that we teach and instruct our children, and the first great lesson is this—that we make them fully understand we mean all we say, and intend to be obeyed. On no account must they be allowed to gain their point by perseverance. A short time back, Sarah Burk came to spend a few weeks with us—she is really a nice child, but sadly spoiled. She is a most tiresome little thing, always wanting something; and the moment she has it, throws it down, and teases for something else. One day she was more provoking than usual, when I told her, if she did not behave better, I must whip her. The little miss pertly replied, ‘You dare not—I am not your child.’ I answered, with a firmness of look and voice which astonished the young lady, that if I heard that again, she should see if I was any longer to be trifled with. She immediately sprang to her feet, muttering, ‘If she must—she must!’ I had overcome, and during the rest of her stay I had comparatively little trouble with her. I watched her with the greatest interest, and pitied both her and her mother.”

“Well, I must go now, Mrs. Bell, or else I shall be too late for my husband’s dinner, and I always make a point of having it ready by the time he comes in; for it is trying, you know, to a man’s temper, when he comes in hungry and tired, to find everything behind-hand, and have to wait till the last minute before he can get his hasty meal; it is sure to make words, and is a strong temptation to him to stop at the beer-shop, where, if he calls for a glass of ale, it is handed to him immediately, with a cheerful smile. I am sure I don’t wonder that many husbands are what they are, when I see the goings-on of some of their wives—but, good-bye, I’ll come again soon.”

M. B.

“HE MADE HIM A COAT OF MANY COLOURS.”

“Only me.”

A MOTHER had two children, both girls. The younger was a fair child; but the elder was very beautiful and the mother's pet. Her whole love centered in this child, and she gave her the pet name of “Sweet,” and lavished on her all the kindness that ardent affection could bestow, while the less beautiful child was neglected.

One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlour, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favourite. “Is that you, Sweet?” she inquired. “No, mamma,” was the sad, touching reply, “*it is not Sweet,—IT IS ONLY ME!*” The mother's heart smote her, and from that time, “Only me” was restored to a place in her affections.

Have you an “*Only me*” in your family, mother? Oh, then, quickly resolve she shall be “*SWEET!*”

THE LITTLE NURSE.

I LOVE dear little children so,
A nurse-maid I should like to be;
Whene'er I hear a baby cry,
I long to take it on my knee.

I long to nurse it on my arm,
To let it nestle in my breast;
To keep it close, and snug, and warm,
As if I were its little nest.

And when it smiles, I smile again;
And if it cries, my eye is wet,—
Poor little baby is in pain,
I think, or wherefore does it fret?

And then I love to coax it so,
And sing a little baby song;
“A lullaby,—gee up—gee O!
Crow, little baby, crow, ding dong.”

Oh, I should like a nurse-maid's place,
 To see the little darling fed ;
 To dress it, comb it, wash its face,
 And tuck it in its little bed.

To sing it gently off to sleep,
 To sooth it when I hear it cry ;
 To have it all mine own to keep,
 To watch it, guard it, ever nigh.

To teach its little tongue to say,—
 " O gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
 As I have here been taught to pray,
 A little orphan work-house child.

O—

S.

A PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

" A man's life is a tower with a staircase of many steps,
 That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him.
 No going back—the past is an abyss ; no stopping—for the past
 perisheth ;
 But ever hasting on precarious on the foothold of To-day."

TUPPER.

DID you ever read this thought before ? Read it again,
 it is as true as beautiful ! Life, *your* life, is *like* this stair-
 case. You are at this moment putting your foot on one
 of the stairs—take heed ! Go back you cannot ; all the
 stairs over which you have passed are crumbled and gone
 for ever from beneath your feet. Move on you must ; for
 the step on which you are at this moment placing your foot
 is going, going to the dust also. Take heed, look up, you
 need a guiding and supporting hand ; take firm hold of
 the arm that supports the pillars of the universe ; then look
 up to gather strength ere you lift the foot again—the next
 step may be your last. "There is but a step between you
 and death." " Nonsense," you say, " I am on firm
 ground, and can go backward or forward at my will." Ah !
 can you ? well, so thought Emily E—— ; listen to her tale.

Who was so happy as Emily? Loved and petted in her own family, admired by all who knew her, secure in the affections of him in whom centered all her hopes, the happy day of their nuptials was fixed, and busy had she been, preparing for the great event. Fatigued, and a little excited, she retired in the evening to rest, but sleep came not, and becoming more and more restless, she rang the bell; the family were aroused, and hastening to her room, found her in great excitement. Medical aid was immediately procured, and the symptoms declared to be alarming; violent fever ensued; her beautiful hair, her ornament and her pride, was removed, and ice applied to the throbbing temples, but all in vain—the fever triumphed; reason left her seat, and after suffering for twelve hours, she sank exhausted, and gently breathed away her spirit.

Truly, we know not what is before us, and it is well we do not. “Hope for the best, and prepare for the worst,” said a good man to his wife, when he was dying. Sometimes, indeed, we are anxious to pry between the folded leaves—but, generally, the knowledge would not add to our comfort. Our wisdom is to be daily meetening for heaven, then we are ready to rejoice or to suffer, to live or to die. How often has many a bright morning been darkened, and clouds covering the landscape have burst in a terrible storm when least expected. Do not take the next step *alone*, lest you step into darkness; there is a hand ready to guide, take it, and be happy.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy who is whipped to school, never learns his lesson well. A person who is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man admired.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick ;
A grumbler, in the mud will stick !

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

SPOILED CHILDREN AND GRUMBLERS.

SOME people are never content, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are ever over them, and under them, in rain and sunshine ; to them, every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity, and every shower of rain will end in a Noah's flood ! Like spoiled children when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way. How like the little boy of whom we have read ! He was crying because his mother had shut the parlour door. "Poor thing !" said a neighbour, "you have shut the child out." "It is all the same to him," said the mother ; "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It is the peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of the door, he considers himself shut out and rebels accordingly !" How many tall children are like this naughty boy !

BEGIN EARLY.

Wicked dispositions should be checked betimes, for when they become habits they grow incurable.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Teacher's Offering for 1851. Ward and Co., London.

An attractive, instructive, and very beautiful little volume for an offering at home or at school.

The Infant Class. By CHARLES REED. Sunday School Union.

A book full of thoughts that parents and teachers would do well to study.

Dictionary of Domestic Medicine. Groombridge, London.

First number of a very useful family book.

Messenger of Mercy. Aylott and Jones, London.

A suitable little periodical to place in the hands of those who are loitering in the "broad road."

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. III.

“There be that count thy tears; He hath numbered the hairs of thy head.”

“WELL, mate,” said George Notting, as William Allsop entered the snug little room at the Black Bear, “I was wondering you were so late—where have you been?” “Oh, why, as usual, there was nothing ready for me when I went home, and right glad I am to escape; depend upon it, I don’t stay in a filthy, uproarious house longer than I can help. Washing tubs—half-dry garments—broken dishes—potato parings—leaves of cabbages—a dirty hearth without fire, and squalling children, are pretty nearly enough to drive a poor weary man out of his reason, and cause enough to make him leave a place called home, for such a snug little room as this, with a tidy hearth and a smiling company! Come, square round, to give me a corner!”

“Why, man,” said Harry^o Lee, addressing William Allsop, “while listening to your description of a comfortless home, thinks I to myself, you and I seem to have very different sort of women for our wives, and yet they *both* drive us to seek comfort here. Your wife, it seems, seldom ‘cleans up,’ and mine is for ever scrubbing—go home when a man will, you are sure to find the chairs and tables dancing about, one after the other, like peas in a frying-pan. Mops, brooms, pails of water, and flowing waves meet you at every step, and one can never go right; put your poor foot where you will, it is sure to be the wrong place! I asked my Sally, just now, if I hadn’t better chop off my feet at once, for the floor is too clean for them!—the hearth is too clean for them!—the fender is too clean for them! I thought, if I could find out any special favourite of hers, it would be a good thing to ride in to supper upon his back. ‘Why, Sally, my girl,’ says I, ‘thou art

always cleaning up, and never clean; thou hast found out the perpetual motion master talks about.' This put her out—and then she put *me* out; and as the monkeys were up and grinning on both backs, I very soon cut off. I never did see anything like it; the house hasn't time to dry, before splash goes the water again. It is as good as a yard of new flannel round a man's heart to find a dry house, and the mop and broom out of sight."

"Well, Notting," said William Allsop, when Lee had finished, "of all the tidy, comfortable, neat houses I ever see in my day's walk, yours beats all. I looked in but now, as I came by, to see if you were gone; and, behold me, there sat your wife and her daughter, as neat as a new pin—her home like a palace, and all the younger children gone to bed, after having said to her all their Sunday-school lessons. I had a very good mind to sit down with them, but I took second thought. I mind, my father used to read about a good wife in the Bible, where it says—and I remember what I heard in those days better than what passed a week ago—'She looketh well to the ways of her household;' and your Nancy does this, if ever a wife did."

George Notting hung down his head, and knocked his pipe upon the bar of the grate, with a look that betokened anything but peace. "You don't make any answer, mate! Isn't it true that you have a good wife?" And as he asked the question, he gave him a smart rap on the shoulder, which made him start. "Yes," George quickly replied, as he gave a very long puff; "and more than that, she is a good woman too." He gave another long puff, and was silent for some time. His companions began to rally him, but there was something wrong about his heart and his conscience—he could not be merry as usual. "I have heard say," said he, as he arose to leave the room, "that a look may work ruin, and a word create wealth. A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike

in the gun." "What does he mean?" asked Harry Lee. But George Notting was gone.

THE SHORT CANDLE.

A LITTLE girl was working by the light of a candle—it was burnt down almost to the socket—she plied her needle very fast, and at length she exclaimed, "Oh dear, I must be very industrious, for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone!" May we not learn wisdom from this little girl? Life is but a short candle—it is almost gone, and I have no other! How earnestly engaged should I be in every duty of life—how careful to do my work while the candle burns, lest the darkness of death suddenly overtake me! How alive should I be to the immortal interests of my household!—how anxious to bring all I can to the cross of Jesus!—how active in making as many happy as I can, and doing all the good within my reach—consecrating every talent to Him, whose I am, and whom I serve!

Mothers! you have a mighty work to do, and, it may be, very little time in which to do it. Make haste, the candle is very short, and will soon be down in the socket.

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward!"

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

A SEED SOWN FOR IMMORTALITY.

Sown to live for ever! Mothers! you have often sown seeds, have you not? You love your gardens, and you sow them with the choicest seeds you can get; but did you ever put into them seeds which were to grow up and live

for ever? Your sweet peas—your mignonette—all your flowers have withered and died. You expected them to do so, and were not disappointed; but many of us have sown the precious seed of which I speak—sown them with tears, and with bleeding hearts. Look at the First of Corinthians, 15th chapter, 42nd, 43rd, and 44th verses.

Mothers! have you ever lost an infant? If so, *you have sown one seed for immortality*. You saw it laid in the ground, and it was covered from your sight, like some tiny seed; but the winter will ere long pass away. The beautiful spring—the bright morning of the resurrection—will soon be here. The earth will heave with new life, and the flowers burst forth from it in fresh beauty.

Did you think of this when you lost your little ones? Oh, how sweet these thoughts are! How consoling to a mother's heart! If you are a Christian yourself, you may well rejoice; when the first struggle is over, you may visit the little mound of earth, and look forward with joy to the time when the trump of the archangel shall call your darling forth to an eternity of joy and blessedness, body and soul re-united.

But why do I write thus? Sweet as these thoughts are, far different ones compelled me to take up my pen. *Unconverted mother!* I was thinking of *you*,—caring for *you*. Yes, it was love for you that filled my heart. What an awful thought to be the mother of a babe—to give it up to God—to lay it in the grave, and to know that you have parted with it *for ever!* You have, indeed, sown a seed for immortality, but with what different prospects to those of the believing mother. Your infant is in heaven, and you are on the road to hell! There is no middle path—no middle state. Christ or Satan! Heaven or hell! Mother, think! do think of these things, while yet you may. Jesus said, "*Suffer the little children to come unto me;*" and he also says, "*WHOSOEVER will, let him come.*" If you have not *the will* to come, go and ask for it, for He hath

said, "Every one that asketh receiveth." It is a solemn thing to be a mother!—to have souls given into our charge on earth—to have happy spirits belonging to us in heaven!

MARY.

Oxford.

THE WIFE.—No. IV.

THERE is one class of wives who need especially heavenly wisdom; those who have become truly pious *since their marriage*, and have husbands who are yet opposed to the Gospel. How important, in such a case, that the wife should show, by her bright example, her daily walk, her "holy conversation," how lovely a thing religion is: how wisely should she use her influence—how gracefully should she yield in matters of little moment—how *firm* where the Bible points out her duty.

"Many a wife," says an author, "has, by her devoted and kind attentions in a season* of sickness, drawn back to herself that cold and alienated heart which neither her charms could hold, nor her claims recover." How often has the patient suffering of a wife, amidst persecution and unkindness, spoken with a loud voice to her husband in his seasons of solitude; and what a certain key to unlock the door of mercy for him has her simple, believing prayer proved! We will give a few illustrations as we pass along.

A husband one evening told his wife that if she went to the Sanctuary of God he would shut the door against her for the night. She, however, went, and on her return found that he had kept his word. She quietly left the door, and repaired to a barn to pass the night; before she lay down to rest she committed herself to Him who never sleeps, and prayed for her husband, still beloved, though unkind. The husband's heart began to relent, and he glided out to see where she had taken up her abode for the night, and reached the barn while she was in the act of

praying for *him*. This was too much ; he turned into the barn, saying, "Mary, you may come in!" She did so, and was privileged to be the means of his conversion. Is there not a God in heaven who hears and answers prayer? **THERE IS.** Think of the value of a soul, and of the ineffable glory of being the instrument of leading one soul to the foot of the cross ; but if that one should be a beloved husband, how cheering ! Think how it will strengthen, and sanctify, and sweeten the bond which unites you on earth, while it will brighten the prospect of separation with the thought of meeting again as kindred spirits in heaven.

When Livia had attained such an ascendancy over her husband, that there was scarcely anything he would refuse her, although he was emperor of the world, we are told that many of the married ladies of Rome were anxious to know the secret and the source of her success, to whom she replied,—"**I RULE BY OBEYING!**"

We read that Monica, the mother of Augustine, and the wife of Patricius, always endeavoured to win her husband over to the service of Christ by her amiableness of manner, and by patiently bearing the unkind treatment she received from him ; his temper was passionate, but his spirit benevolent. By perfect silence and composure she knew how to bear with him when angry, and when she saw him cool would meekly expostulate with him. Matrons sometimes complained to her of the severe treatment they received from their husbands, and whose tempers were yet milder than that of Patricius. She replied to them,—"**Learn to govern your tongues—and always remember your inferiority.**" They expressed their surprise that this pair had never lived at variance for a single day, especially considering the violence of Patricius. She informed them of the plan she pursued. Those Roman matrons who followed her example were soon very thankful for its success ; those who did not, experienced nothing but vexation. At

length, Monica gained her husband, and the heathen emperor died in the faith of Jesus. Had she not a rich reward on earth? will she not rejoice over him in heaven? Have you a husband living far from God? try what sweetness, *meekness, kindness, attention, smiles,* and PRAYERS will accomplish—tell us the result.

OUR OLD BIBLE.

I LOVE, when Sunday morning's come,
 And father's with us all at home,
 His spade and mattock put away,
 When mother looks so pleased and gay,
 To get the Bible from the shelf,
 (I now can reach it down myself,)
 And open it on father's knee,
 For him to read to George and me.
 Both George and I can read and spell,
 But not in our old Bible, well;
 The print's so queer, the S's long,
 They're so like f's, we read them wrong.
 But father always reads them right,
 Although he tells us that his sight
 Was better far in days by-gone;
 And then he puts his glasses on,
 And sees as well as George and me—
 I can't think how they make him see!
 I put them on sometimes for fun,
 But it's like looking at the sun;
 The reading all looks like a fog,
 And Georgie looks just like a log.
 Then father asks, "What shall I read?"
 George likes to hear how Moses freed
 The Jews from cruel Pharaoh's hand,
 To take them to the promised land—
 The land where milk and honey flow,
 And grapes like sloes on hedges grow;
 And David, with a shepherd's sling,
 A pebble from the brook could fling

So straight, that he the giant slew ;
And father says,—“ it all is true.”
I find the place—I know it well—
Where cruel brothers Joseph sell ;
And dip his coloured coat in blood,
As if some lion from the wood
Had killed the lad, and how they went
And took it to their father's tent ;
How Jacob wept. Then George and I
See a big tear in father's eye !
It seems to make his glasses dim.
“ Now, Jane,” he says, “ that little hymn.”
And then he shuts the book, and prays
That George and I in wisdom's ways
May always walk—may love the Lord—
May trust His gracious, holy Word,
Who gave His darling to be slain,
For father, mother, George, and Jane.

THE YOUNG TEACHER ; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. IV.

“ He that rideth on the hurricane is pilot of the bubble on the breaker.”

Mrs. LAMURE was sitting with Annie, her youngest child, when a letter was presented to her from her absent son. “ Oh, mamma, another letter from Frank !” exclaimed Annie ; “ oh, how glad I am ! But why do you always cry, mamma, when you get a letter from my brother now ? You used to be so glad when the postman came. Why is it, ma ? Is my brother ill ? or has he done anything to make you unhappy ? or what is it ?”

Mrs. Lamure replied, as she wiped her tears, “ Your brother is not well, dear, and I have felt anxious about him for some time ; this makes me weep when I get his letters now. You know, Annie, your papa and I are very desirous that you may all be happy, not only during the

short pilgrimage of life, but in eternity." "Yes, mamma, I know you are; but is Frank changed, then? for we used to call him 'the praying boy' in the nursery." "I hope, my love, he will soon come home for rest and change of air, and then we shall know all about it."

"Oh," exclaimed Annie, "I am so very glad Frank is coming home, for he tells me so many things about the sun and moon and stars, and how things are made. I remember now all he told me about making needles and pins; and how Queen Elizabeth had only large, clumsy pins, made of bone and ivory." "I am glad my little girl remembers what her brother told her; perhaps she can tell me where pins were first used." "Yes, that I can, mamma; in France." "And what are pins made of?" "Brass wire, mamma. Frank told me that it would take twenty men to make a pin. Only think, how funny!" "I suppose, Annie, he meant all the men who would be engaged, from the time of digging the copper out of the mine, to the finishing the fine point, and little round head." "You mean brass, mamma; they are made of *brass* wire." "No, I mean copper, dear; for brass is made of copper and zinc; but I am glad you remember thus far." "Oh, but, mamma," said Annie, "do you know, the very best thing I used to like Frank to talk about was that great city that was burned by liquid fire, so many hundred years ago; some call it 'the city of the dead,' but that is not the right name, ma." "You mean Herculaneum and Pompeii, I suppose." "Oh yes,—the names are rather hard; and then there is the great mountain, too, he told me about, that poured out the fire." "Yes, dear, Vesuvius." "Only think, mamma, how dreadful it must have been to have had the boiling fire coming into all the doors and windows of the houses; and Frank told me the people were all busy at work, and some were in the market; and one old man's skeleton was found in the cellar, with a bunch of keys in his hand, when the men dug into the

houses. Frank supposed he was a miser, and had all his treasure there; but they were all burned together,—the prince and the poor man,—the little children and the mothers.” “Yes, dear, it was really so; for a lady, who has written home from the spot, has told us a great deal about it; but here comes papa; we will talk about it some other time.” “Oh, do let us, mamma!”

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.—No. II.

“I WAS so pleased,” said Mrs. Gray, “with our conversation the other day, Mrs. Bell, that I determined, the first opportunity I had, to pay you another visit—but I was glad I left you as I did, last time, for when my husband came home to dinner he was quite out of sorts, poor man; but I had every thing ready for him, and did all I could, silently, to soothe him—the children I kept still with a book, for he was not in a state to bear worry; and seeing he was a good deal vexed, I said nothing to him, but lifted up my heart that he might have comfort and support from Heaven.

“After dinner he recovered himself a little, and told me his master had been very unreasonable, and had used some hard words which tried his temper very much; but he said he knew that, a little before, his master had been sorely vexed by a customer. ‘Therefore,’ said he, ‘I ought to have been prepared to put the lesson you and I have learned into practice, to bear and forbear; but, instead of that, I got teasing myself by reasoning in the old way—that it was not true what he had said, and therefore very unjust, forgetting that, if it had been true, I should have had no *right* to complain, and that the only merit was in suffering *patiently* the wrong: as Peter argues, “for what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your fault, ye shall take it patiently?—but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.”—I don’t

know how it is, but somehow or other it seems so natural to rebel when one is called to suffer wrongfully. It was but the other day, Ben Willis put himself into a towering passion about something that had happened in the shop, and he said he was not going to stand all this—there was not a word of truth in it, and he would have it all out, “see if I don’t!” Now I saw directly, in his case, how much better it would be to be quiet and say nothing, and the thing would soon blow over,—and as soon as master cooled down, he would see he had been wrong, and, I am sure, would have been sorry for it, for he is a good master, though a little hasty; yet no sooner did it touch me, than I fell into the same snare, and it was as much as ever I could do to keep my tongue within my teeth, and I came home here like a bear robbed of her whelps, ready to quarrel with the least thing. But your gentleness, Mary, quieted me, and your silence overcame me—nothing else would have done—had you spoken like an angel, I should have answered like a demon. What queer creatures we are! I don’t wonder at the misery there is in the world, in so many families—nothing but the grace of God will do, when we have to wage war with the corrupt passions of the evil heart. I have heard Ben Willis argue very well, but he is sure to go wrong when anything is amiss; but I pity the poor fellow, for I think if I had his home I should go crazy. He is well-inclined—not fond of the public-house, but his wife is such a dirty creature, so noisy, so fond of gossip, for ever running about among her neighbours; and, many a time, before we were married, have I heard her in a precious brawl, for I then lived in the same Court. Her poor children are under no control. I called, one day, to see Ben, and as he was not at home, I sat down a minute, and they were running about like little wild creatures—one got under my chair, another got up behind, and a third, a nice, round-faced, curly-headed little boy, stood grinning before me, apparently heartily enjoying the fun. The

mother, I saw, was in a perfect stew—she scolded, soft and loud—she entreated, but it was all in vain. She then made a desperate effort to catch the young urchin before me, but he, aware of her intention, dashed away in a moment, and, in his haste, ran against a chair where the baby was asleep—down came the poor baby and the chair, and they were all sprawling on the floor together. This was too much, she could stand it no longer—the other two chaps instinctively saw the coming storm, and ran off, jumping over the baby and the chair, and stood laughing outside. I now thought it was high time for me to go, so while she was picking up the child I bid her good-day, without waiting for an answer—but it is time for me to return to my work. Mary, I owe you much—a good wife is from the Lord.'

"Now you see, Mrs. Bell, there is in all this an important lesson for us, and our responsibilities are neither few nor small. There is, to be sure, much wickedness in the world; but, I fear, a great deal of it may fairly be laid at our door. The men, you know, are but like ourselves, after all; and then they have to work hard, as well as bear with the tempers of their employers and fellow-workmen; and they naturally enough look for comfort and happiness at home, and perhaps are thinking of it all the way they come; and then, how very trying to have to wait for their dinner till it is almost time to return to their work,—while the wife, uncomfortable and dissatisfied with herself, is most perplexingly busy, the children are snubbed and driven about, and the good man himself comes in for a large share of these domestic miseries. Shall it be for a wonder if, on his way home in the evening, he is tempted to turn aside, and join the drinking husbands, trying to forget his troubles there, while his family are made, like himself, miserable. My poor father used to say of public houses that they were 'beggar-making shops,' and I am sure they are the beginning of most miseries. Good day, Mrs. Bell."—M. B.

SECOND REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, CARR'S-LANE, BIRMINGHAM.

THE committee, in reviewing the past year, feel that a sacred seriousness pervades the mind, in that the cypress leaf has been dropped in their midst again and again. Two seats are vacant, but those departed are, doubtless, "for ever with the Lord." From two of their number the cherished arm of flesh has been wrested, but the Omnipotent arm of infinite love has been outstretched, and the cry resounded, "a father of the fatherless and a judge of the widow is God in his holy habitation." Then, again, two opening buds, just promising to shed fragrance around the maternal path, have been suddenly wafted away to bloom in a more congenial soil. The fact will at once present itself, that alternate grief and joy has taken possession of the breast. To some, the past year has been one of sorrow—to others, pleasure and joy. In the retrospection, the committee cannot fail to find many reasons for humiliation of heart.

The question naturally arises—In what spirit have they enjoyed the blessings conferred; and to what extent have their responsibilities been discharged? Having crossed the threshold of another year, the importance of considering afresh the nature of their aims and efforts has been suggested, to see how far they accord with the advantages they possess, the requirements of the Redeemer, and the condition of their families. During the year, monthly meetings have been regularly held. The number of members has increased from sixty to eighty-two, by which it may be stated that an alliance is formed—VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS BEING THUS COMBINED.

The committee are happy to report the continued prosperity of the Branch Association, but must here remark, that often, when ready to faint, their pastor's last annual text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," nerved them

afresh for the good work. In Garrison-lane, fortnightly meetings have been regularly held, and well attended. The number has increased from thirty-five to sixty; sixty have taken *The Mothers' Friend*, monthly; twenty-four copies of the Scriptures have been sold; thirty-eight copies of Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury," and other small volumes.

At Balsall Heath, fortnightly meetings have been held, and well attended. The number has increased from forty-two to sixty. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY have been induced to subscribe for *The Mothers' Friend*, and other periodicals, as well as various other books. A Maternal Library has been formed here, in which are upwards of forty books. At these two branches, three hundred of the Rev. J. A. James's "Lectures to Young Men" have been sold.

A second Association has been formed at Carr's Lane, for those mothers who can more conveniently attend in the afternoon. Here, twenty-seven have already given their names to attend, and twenty-six to take *The Mothers' Friend*. At Bordesley-street, the number of attendants is generally from fourteen to sixteen. Sixteen numbers of *The Mothers' Friend* are here regularly taken. At the Boatman's Chapel, meetings have been regularly held—members, from four to eleven. Various books have been lent for home perusal, and six take *The Mothers' Friend*.

Total number of meetings held at the Parent Association and branches.....	122
Number of members	260
Number of subscribers for <i>The Mothers' Friend</i> and other periodicals	240
Number of Scriptures sold.....	50
Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury".....	90

Read this Report again, mothers, and try what you can do in this good work. If you have no Maternal Association near you, hasten to arouse your neighbours to form one, and tell us the result.

THE WISE MOTHER.

WHEN Mrs. Ray's daughters were very young, she used to spend some hours every day in teaching them to recite passages of Scripture before they were capable of reading it themselves. At the age of six, they were able to read well, and were then delighted to find the same stories, in Genesis and in the Gospels, which their mother had taught them. As their years advanced, they were admitted into the best conversation, and had such books put into their hands as would lead them to prudence and piety. Reading the lives of eminent persons, who were examples of this kind, was one of the daily methods used to instruct and entertain them; thus trained, they acquired a knowledge proper for women, and such as would make them honourable and useful in the world. Mrs. Ray felt that domestic virtues are the business and honour of her sex; she took care, therefore, to educate her daughters in constant acquaintance with all family matters, and they early understood all that belonged to the provisions of the table, and the furniture of every room. Though her circumstances were considerable in the world, she made her daughters know that a frequent visit to the kitchen was not beneath their state, nor the common menial affairs too mean for their notice, that they might be able hereafter to manage their own home. They were initiated early in the science of the needle, and were bred up skilfully in all the plain and flowery arts of it; but it was never made a task nor a toil to them. To render this exercise pleasant, one of them always read aloud, while the rest were at work, and questions and remarks were made on the book; so that reading, working, and conversation might fill up the hour with variety and pleasure.

Mrs. Ray was herself sprightly and active; she therefore constantly found some inviting and useful employment for her children, that they might hate idleness as a mischievous vice, and be trained to an active and useful life; yet she

constantly taught them the superior delights of private devotion, reading the Bible, and serving God. She taught her children the happy art of managing a visit, with some useful improvement of the hour, and without offence. If a word of scandal occurred in company, it was soon diverted or suppressed. The children were charged to speak well of their neighbours, as far as truth would permit, and to be silent as to anything further; but when the poor, or the deformed, or the aged, were mentioned, they were treated with the utmost tenderness. Nothing displeased this good mother more, than to hear a jest thrown upon natural infirmities; she thought there was something sacred in misery, and it was not to be touched with a rude hand. All reproach and satire of this kind was for ever banished where she came. Persons of distinguished character were treated with the greatest respect, and she taught her children to pay double honours to those who laboured in "the word and doctrine," where their personal behaviour upheld the dignity of their office. Whenever she named her own parents, it was with high veneration and love, and thereby she naturally led her children to give honour to theirs. The children have freedom given them, in all the common affairs of life, to choose for themselves; but they take pleasure generally in referring the choice back again to their parents. A wish or a desire has the same influence over them now, as a command had in their infancy; in short, they have been educated with DISCRETION, FIRMNESS, TENDERNESS, and PIETY, and thus a foundation has been laid for their future happiness and usefulness, and their parents' comfort.

How do you like the portrait, mother? Is it a family likeness of your own, seen in every room in your house? If not, get one like it, as quickly as possible;—make haste, lest you be too late. Time is short.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

For "The Mothers' Friend."

A MINISTER, a short time since, was addressing an audience at a public meeting, and, speaking of the efficacy of persevering fervent prayer, he related the following instance:—"A devoted and pious mother had from infancy endeavoured to train up her children in the right way. She frequently prayed with them and for them; she conversed with them, and instructed them in all things calculated to promote their present and eternal welfare; but one son, who was fast growing up to manhood, appeared unconcerned and indifferent. One day, she talked seriously with him, and urged upon him the importance of seeking religion, but he replied, 'Mother! it is of no use; I am determined to have nothing to do with it till I am settled in life; do not, therefore, persuade me now. *Then* I shall have more time, and I can attend to these matters.'

"This declaration, for a time, disheartened and discouraged the mother; but she was one who knew the value of prayer. She decided in her own mind, after a short time had elapsed, that she would earnestly plead at the throne of grace on behalf of this son more especially. She set apart one week for the purpose, and fervently entreated for his conversion. The week passed, but no answer came. The following Sabbath evening, as he was passing an open sanctuary, where the worshippers were assembled, the singing attracted his attention. He halted—he went in; there the word of the Lord met him—he went home a broken and contrite penitent—he sought and found mercy—and he and his praying mother could rejoice together. That sainted mother is now in heaven—THAT SON IS NOW ADDRESSING YOU."

R. T. P.

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. II.

“ For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions.”

It has been said that one-half of the deaths occurring during the first two years of infancy may be ascribed to mismanagement of the fragile body, and mistakes as to its food. How very important, then, that young mothers should get all the information they can on the subject. As it regards food, in the first few months of your infant's life, the very best is that with which nature has furnished you, and, if you have a plentiful supply, nothing else need be given; and bear in mind, the *first* portion of this natural food which the babe receives from you is purposely prepared to suit its stomach and bowels—there is often a grand mistake made here. If a mother can but partly nourish her little one, a small quantity of *thin* gruel may be given, two or three times a day, taking care to have it nicely made—clean, pleasant, and smooth. Do you know, young mother, that the stomach of your infant is very feeble? It is unaccustomed to food—give it, therefore, sparingly. Some little ones have slow digestion, others quick; wisdom is needed as to the frequency of feeding; but never lose sight of the fact, that the tiny stomach can contain but a VERY SMALL QUANTITY. Nor must you imagine that every expression of uneasiness is a call for food; many foolishly act upon this plan, and do a vast deal of mischief to the babe's health and comfort.

Allow us to press on your attention, at this season of your child's life, the necessity for being careful of your own health. If you take cold, the infant will suffer; and your *mind*, as well as *body*, should be carefully watched, if you wish your child to be healthful and happy. Irritability and fretfulness, anxiety or fear, will cause your child to suffer, and act as a blight on its happiness, as well as your own. When in danger from any of these, fly to your private chamber, and ask for strength and wisdom to be

kept calm and tranquil. We have heard of some who have found SINGING an excellent remedy for irritability ; try to sing one of the songs of Zion, young mother, and let us know if it succeeds. When the little system of your infant has become more developed, and the stomach accustomed to the exercise of its functions, it will be well to observe regularity in the distribution of its meals.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

HAPPINESS.

A CRUST of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love :—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden—HEART makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

MONEY AND HEALTH.

There is this difference between these two temporal blessings, health and money : money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed—health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied ; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with money for health.

NUMBER ONE.

One hour lost in the morning, by being too long in bed, will put back all the business of the day. One hour gained by rising early would make one month, in the year.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much, by-and-by, as it will to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a flock.

One unruly animal will teach all others in company bad tricks ; and the Bible says, “One sinner destroyeth much good.”

JEALOUSY.

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave"—it is fed by a fuel that burns fiercely, and emits a most vehement flame—it impregnates its possessor with relentless rage, and impels him to the execution of implacable vengeance. He will not accept of compensation for his supposed injury, nor is it possible to pacify him with conciliating gifts.

A HINT.

If parents differ in their ideas of education, let them take a proper opportunity of discussing the matter in private, with freedom and kindness; but let them not weaken the respect of their children by expressing doubts of each other's good judgment in their presence.

ALWAYS ENGAGED.

I should have thought mowers very idle people; but they work while they whet their scythe. So devotedness to God, whether it mows or whets its scythe, still goes on with its work.

A USEFUL HINT.

Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill; no child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go himself to the rival academy kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort—just as, in fields, vegetation is never idle.—E. Cook.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Bible Fruit. By Rev. E. MANNERING. Snow, London.

One of the most delightful books for little children we have seen for a long time.

Waterloo Series. Edited by ELIHU BURRITT. Gilpin, London.

All the series are instructive and useful, and there is one among the fifteen worth the price of the whole packet.

Morning; or, Darkness and Light. By Rev. G. B. SCOTT. Nesbit, London.

Thoughts for meditation, good and cheap.

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. IV.

"Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of mercy."

As George Notting passed out of the Black Bear, he met a gentleman who had often manifested considerable interest in his welfare. "Well, George," said he, "so you are come early from your old pleasures. I always regret your continued habits, and am often led to wonder that, with such a comfortable home as you have, you should seek pleasures elsewhere." "The power of early training and example hangs over me, Sir, and binds me like a chain," said George, in a husky voice. "Ah, there is sad truth in that, Notting; but still your case is rather a singular one. Generally speaking, the man who has a kind, careful wife, a neat, tidy home, and a family of nice, obedient children, is seldom found among drunkards." "That's true, Sir, and more's the shame for them when they are," responded George. "I am very glad to hear you speak thus, George, and you are leaving your companions earlier than usual, to-night; this looks like a step towards something better." "The deer that's wounded, Sir, runs into the wood. But who told you, Sir, if you please, what time I generally leave the Bear?" "Why, the truth is, George, I often linger about this place, to observe who may come out sober, so that I may speak a word to them, and put a little book into their hands; here is one for you, if you will read it." "Thank you, Sir; is it the 'Band of Hope?'" "No; but I think you will like it." "Ah, well, Sir, my good wife will read it to me if I ask her, and thank ye, too, Sir." "You do not seem very happy this evening, George; I hope you are beginning to feel that there is no true lasting pleasure in your present course." "True enough, Sir; I have felt this a long time, but one can't bear the jeers and taunts of one's mates, and I used to be called a good fellow among them." "Ah, I understand; but,

George, if we would walk in the road that leads to real happiness, we must be content to leave the 'multitude,' and walk with the 'few;' we must dare to be singular, and brave the jeer, and laugh, and curled lip of those who will not join our little company." "That's true, again, Sir; I know it all, and my own thoughts, with a few remarks I have heard this evening, have made me rather vapourish; I have neither enjoyed my mug nor my pipe; I can't tell what's come to me, so I am going home to bed."

Just then they reached George's little garden-gate, leading to his cottage, where the gentleman left him. As he drew near the door, he heard the voice of his wife, and thought she was reading; but, on approaching nearer, he heard these words:—"Heavenly Father, bless my dear husband, and wean his heart from the love of strong drink, and cause him to feel happy at home. Help us all to follow the example of the blessed Saviour, that we may all meet, at last, where sorrow cannot enter, and where tears are wiped away from all eyes."

George could hear no more; he turned away from the door, and walked up and down the lane for some minutes. When he was composed, he walked to the door again, and was about to enter, when a voice still arrested his attention. At first, he thought his wife was yet in prayer; but, listening, he heard a more feeble voice addressing the throne of Heaven. It was the voice of his child—his eldest daughter, praying with her mother, as she was wont to do every day; and she was imploring blessings for herself, her parents, and the little ones who had gone to rest. Again George walked back into the lane, and the hot tears coursed down his rough cheeks; he felt he dare not enter; the place was too sacred for him, and he was afraid his present state of mind would be observed by his watchful wife.

At length, when all was silent, he gently opened the door of his cottage; there sat his patient wife, with a cheerful face, mending his boy's stockings. She was quite

alone, waiting for him, and as he entered she rose to throw on a few sticks which she had kept by her, to "make the fire laugh," as she called it. "I am glad to see you so early, George," she said, pleasantly. "Mary is but just gone to bed, so my evening has not been very solitary." George made no reply, but, placing a chair by her side, he took her hand in his, and said, "Nancy!" He seemed half choked, and the astonished wife, looking up into his face, anxiously asked, "What can be the matter, my dear George?" "You are like an angel to me, Nancy," he got out at last, and then burst into a flood of tears. The wife wept too; how could she help it? Tears are infectious when we see a *woman* weeping; but when a *MAN* is seen weeping, tears *will* come.

After some minutes, George went on—"I am quite ashamed of myself, Nancy, and don't intend to leave my happy home of an evening again. No, no; you shall have my company now; you have been solitary long enough; and the very men who will laugh at me for keeping this resolution, have stung my conscience this evening by speaking of you and my home; but I see all about it now; you were praying for me, and God was listening. Here is a little book, just given to me; will you read it before we go up stairs? 'tis not late."

Poor Nancy was not in a state to read aloud just then; she felt her heart too full, and a choking sensation in her throat. "I will read it to you, to-morrow," she at length replied; "but, in regard to your good resolution, dear George," she continued, "you must not make it in your own strength; we can do nothing right without Divine aid; but you have known this from your youth up." "Yes, yes, I have, my Nancy, but I have never acted up to my knowledge; it is not, however, too late to begin; so, if you will read a chapter in your Bible to me, we will go to rest; and if you will get me a little book of prayers by to-morrow night, I will help you at the family worship."

Nancy could make no reply, but, lighting the bed-room candle, she took out the fire, while George looked to the doors and windows. They retired that night, both feeling assured that there is a God in Heaven who heareth prayer.

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

GROWN people should have more faith in and more appreciation of the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, of a mother who, in punishing a child for telling a lie, which, after all, (it subsequently transpired,) it did not tell, hit him with a slight switch over the temple, which killed him instantly,—a mere accident, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother!—When I read this, I thought of what occurred in my own home only a week or two before; and the lesson I then received was a good one, and will remain with me.

My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed, had been playing about my table, on leaving which, for a moment, I found on my return that my large porcupine-quill-handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it; he answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me very earnestly in the face, and said, "No, I *didn't* take it, father." I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered a reward for confession,—the reward of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had swelled into his eyes, and he seemed about to tell me "the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of a pen protruding from a port-

folio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you, and, perhaps, it is; yet I shall remember it for a long time. But I will narrate a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend of mine, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every mother and father who have any sympathy for their children.

A few weeks before my friend wrote to me, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, about eight years of age. His death occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful. A younger brother had been ill for a month with an epidemic fever; every precaution was taken to guard the other members of the family—but this eldest son was so healthy, they had little fear for him; but his father forbade him going into the pools and docks near his school, which he sometimes visited. One evening this father came home wearied with a long day's labour, and vexed with some disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy state of mind, his wife entered the apartment and said, "Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright,—he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat." "Where is he?" asked the father, sternly. "He is shivering over the kitchen fire; he was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home." "Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with cold and fright. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly for disobedience, spoke of the punishment awaiting him in the morning, and in a harsh voice said, "Now, sir, go to bed." "But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you——" "Not a word,—go to bed!" With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of the hand to the door, and a frown on his brow,

did that father close the door of explanation. When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was prepared, and he ate little. His wife saw the cause of his emotion, and remarked, "I think, my dear, you ought, at least, to have heard what Henry had to say,—my heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy!" and the tears stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother.

As the father passed the bed-room where his boy was sleeping, he thought he would look in upon him before he retired to rest. He crept to his low cot, and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, but he was sleeping sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son, and he resolved to alter his course to him in the morning. But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He awoke the next morning, with a raging fever and wild delirium—in forty-eight hours he was in his shroud! He knew not his father or mother, when they were first called to his bedside, nor at any moment afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did the unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son; he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear,—but in vain.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the dead boy, brought the stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall. "I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water; we were playing down at the long wharf,—Henry, and Charles Mumfrit, and I,—and the tide was out very low; and a beam ran out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fish-line, and he slipped off, and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal

of hard work got Charles out, and they waded up through the mud; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it,—for if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way going home he kept saying,—“What will my father say when he sees me to-night? I wish I had not gone to the wharf.” “Dear, brave boy!” exclaimed the bereaved father, “and this was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!” and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks. Yet that stern father now learned that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature. “Now,” said the father, “every thing I see that ever belonged to him reminds me of the past. Yesterday I came across his boots, still covered with dock mud, as when he last wore them. Many things speak to me vividly of my son’s active life, but I cannot—no, I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy’s face, than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on that night I so hastily repulsed him,—and my heart bleeds afresh.” Oh, how careful should we be, in our daily conduct towards those little beings lent us by God!—how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we should do them wrong! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving, yet grieved or outraged nature.—*American Ladies’ Book.*

THE WORDS OF MARTIN LUTHER.—“I would not advise any one to place his child where the Holy Scriptures are not regarded as the rule of life. Every institution where God’s Word is not diligently studied must become corrupt.” “Weighty words (says D’Aubigné) which governments, fathers, and the learned in all ages, would do well to consider.”

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

The departed—the departed,
 They crowd around me now,
 And a sweet and cheerful light of peace
 They shed around my brow.
 I know they have not left me,
 Though no more I see their forms,
 And their presence, 'mid the strife of life,
 Is like sunshine seen in storms.

“OH! let parents awaken and blend their anxieties and efforts to bring their children to Jesus. When Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, all the wounded were to obtain cure by looking. But children were bitten, as well as men and women. Had we been there, we should have seen many a father leading along his little daughter to a place of vision, and many a mother pressing near, with her infant son in her arms, and pointing his eyes to catch the shining remedy—so has the Son of Man been lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

“The *young* need him, and the sooner they are brought to him the better—the sooner will they be prevented from injuring society—the sooner will they enter on a course of usefulness, during which they will scatter a thousand blessings. If we do good to an old man, it is all-important to himself, but then it often soon goes off with him; whereas, the good communicated to a *child* is not only valuable personally, but relatively, during probably a long period. It descends from him, and is spread by him, as he rises up and multiplies in life, and the result of the whole cannot be estimated. With love, “E. U.”

[The hand that traced these lines for us is motionless in the dreary tomb! the spirit that wafted “love” to us is perfect in heaven!—“Be ye also ready.”—Ed.]

BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND.

IN these days of activity and zeal, men stand out in masses, and each class has its own peculiar province—one is for “Protection,” another for “Free-trade;” some are “State Churchmen,” others are supporters of what is called the “Voluntary Principle;” and whilst each of these have many friends, how few are arranged in a compact phalanx in defence of vital godliness! There seems to be a wide-spread impression that the state of the evangelical churches in our land is not just what it ought to be—there is a coldness—a formality—a conformity to the world crept in, which has greatly weakened the force of truth. There is a feeble lament heard, from one end of the country to the other, and men are saying, “these are not the days of the Owens—the Bateses—the Baxters—or the Flavels.” Certainly not—the depth and fervour of our piety is far from being equal to theirs, but the times in which we live and act are very different from the times in which they lived and flourished; our piety, if not so deep, is certainly spread over a wider surface, and the balance, if properly struck, would not, perhaps, after all, be found so much against us as appears at first sight. Nevertheless, after making every allowance, it becomes us to be up and doing; and as every reformation must begin in the individual, we may urge you to break up your fallow ground.

For instance, let professing Christians only think of their *ingratitude*, and try to remember wherein they have received favours from God, for which they have never manifested any gratitude—*remarkable providences, unexpected turns in events*, which saved them from ruin, or opened up a way for the enjoyment of many mercies. Let them look back at the forbearance of God before their conversion, and the numerous mercies received since, and then say if there is not a long catalogue of instances of black ingratitude! Upon your knees, then, confess them, with a humble,

penitent, and contrite heart, and thus break up your fallow ground.

Then, again, think of the neglect of the Bible, and number the cases when, perhaps, for weeks or months together, the reading of God's holy and blessed Word gave you no pleasure. Think also of your unbelief, the instances in which you have virtually charged the God of truth with lying, by your unbelief of the express promises, when you neither believed nor expected you should receive the blessings which He has expressly promised to give—think of these things, and break up your fallow ground.

Again, think of your neglect of prayer, the times when you have omitted secret prayer, family prayer, or meetings set apart for public prayer—nay, have even prayed in such a manner, as more grievously to have offended God than if you had never prayed at all. Then your want of love to the souls of your fellow-men; look around upon your friends, your children, your neighbours, your relations, and remember how little true compassion you have felt for them—you have stood by and seen them going straight to hell, without one faithful, vigorous effort to save them. How many days have there been, in which you did not make their awful condition the subject of a single fervent prayer, or even an ardent desire for their salvation? Oh, is it not high time to break up your fallow ground?

Then think, again, of your worldly-mindedness—what has been the state of your heart in regard to your possessions? Have you not reckoned them your own, rather than God's, and disposed of them to gratify your own will, or your ambition, in laying them up for your families? Then, as to levity, have you not often trifled before God as you would not have trifled in the presence of an earthly sovereign, and almost forgotten that there was a God? And as to hypocrisy, are you altogether free?—have you not confessed sins you did not seriously intend to break off, and when you had no solemn purpose not to repeat them? And how often have

you risen from your knees, and could not tell what you had prayed for? Oh, lukewarm professor, is it not high time to break up your fallow ground?

And are these things really so?—then go and confess to God your sins and iniquities—go, do it immediately; if you attempt to put it off, you will make the matter worse. In the progress of such a work, you have to do violence to yourself. Oh, fasten your attention to the subject of your sins—you cannot look long and thoroughly, and see how great they are, without deeply feeling—and you will never have the Spirit of God dwelling in you, till you have unravelled the mystery of iniquity, and spread out your sins before God—therefore, break up your fallow ground.

M. B.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MOTHER! unconverted mother! Nay, do not lay down the little book at once, because I have addressed you thus. Are you really *converted*? That is, are you *turned*—turned from sin to holiness, from the road to hell into the path to heaven, from the service of Satan to the service of God? If not, then you are still *unconverted*; and though I have never seen you, though I have not heard your name, nor the name of the place where you live, yet I feel deeply for you. I fancy I see you now, sitting by the fireside, while your little ones are sleeping, and all is still and quiet. Dear friend, my thoughts are very sorrowful about you, yes, and about your children too.

Last month I wrote to those mothers who had infants in heaven—now I am addressing those who have children living in this world. I never yet knew a mother who wished her children to grow up and to die strangers to the love of Jesus. Do *you* desire this yourself? But how can you teach them what you do not know? Would you sit down, and call them to your side, to teach them some language of which you had never learned a word? No;

you would not be guilty of such folly. Dear friend, there is the language of *Canaan*, which those who are travelling thither understand. Do *you* know anything about *this* ? When you tell your little ones—as perhaps you do, at least on the Lord’s-day—that Jesus died for them, can you say also, “This is *my beloved* and *my friend, my Saviour* and *my Redeemer* ?” When you talk to them of heaven, can you say, “Jesus is gone there to get ready a mansion for *me* ? Yes, dear children, a mansion for *your mother*—will you not share it with her ? Must she go to heaven without you ?”

Unconverted mother ! my heart yearns over you—sorrowfully *I* feel, and *you* feel it too, that you cannot, you dare not speak thus to your little ones ; and are *they* ignorant of this mournful fact ? No ; they can see, plain enough, that when you talk to them of heavenly realities, those things bring no joy, no peace to *your* mind ; they are not near your heart. Poor children, how I pity them ! Who will lead them towards heaven, if their mother cannot ?—the mother who guided their tottering footsteps below. But how can she lead in the road on which she has not herself entered ? If they ever reach that blessed country, they will owe no thanks to her—no ; they will not even see her there ! And that voice, which so often soothed their little sorrows and hushed them to a gentle sleep, will never blend with their voices before the eternal throne. Mother, has the cry ever been put into your heart—“What must I do to be saved ?” Remember, now is a day of *grace*, but a day of JUDGMENT is near—how *near* we know not ; if you have never cared for your own soul, or the souls of your dear children, may you now begin before it is too late. The Bible tells us, “yet there is room”—room in the heart of Jesus—room in this everlasting home ; yes, room for you, and room for your little ones also.

MARY.

Oxford.

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. III.

“Mother, let him learn of thy lips.”

IN our third and fourth volumes of *The Mothers' Friend*, we have told the young mother the views of a clever medical man, as to the best management of infants' food, clothing, and medicine; and in the second volume you will find, under the heading “Take care of the Baby,” thoughts on its nursing, washing, food, sleep, and many other matters; we will, therefore, only linger a short time to say a word about the little creature when it has put on its short clothes, and is able to enjoy a roll on the carpet. But, may be, you have no carpet; well, put down a blanket or a rug—and keep it for the purpose if you can spare it, always folding the underside outermost when put away—for the tiny thing to exercise its young limbs on; it will save youthful arms, and your time. It will be more happy and healthful, if very early accustomed to this position, than if always on your lap or arm.

But just a word as to solid food. We like to get information wherever we can, so we will, if you please, go to the home of our beloved Queen, and hear what her physician, Dr. Clarke, says:—“There is no greater error in the management of children, than that of giving them animal diet very early. By persevering in the use of an over-stimulating diet, the digestive organs become irritated, and the various secretions immediately connected with, and necessary to, digestion, are diminished, especially the *biliary secretion*; and constipation of the bowels and congestion of the abdominal circulation succeed. Children so fed become, moreover, very liable to attacks of fever and of inflammation, affecting particularly the mucous membranes; and measles, and the other diseases incident to childhood, are generally severe in their attack.”

A sentence or two, and we end this short paper. Do

remember, young mother, that your precious babe is an heir of immortality, and that you enjoy a high honour in having the helpless creature lent to you to nurse and train, not only for this fleeting life, but that it may dwell with the angels of light, and the spirits of the just made perfect, when this world, with all its beauties, its joys, its cares, its sorrows, shall have passed away. Let it add new interest to all your early maternal duties, to contemplate the life your child must live, in everlasting happiness or endless woe. Bear in mind, too, that the first impressions it receives are from *you*, through the medium of its senses; be careful, therefore, to promote, as far as you can, a healthy development of the bodily organs, that the mind may not be impeded in its progress by a frail and unhealthy little body. Earnestly and unceasingly seek Divine aid in all your maternal duties, that you may begin aright, and go on aright; take it in your arms every day, and plead for it and for yourself, that you may have wisdom, and strength, and grace from Heaven.

THE SEWING SCHOOL.

AMONGST the minor things which add to the comfort of a cottage home, *plain sewing* is one of the most important, and yet one in which the wives and daughters of the working classes are sadly deficient, particularly in towns where the young women frequently marry from a factory, and are, consequently, ignorant of many domestic duties. A conviction of the truth of this statement induced some ladies in the town of B—— to establish a sewing school for female factory hands, two evenings in the week, from seven o'clock until nine.

The charge of it was given to a truly pious woman, under the superintendence of four lady visitors, whose duty it was to read aloud some instructive book, and to close the evening with a portion of the Word of God, a

prayer, and a hymn. The poor girls were very thankful for this instruction, and several came from a great distance, without waiting for rest or food, after their hard day's work. Many sweet recollections of those happy evenings crowd on the writer, as she recalls the bright winter-fire, the cheerful lights, the calm sweet face of the mistress, and the smiling ones of her pupils;—then the earnest prayer and closing hymn. No wonder the girls loitered, unwilling to change these for their own homes.

During the years that the school was kept open, a considerable number of girls had gained a thorough knowledge of plain sewing, cutting out, and knitting. If proof of the usefulness of the knowledge thus gained were needed, it was given by the sudden closing of the mills round the town, by which a hundred young women and girls were thrown out of work. Aware of their exposure to temptation, and feeling deeply for their desolate condition, the wealthier females of the place promptly came forward, and arranged a plan by which needlework was supplied to all who could and would do it; for which they were paid as soon as finished. The writer never can forget the burst of tearful joy with which two of these poor creatures received their first bundle of work, saying, "Now we shall not be tempted to sin, as some said we should be, by want." Almost all the old school girls were thus provided for, until many found employment elsewhere. Some were taken into service, and others continued to support themselves by sewing. The fate of those who could not or would not work, was, as might be expected, that of the outcast—helpless, and surrounded by temptations, they became an easy prey to the seducer.

Mothers of families! this little anecdote may show the value of a good knowledge of plain sewing, and the importance of rearing young girls in useful and industrious habits. As a contrast, I may mention that, in going into a large female school, some time back, I was surprised at

the small number of girls who were employed in sewing. I learned, on inquiry, that it was the afternoon set apart for the work brought from their *homes*. "What are you doing?" I asked one child. "Knitting a lace for my sister's petticoat-bottom!" "And you, my dear?" "Knitting trimming for my little sister's trowsers, ma'am!" And this was the work sent by the wives of poor men;—a bad training for those who might become wives and mothers themselves! Surely, surely, my friends, there was a grievous error in judgment. Do be persuaded to bring up your girls for their probable station in life; don't teach them to ape the follies of others; be contented with your high and very important office of rearing those who will, in time, be called to rear others; and let them learn from you the great lesson, to do their duty in that station of life whereunto the providence of God hath called them.

L. S. T.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. V.

"Each waiting soul must claim his own when the archangel soundeth."

"Now, mamma," said Annie, "now we are so snug and quiet, do tell me about the 'City of the Dead' again. I cannot remember the other names." "Well, dear, the lady who wrote from Pompeii tells us, that in the cellars of one villa, under the porticos which surrounded the garden, seventeen skeletons were found buried in the ashes; one woman had on bracelets, rings, and various ornaments of gold. The skeleton mouldered away when exposed to the air, leaving only an impression of the bust in the ashes. Another was found grasping bags of money and keys in his hand." "Oh, dear mamma, how shocking! And so he died, I suppose!" "Yes, dear, so he died; and, most likely, in the same awful state as the rich fool we read of

in the Gospel ; but we shall know at the judgment-day." "It was sudden, ma, was it not?" "Yes, dear, awfully sudden ; the city was crushed and buried in a few hours. In the morning its streets were alive with teeming multitudes, all eagerly pursuing their pleasure, or their business, heedless of the coming ruin. At night it was a mighty sepulchre."

"Then, ma, that was something like the world before the flood." "Yes, very like it, Annie, for death overtook the careless inhabitants in the midst of their employments. In one place, the mason's hammer was arrested in the act of striking the chisel ; in another place, a sentinel was struck dead while at his post of duty ; one spot is pointed out where a poor mother was found clasping an infant to her bosom, but, alas ! she was unable to shield it from the ruin which involved them both. In the shops, men were actively engaged in the business of life—the loaves were found in the baker's oven—the hot drinks stood upon the marble counters—prisoners were found in their cells, while the ministers of justice sat in the courts above." "But, mamma, did they not try to run away?" "Yes, but this was of no use ; in many cases, the poor terrified people ran down into the cellars, but everywhere death met them."

"What kind of houses were they, ma?" "They were not built like ours, dear, but were surrounded by a courtyard, in the centre of which a reservoir of water was placed, and the marks of the cords by which the buckets had been drawn up were visible." "Were the rooms like ours, ma?" "No, dear, and I do not think you would have liked their bed-rooms, for they were so narrow generally, as not to admit anything but a bed, and many of them had no windows." "No, indeed, ma, I should not like that ; I should think I was in a dark closet—do tell me more about Pompeii, ma." "You must ask Frank, when he comes home, dear, to read all the account to you from the book I gave him."

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A LITTLE child, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a pondrous book,
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold.
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more ;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, " Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took ;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look on her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
" The Holy Bible I must obey ;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love one another.

" I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not pray,
But I love him still, for I think the way

To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right ;
And thus, when we kneel to pray to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say—' Little children, love one another.'"

The little girl did as the Bible taught,
And pleasant, indeed, was the change it wrought ;
For the boy looked up, in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes ;
His heart was full—he could not speak—
He pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek,
And God looked down on the happy mother,
Whose little children loved one another.

E. C.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MY CHILDREN STILL.

A YOUNG man called on an eminent divine, and, in the course of conversation, asked him how many children he

had. "Four, Sir," was the reply. At the table the visitor perceived two beautiful children seated by the side of the mother. "I thought you had four children, Sir," said the young man. The good man pointed upwards, while a sweet smile broke over his countenance—"They are in heaven," he repeated, slowly and calmly, "yet my children still—not dead, but gone before."

A HINT.

Absence strengtheneth friendship where the last recollections are kindly.

TALE-BEARING.

Take care of the tale-bearer; whoever entertains you with the faults of others, will entertain others with yours.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, FROM IRELAND.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Will you allow me to offer you my sincere congratulations on the encouraging results of your labours? From the commencement of your valuable periodical I have been a constant reader and distributor of its interesting pages. I hailed it, at the very first, with sincere delight, assured that it would prove a harbinger of peace to many a humble home which stud our Fatherland; and I have sought for it, and for its Editor, a yet more abundant blessing. Your work, dear Madam, is a deeply interesting and momentous one—you go to the fountain-head. Here and there, in many of our cotter's homes, by the lonely hill-side, in the sequestered vale, and amid the more crowded haunts of men, are little ones, who, though yet scarcely able to lisp the mother's name, are reaping the benefit of your labour of love, and these, ere many years are past, will be the men and women of the age. Oh, what an unending influence is that possessed by a mother! The unconscious babe she presses to her bosom, in the fond yearnings of maternal love, is to be trained by her influence—her example, for this life and the next! Yet, how little is this realised!

Viewing this subject, not in the dim flickering light of time, but in the clear light of eternity, and imagination vividly por-

traying the indifference with which thousands view the tremendous responsibility resting on all who bear the name of mother, I welcome each monthly appearance of *The Mothers' Friend*, as an unobtrusive but powerful means, affecting the destiny of millions of our race. * * * * * I would say, that it is not merely for *others* I rejoice in your work, I need much its counsel for myself. I have felt especially interested in a subject which has occupied some recent numbers, and am desirous to elicit still further information on a matter of so much importance to a mother. I allude to the subject of *employment* for our little ones. You introduced it just as I began to feel it a source of anxious concern. Frequently, of late, has that little couplet, so fraught with truth, been impressed on my mind—

“Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do;”

and almost as frequently have I been led to transfer the blame I was about to attach to the little active one by my side, to myself, for allowing the tiny fingers to remain without suitable employment. This was forcibly impressed by the pathetic reply of a little girl, of four years, when reproved for “meddling.” “Well, but, mamma, I have no work of my own to do!” Ah! methought, the little one is right. Here is the secret of much vexation both to mothers and to children; still, I was perplexed and discouraged, and, though delighted with the beautiful pictures you have sketched, where happiness and activity are sweetly blended, I feel that want of health and time must preclude *my* constantly thinking *for* my children; but I do feel that the letter contained in this month* does so completely describe my difficulties, and, at the same time, presents such plain and practical suggestions for their removal, that I am quite thankful for its perusal. I am sure others, with myself, would feel indebted to the writer for further thoughts. Perhaps, you will meet the wishes of some of your readers by enlarging on this subject, especially as bearing on children under six years of age. * * * *

I am, dear Madam,
Yours very sincerely,

K——.

S.

* In a number of last year.

“DO YOUR WORK IN THE LIGHT, MOTHER.”

“WHAT are you doing, mother?” asked a little boy, of some six years old. “I am trying to mend my apron, my boy; but it is so dark, I can scarcely see the end from the beginning—one can’t work well in the dark.” “I should think not, mother; but why don’t you do all your work in the light, dear mother? Nobody can see in the dark; I don’t think I could thread your needle for you, for I could hardly tell the eye from the point.” “Ah, well, my son, you are pretty right; it is better to do work in the light, for when the glorious sun shines upon work done in the dark, it don’t look over well.”

Alas! how many prefer doing their work in the dark, and how ashamed they are, sometimes, to see the bad kind of work they have done, when the light from heaven falls upon it. We will look at a few bits of work of this kind.

There is Mrs. Wring, for instance; she will come like a friend, and wind her way into your heart, and cause you to feel she really has some little love for you. She will introduce the names of half-a-dozen of your neighbours, give you what she calls a few “hints,” get you to make all the remarks she can—or, at any rate, to answer her in some way—which you, in your innocence, have no idea are to be turned against you. Then she bids you “good morning,” and goes to work in the dark. She will make another call, on one of whom she has been talking to you, and so alter and turn about, and misrepresent all that has passed at your house, that you would not be able to recognise your own words, if she had not appended your name to the end of her speech! She will turn away the hearts of those who were inclined to love you, and cause them to be your enemies; and she will pretend to take to her heart those of whom she had spoken all manner of evil. She will cause one friend to doubt the sincerity of another, make discord in families, and set the whole neighbourhood on fire; and

when the flames cause her work to be seen, she will turn round, as if surprised, and ask who did it? But when it is proved, beyond doubt, that she is really the guilty person, she hides her head, for very shame, till some new motive to advance her own interest arrives; then she will not scruple to be at her work in the dark again. Take care, Mrs. Wring, the light will fall upon your work soon, and a day is at hand that will reveal secrets. How ashamed you will be to look upon your work then!

Then there is Mrs. Roden; she has a fine, noble, upright, honest man for a husband, and he is for ever encouraging his children to act as in the sight of God—never to do anything like a sly act—to be transparent, open, generous, upright, and always to remember the text, “Thou, God, seest me.” But as soon as he has gone off to *his* work, his wife begins to do *hers* in the dark! “Now, Sammy,” she says, “go and get me some beer at the ‘Ring of Bells,’ but don’t tell father!” “Here I am, mother,” says little Jack, as he jumps out of the wood-cupboard; “I hid because I want to go bird’s nesting instead of going to school. I heard father ask if I was gone, and I heard you say you supposed so! But you *did* see a corner of my pinafore outside all the time, because you pushed it in, and I saw you laugh!” “Ah, you are a sly dog, Jack,” says the mother; “but you must not tell father.” Stop, Mrs. Roden, if your little Jack does not tell, there is One who will. How will you feel, think you, when you stand, face to face, with your husband and children, before the great white throne, and hear all these charges read against you? How will you wish you had never been born, when you see the consequences of your working in the dark, in the destruction of your children, as they pass over into the everlasting darkness of eternal death.

If you are busy, mother, rest you here, before we look at some other bits of work.

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. V.

“Those parents are best honoured whose characters best deserve it.”

EIGHT months passed, and George Notting's home was the abode of happiness and peace. The “Black Bear” saw him no more, and he bore the taunts and jeers of his daily working companions with the courage of a hero who feels sure he suffers in a good cause; and Nancy looked as happy, and blooming, and attractively neat, as she did on the morning when she walked to church with George, and came home his bride. The sweet and mother-loving Mary was filling a good place of service—not as an “eye-servant,” but as one who feared God; and the eldest boy, Tom, was working among the “big men” in the fields.

One morning, as Nancy was preparing her husband's breakfast, Amy Allsop entered, with eyes red with weeping, and her dress in more than usual disorder and discomfort. “What is the matter, neighbour?” asked the kind Mrs. Notting. “Matter! haven't ye heard all the noise, Nancy, during the past night?” said Amy with surprise. “No,” rejoined the quiet, happy woman, “we have heard nothing to disturb our repose; what has happened to you?” “Ah, that's the way it always is with *you*; happy enough, while everybody else is miserable. For my part, at least, I am wretched, that's certain sure.” Saying this, Amy burst into tears.

After she had somewhat recovered^d herself, she told Nancy that her husband had been brought home like one dead from the “Black Bear,” having greatly hurt his shoulder in a fall, and that her eldest son had been apprehended for a robbery, and the police had been to her home to tell her of it, and to ask for clothes at the young man's request. “And now,” she added, “I am pretty nearly out of my senses, and have neither bit nor sup in the house.” Nancy gave her a cup of coffee, and begged she would

draw near the fire for a moment ; while she stood by her side, with her kind hand placed on that of the excited woman, she replied—"As to your being nearly 'out of your senses,' Amy, I do not wonder at that; for in the sorrow that I have experienced, I believe I should have gone clear out of my mind, if I had not had help and comfort from Heaven ; and now I never wonder when people in deep sorrow go off their right thinking. *You* may find help, too, in this time of trouble, if you seek it. The kind Saviour is more willing to hear our sorrow and to help us, than we are to go to Him. Only try this way of getting rid of at least a part of your heavy burden." "Bless you, woman," exclaimed Amy, "you are a dear creature, and have always a sweet word of comfort for every body ; and what good coffee this is ! Oh, I have suffered shipwrecks through the night, but I am better already for your comforting ways. I wish my husband, my children, and my house were like yours ; but now I see they never can be. I did not begin in time, as you told me long ago." "Well, well, Amy, you must begin now. I shall be happy to help you all I can, by-and-by." "Ah, you are very good ; but I should almost be ashamed for you to put your foot into my house, or look at it just now, for, bless you, yours is a palace to it !" "Will you allow me, Amy, to run in and help you, when my baby gets into his morning's sleep ? We will then tidy up, and set poor William a little matter comfortable." Then desiring Amy to take a cup of coffee to her husband, Nancy set about her own business with a nimble hand.

At the appointed time, Nancy put on her coarse apron, set little John to watch baby, took a scrubbing brush and a house-cloth in her hand, and went to fulfil her promise ; but such a sight met her view, as she entered Amy's neglected house ! Every table, chair, dish, plate, and kettle seemed to be keeping holiday in the middle of the room, or playing "puss in the corner." The fire-place looked as

if neither brush nor broom had visited it for many a day, and discomfort reigned all around. Nancy quietly set to work in her own thrifty way, finding a place for every thing and putting every thing in its place. When the lower room was remodelled, and had the look of comfort about it, she called to Amy, who was up stairs, to ask if she could help her *there*. "Oh, yes, do come up and help me, for William says he shall get up, and he can't move alone."

Nancy tripped up stairs, when, lo! a melancholy sight presented itself. Dirty rooms—dirty beds—dirty, ragged linen—broken chairs—old clothes—all huddled together, in as complete a muddle as any real muddler could desire; but her transforming hand soon gave it all a very different appearance. After they had got up the suffering man, and placed him in a chair by the fire in the lower room, "Well, to be sure," exclaimed William, as he looked around him, "here's a strange, tidy house! No mortal man ever saw such a change! Why, am I quite sure I am in my own house? Ah, then, if it was always like this way, I don't think the 'Black Bear' would look at me so often." "Well, well," said Nancy, "let us hope that

'A brighter day to-morrow
Will shine upon us all;'

and she then set on her own coffee-pot to prepare the sick man some refreshment. "That brighter day might have come long ago," said Amy, "if we had known you would have been such a friend to us; but now my poor boy is ruined, and we are all going the wrong way, worse luck!" "Cheer up, Amy," rejoined William, "let us all try to mend; 'tis a long lane that has no turning. Thanks to good Nancy, we may all be better yet." "I will look in again soon," said Nancy; "I must run home now to see the baby and look about my husband's dinner."

WOMEN AS PEACEMAKERS.

WOMEN rule by obedience—they consequently conquer by retreat ; they triumph by submission—they carry nearly all their points by insisting strenuously on none ! Such a temper is the spirit of peace ; women, if not disposed, are compelled to adopt the policy of peace. Their nature, their training, their condition and relations in life, all conspire to render them peacemakers, and peculiarly fit them for co-operation in this work. Women may, if they will, perform for this cause services which none others can—they are the mothers of men, and leave on their children an indelible impress of themselves. The hand that rocks the cradle will be found, in the end, to rule the world ; and the voice which whispers in the infant and youthful ear lessons of truth or error—of goodness or guile—will yet give tone to morals, law to society, and character to the whole human race.

We must win the young to peace, and their character is necessarily moulded almost entirely by *female* hands. As *mothers* and *teachers*, women are the chief educators of mankind—they have access, in childhood, to every mind, under circumstances peculiarly favourable—they cast the mould of society—they may, under God, make its character very much what they please ; and if they would stamp upon every young mind under their care, a deep, indelible impress of *peace*, war would of necessity come to an end, with the very next generation thus trained.—*Olive Leaves*.

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.—No. III.

“ Is that your baby ?—dear, what a sweet child it is ! What pretty black eyes, and what a chubby face—what a dear creature ! May I nurse it a bit ? Come, sweet one, let me take you in my arms, and press you to my bosom with

all a mother's tenderness. Oh, how I long to sing to you! What is the matter, dear? Why do you turn away your pretty face? Why do you hang over your mother's shoulder? I see you there! Ah, there he is! Come, dear, come to me—don't cry, baby—don't be frightened—lady loves baby very dearly." All this may be very true, and her heart beat in unison with all she says—and "mother" knows it too, and would cheerfully trust baby in lady's arms—but baby has no sympathy with all this; he has not yet learned the power of language; all his knowledge is from experience and tender looks; he has not known you long enough to trust you, therefore it is he hesitates to come to you. He is placed in your arms—all your love and tenderness avail not—he screams and is terrified; but return him to his mother, he ceases crying immediately, and throwing his little arms round her neck, looks at you reprovingly through his tears, and pressing his little cheek close to hers, seems to say, "Now I am happy, for now I feel I am safe."

In all this we see a mother's influence! She enjoys the entire confidence of his little heart—the mother, and the mother *only*, will the child trust; and at this early period must commence the discipline which is to guide and form the future man. His smiles and his screams will betoken the state of his mind, and must be dealt with accordingly—very soon his waywardness will be manifest, and the struggle for power begin. The desire to have our own way seems to be one of the earliest and strongest of the passions of our fallen nature—vain man would be wise, though he is born like "the wild ass's colt." But this is the all-important moment! An unyielding firmness in dealing with right and wrong must uniformly, without any deviation, characterise the conduct of the mother—and if commenced at this period, the struggle will be a gentle one. The infant boy will soon discover that his mother's will, and *his mother's will alone*, must be the rule by which he is to shape

his course. The tender, quiet look, mingling decision and affection—the eye beaming with love, speaking a language all its own, but universally intelligible—will be the influence by which she must begin to mould and form the precious, immortal being committed to her charge and keeping, and for whose weal or woe, in future life, she is so awfully responsible.

I wonder not that the mother, alive to her deep responsibility, should exclaim, “Who is sufficient for these things?” Who, indeed, would not tremble under such a weight, if left to themselves? But oh, how sweet, how cheering is the voice which whispers, “Your sufficiency is of me, saith the Lord.”

The pious mother, relying and resting upon her Beloved, and looking unto Him for wisdom and strength—even to Him who took up little children in his arms and blessed them—goes forth to her mighty work in confidence. Hear her saying—“I believe I never gave my children their natural food, without praying in my heart that I might not nurse a child for the devil—as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from all sin—as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ’s righteousness—as I provided them with food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink of the water of life—when I prepared them for the house of God, I prayed that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in—when they left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer that their path through life might “be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day”—and as I committed them to rest at night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their heavenly-Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his gracious arms. Pious mothers! behold the picture!—is it like? Why the

inward trembling?—you are ready to faint, and the bursting language of your heart is, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” He has committed to me the training of immortal spirits, and I have greatly failed in my duty!

Now, if this be the exclamation, if these are the feelings of *pious* mothers, what shall be said of those who are living without God, and without hope in the world—who have never prayed for themselves, much less for their children, but whose ungodly example has led them into all kinds of iniquity?—Can we wonder that the children of such mothers are not what we wish them to be, and not what the Bible says they would be, if properly “trained?”—Shall it not rather be for a wonder and astonishment, that the counter-acting influences of daily and Sabbath instruction can accomplish any good, while children have such homes and such mothers? We pray you to awake. Mothers! arise to your solemn responsibilities—to you it is given to mould and form the characters of the coming generation.

M. B.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. VI.

- “The sense that some are watching near, bindeth thee to caution. The consciousness that some are hearing, cometh as a care. Thou shalt weep in solitude—thou shalt pray in solitude—Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of solitude.”

“Oh, mamma,” said Annie, as she sat by her mother, “I shall be so glad when Frank comes home! I will keep all my questions in my little pocket-book, that I want to ask him.” “I fear, my love,” replied the mother to her little, talkative girl, “that Frank will be too poorly to talk much to you, until he gets some weeks of rest.” “Oh, dear ma, is he so poorly as that? then I must be very still, and we can all nurse him, can’t we, ma?” “I hope so, dear, if

it please our heavenly Father to bless the means we may use—you know, Annie, He alone can restore our wasted health; and you remember the chapter you were reading to me this morning tells us that Jesus can heal a sick brother by speaking a word only, so we must ask Him to restore poor Frank."

Just then Mr. Lamure came in, and Annie jumped upon his knee, to talk of her brother's "approaching visit. "When shall we have another letter, papa?" she asked. "To-morrow, I hope, dear, if the doctor will allow your brother to travel, and then you shall go with me to meet him at the station."

When the long-wished-for time came, Frank arrived, to the great joy of Annie; but his pale face and languid appearance was a cause of deep anxiety to his family. Frank left his home, twelve months before, a fine, healthy youth, with a mind stored with the knowledge of things relating to earth and heaven, and Mr. and Mrs. Lamure fondly hoped that he would prove useful in his profession as a medical man, and in his walk through life as a Christian; but, lovely as the early blossoms had appeared, they were soon blighted by the chilling atmosphere of dangerous companions.

There had been a strange mystery about some of his letters, when writing to his home, and Mr. Lamure was about to pay a visit to the place where Frank was engaged in study, when a letter arrived to announce the doctor's decision, that change of air, and rest from study, were essential to his recovery from a state of extreme exhaustion. Alas! poor Frank was, indeed, sadly changed, both in body and mind, since he left the happy home of his childhood. He desired to be allowed to remain alone in his own room as much as possible, avoiding the society of his family, and looking full of anxious care.

In vain his mother sought to solve the problem of his disquietude; Frank was ever silent, when pressed by her

kind voice and tearful eye to tell the nature of the burden which it was too evident now rested on his heart. If asked to speak of it, he would give an evasive answer, and escape from the presence of his affectionate family as soon as possible. "I wonder why my brother locks his door always now, ma!" said Annie, one day; "I hear the sound of books and papers, and the great trunk shut down, before he will let me in to see him. I wonder what he *can* be *doing* always; and he won't talk to me a bit about Herculaneum and Pompeii now." "We hope he will be better soon," Mrs. Lamure would reply; "we must pray for him."

The kind nursing of his good mother, under the blessing of Heaven, partially restored young Frank to health, and he was prevailed on to walk out, by the aid of his father's arm. But the gloom still remained on his countenance, and in his heart; he sat in the family circle as a being who did not belong to it—the very opposite of all he was wont to be before he left it, to dwell in a distant town, among the multitude of strangers.

THE WIFE.—No. V.

IN our last paper we told you of Monica, the good Roman wife, and her husband Patricius; but we need not go back to her days, to find examples of gentleness and patience, and prevailing prayers in suffering wives. But is it not the case, too often, that prayer is the *last* resource of those who are in sorrow? And is it not a matter of great surprise, that so few attend Maternal Associations, and meetings for prayer? It is said, "human nature is selfish," but this certainly does not prove it; for this poor "self" of ours would, after all, be the most enriched at the place where the treasures of heaven often come down upon those assembled.

Have you no favour to ask? Are all and every one you love safe for the kingdom of heaven? Is the husband—are the children—the friends—all meetened to dwell above? Sabbath-school teacher! are all your children in the class—every one—safe? Oh, have you no friends walking in the broad road? If you have, do you ever think that destruction is before them? Can you look upon them without anguish? What if they should go with the “multitude” to that dread place, where is heard

“The hollow wailing of eternal death,
And horrid cry of the undying worm?”

Where—

“Dying perpetually, yet never dead;
Where groans are ended not, and sighs
That always sigh, and tears that always weep.”

Mothers! Teachers! Friends! do you never think of that awful place, and of that sure word of God, where He says—“The wicked *shall* be turned into hell;” and if you do, does it not immediately occur to you, that every one you love, who has not given evidence of being “born again,” has nothing but the brittle thread of life to keep the soul from falling into the abyss of woe? And when you think of this, have you no favours to ask from Him who is willing and waiting to bestow them? Ah, think again!

But if all your own family and friends are safe, all truly converted to God—still, we marvel that you join not the Maternal Association, or the praying band, to ask blessings from the King of Heaven, because the religion of the cross enlarges the heart; and, even if matters were thus with you, still we should see you coming up, to ask for the Holy Spirit to descend upon those who are standing afar off—far from the Saviour—from happiness—from heaven. Alas! when shall we awake to a sense of our duty?

Then, again, some who *do* meet for prayer, seem to forget what they ask; for, as soon as they leave the place, we sometimes hear them say,—“I do wish I could see my

husband, or my child, decided for God, and I pray for them, but *I do not believe* the truth will ever reach their hearts!" And we have replied, "No, very likely not, for if it be 'according to *your* faith,' it seems you do not *expect* what you ask." Who among us takes hold of the promises as we ought?

A remarkable answer to prayer came, not long ago, to a poor cottager's wife. She seemed to have

"Strong and lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith;"

and, amidst many discouragements, she was enabled to persevere in the "narrow way." Her husband, with whom she had lived happily for many years, began to persecute her cruelly, and frequently put her outside the door, in the cold winter nights, under the dropping clouds. She betook herself to prayer, and set apart an hour a day to ask God to bless her husband. This she did for a whole year, but he was still unchanged. She persevered for six months longer. On the last day of that period he came home deeply dejected, and, instead of sitting down to his comfortable dinner, he went to his chamber, and said not a word. Again he went to his work, and in the evening returned still very melancholy. The wife now, in a soothing voice, inquired, "What is the matter?" He replied, "Matter enough! I am a lost sinner, that's certain! When I was at my work, about twelve o'clock this morning, a passage of Scripture, that I heard years and years ago, came right into my mind, and so impressed me that I cannot get rid of it, and I am lost!"

The wife now encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "O wife, it is of no use; there is no forgiveness for me!" She spake of Him who came to seek and to save the lost sons of men. He then said, "Wife, will you forgive me?" "O yes," she gladly replied, "with all my heart." "Then will you pray for me?" he again asked. "That I

will, and now." They fell on their knees, wept, and prayed. He became "a new man in Christ Jesus." They went to the sanctuary together, and their home became a house of prayer. Thus did the wife win her husband by her holy walk and conversation, and thus did she obtain an answer to her persevering prayer.

Let pious wives and mothers, who have husbands and children still walking with their back to the cross—and Sabbath-school teachers, who have unconverted children in their classes—follow the example of this good woman, and *expect her reward*; and when an opportunity offers for prayer, let us all so arrange our matters, if possible, that we may not only attend ourselves, but induce as many as come within our influence to attend with us, reminding ourselves, as well as our friends, that we have many favours to ask from the King of kings, who waits to hear our supplications.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

DEAR friends, have you ever felt a difficulty arise on this subject, with regard to your little ones? If not, you have either been very happy in your method with your children, or else very negligent about them. I should like to say a few words on the subject. And, first, in reference to *very young* children, I would say, do not be *over strict* with them. Certainly, you cannot allow them the same noisy games on Sunday which you often encourage on other days. But still there are many quiet ways in which they may amuse themselves, and thus give you a little leisure. You cannot be engaged all the spare time on Sunday in *teaching* your child, even if it were good for him. You must have a little for yourself, busy as you are obliged to be all the week. You may seat him in your lap, two or three times during the day, show him pictures and tell him

Bible stories, and so on, and at night kneel and pray with him ; but his attention perhaps fails very quickly, and if he may not amuse himself in his own way for a time, there will be great danger of his disliking Sunday altogether. Surely this is an evil against which we must earnestly watch. Those parents who can afford it will find much assistance from Scripture puzzles and pictures. The little books also, entitled "Pcep of Day," "Line upon Line," "Prince of Peace," "The Lamb," will be found useful.*

Mothers ! Christian mothers ! make the most of the Sabbaths with your children ; they will not last for ever. As your little ones grow older, and one by one leave your roof, these precious opportunities will all be gone. Oh, that, while yet you have them, precious seed may be sown, which shall spring up in after-life and bear blessed fruit.

I do not know whether or not you feel with me on this subject, but to my mind, if you cannot take them to a place of worship, there is no time for making early impressions on the mind of a little child, for directing him to Jesus, and for securing a permanent influence over him, like a quiet Sunday evening. I often look back to those I passed with my own mother, until I seem to see her once again kneeling with her children, and hear the soft tones of her gentle voice pleading with God in their behalf.

Then, again, memory brings to mind the Lord's-day evenings we passed together, when we fondly imagined she was watching us from her bright abode. When my own children gather around me at this hallowed season, I think it very happy, only Sunday goes away so soon, and they "only wish it would last a *little longer*." I hoped to say

* Ann Jane has published a number of suitable books for Sunday or week-day reading, in "Kennedy's Series." Also some sold by Mr. Ward and Mr. Green, "The Lamb of the Fold," "Irish Dick," "Amiable Willie," and very many others.

something about Sunday occupations for older children, but must make that the subject of another letter.

Oxford.

MARY.

[We have found a large book, made of plain paper, with Scripture pictures pasted on the leaves, and laid open on the floor, a never-failing source of delight to the little ones, while the elder children, with their own Bibles in their hands, will be very pleased to read the accounts of the pictures and explain them to the wondering little listeners. We have found, too, that if little children are very early accustomed to put away the play-things of the week on Saturday evenings, they will soon do it of themselves, without the mother's bidding. We would never attach any gloom to the Sabbath, but in every way try to make it a "delight." We shall hope for more papers on this important subject.—Ed.]

SUNDAY EVENING CONVERSATIONS.

"I SHOULD like to be a lily,"
My little Ernest said,
As he sat beside his mother,
And raised his tiny head.
He was very busy, pricking
A flower his mother drew,
And she told him that the Saviour
Is called a "Lily" too;
And that Jesus has a garden,
' With many lilies fair,
Some fully blown, and some in bud,
All sweetly growing there.
And He comes to see His lilies,
And watches them with love,
And sometimes gathers them to bloom
Up in His home above.
And then she kissed her little boy,
Before he went to bed,
And "Mayst thou be a lily fair,
My precious one," she said.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING A PICTURE OF UNA AND THE LION.

“Judah’s Lion guards the way,
And guides the travellers home.”

WHEN I look upon a lion,
I remember he is brave ;
And I think of Judah’s Lion,
Who came my soul to save.

I love that pretty picture
Of the lady in her pride,
Wandering through dangers fearless,
With a lion by her side.

“Mother, when you see that picture,
Will you pray for little Fred ;
That he may, by Judah’s Lion,
Safely up to heaven be led ?”

MARY.

DO YOUR CHILDREN ATTEND THE SABBATH SCHOOL?

WE marvel that mothers in our beloved country think so little, and care less, about the advantages of the Sabbath school! Surely, they cannot have observed how happy it makes the little creatures, and how it causes them to love the Sabbath day. If the mother does not like to commit her youthful charge to the care of the Sabbath-school teacher, she can easily get over that difficulty by becoming a teacher herself, and taking her own little ones into her class, with a few others. We know many a little child who hails the return of the holy day with joy and singing, and we have often heard the wish expressed, that “Sunday lasted all the week;” but, in every case, these little ones attended the Sabbath school.

In this respect, the American mothers are wiser than the English. There, children and teachers, from every class in society, are found teaching, or being taught, in the Sabbath school—they are not too proud or too wise to be engaged in this good and useful work. Read the memoirs of some of their wives and mothers, and see if they gained nothing by attending this happy meeting-place of teachers, mothers, and children.

We read, a short time since, of a good mother, who heard some young people inquiring where they could open a Sabbath school? She replied, "In my bed-room. I want my children to attend." They met in the bed-room, till the place became too strait. They then adjourned to the school-house, where fifty or sixty were engaged in studying the Bible. The next summer they numbered three hundred! The eight children of the mother, whose bed-room was their first school-room, all became truly pious. One has died a triumphant death, and the others are all actively engaged in doing good.

It is a remarkable fact, and should be an encouragement to Sabbath-school teachers, that the instructions received in this way are very often remembered, and made useful, when the days of youth and frivolity are past away; and after the Sunday-school teacher has laid aside his armour, and has had a sight of his reward, his voice is heard with power by the prodigal, over whose head the summer's sun and winter's snow of half a century have passed. Seed, thus sown, often springs up after many days, when the sower, who, it may be, wept as he scattered it, has gone to the better land, to gather the precious fruit.

A WORD MADE USEFUL.

AN aged Jew was sitting one summer's evening beside a really Christian woman, before her cottage door, as is the custom in Germany. The Jew said to her, "If you would

tell what you really think, you would say that Jesus is not the Son of God." She answered, very solemnly, "As sure as we are sitting here, and the sun shining from heaven, so surely is Jesus the Son of God, and very God himself; and unless you believe in Him, you must surely perish." He made no reply, but went home, and soon after took to his bed, and was evidently at the gates of death. The Jews, according to their custom, lighted candles, but he revived, and cried, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" Upon this all the Jews left him, and he died alone, calling loudly on the name of the Lord Jesus.

JESUS—THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.

THERE is a Friend who reigns above,
His kingdom knows no end;
But though supreme o'er all he rules,
He is "The Mother's Friend!"

Oh, mother, list! 'twas He thy charge
Did for a season lend;
"Train them for me," to you He says,
"I am 'The Mother's Friend.'"

Fulfil to Him thy solemn trust,
And He will thee befriend;
Though all forsake,—He ever is
The faithful "Mother's Friend."

Should care and sorrow rend the heart,
Or threatening ills impend,
Wait, then, on Him who is the Lord,
And yet "The Mother's Friend."

And when in sore perplexity,
On Him alone depend;
Vain is man's help—rely on Him
Who is "The Mother's Friend."

Yes, when oppressed with grief and care,
He can from ill defend;
No evil e'er shall her befall
Who loves "The Mother's Friend."

Afflictions, God's true messengers,
 In mercy He may send,
 To draw the soul from sense and sin,
 To Him, "The Mother's Friend."

Come, then, to Him with all thy care,
 Though trouble he should send,
 It is to prove Himself the more
 The mother's faithful Friend.

E——.

T. H.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"THE DEAD—THE DEAD ARE LIVING STILL."

WHEN a friend is carried to the grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness and palliations of every fault ; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression—a thousand favours unrepaid—a thousand duties unperformed—and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which, before, we never understood.—DR. JOHNSON.

[Think of these things *now*, that you may have no regrets when the loved one is hid from you in the silent tomb.—ED.]

EVIL THOUGHTS.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more ; therefore keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, and bad thoughts will find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray
 To drive all wicked thoughts away.

A USEFUL HINT.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell the tale for centuries to come. Does not this figure teach the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young ?

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. VI.

“Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other.”

“I AM obliged to come to you, Nancy, in my heart-trouble,” said Amy, as she took a seat in Mrs. Notting’s cottage. “My poor dear boy’s trial is over, and he is to be sent over the seas for seven years. Oh, what a miserable woman I shall ever be, as long as I live; and I shall never expect to see him again, poor fellow! for they tell me that over in that country they are made to work like horses; so I don’t think he will ever return. Ah! if I had taken to your ways before, all this would never have happened.”

“You have reason to be thankful now, Amy,” said Mrs. Notting, in a soothing voice, “that, bad as things are with you, there has such a change come over your husband. I always thought he was a very kind sort of a man, who would feel happy in a comfortable home. And what a blessing it is, that both your husband and mine have given up the ‘Black Bear!’ Our efforts should now be put forth to make them forget the once-loved company there, in the midst of the comforts of their own happy home. And as to your younger children, Amy, it is not too late to train them in the right way; but, you see, our own hearts must be set right first, before we begin our work; for if that is wrong *within*, all will be sure to go wrong *without*. And, then, our children are such observing little creatures, that they are sure to find out if we do not take the Bible for our guide in life.” “Ah, that’s true enough, Nancy; for, only yesterday, my little Sam said, ‘Mother, you don’t love the Bible like my Sunday-school teacher; for when Sally hit me, you told me to box her again; but my teacher read to me, “Little children, love one another;” so

we must not fight?" Thinks I to myself, here's a little parson for you! and I ran up stairs to get a laugh."

"Yes, Amy, and then, you see, the solemn thought, that we are every hour training our dear children for heaven or hell, ought to make us very earnest to do our work aright; so that when we meet them on the judgment-day, they may have nothing to bring against us as parents." "Ah, then, Nancy, I am quite sure my big ones will have pretty many things to bring against me, and I find it is all in their memory now, for they often remind me of things I am ashamed of. I am downright sorry now that I did not go to the Mothers' Meeting with you, when you used to ask me so often. I guess you learned a good deal there about the way of training up your children." "Yes, I did, and do still; and I shall be happy to take you next week, if you will accompany me." "That I will, and gladly too," said Amy, earnestly; "my heart seems turning round like, and if I could only undo what I have done, and do better now, I should have some hope."

"Mother, mother!" called little Jack Allsop at the garden gate, "here's a letter for you!" Amy ran, and taking it, she placed it in Nancy's hand, saying, "No doubt 'tis from my poor boy. Oh, how my heart beats for fear of what he's going to tell me. Please to read it for me." Nancy opened the letter, and, in a faltering voice, read as follows:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am to go beyond seas very soon. I don't expect to see you any more. Oh, mother! you helped me to walk in this bad way; and you pushed out of my head all the Sunday-school teacher told me. But I forgive you; only, dear mother, don't bring up my poor little brothers and sisters like you did me.

"Your ruined Son,

"BOB ALLSOP.

"P.S.—I don't care now what becomes of me. Nobody will employ me again, if ever I do come home, for I have lost my character."

Poor Amy was overwhelmed, and Nancy could scarcely

speak for weeping ; but asking her to step up stairs with her, she commended her and her family to the care of Him who came to seek and to save those who are lost.

A SCOTCH MOTHER "GOING HOME."

A FEW months ago a Christian mother was called home to her rest. On the morning of the 5th of March she gave birth to a fine, healthy boy, and appeared for the first day to be as well as could be desired. During the night, however, she was taken ill, and the following day became insensible to what was going on around her. Next morning she had full possession of her reason, although it was evident to all around her that she was hourly becoming worse.

The doctors, by this time, entertained very little hope of her recovery ; and her husband, who is a sincere Christian, mentioned to her, that in all probability she must cross the Jordan. She was fully aware of this, and at once entered into a conversation on the solemn subject, with as much composure as if she had been speaking of her household matters. He then asked if she was "willing to go, if the Lord were pleased to take her?" She looked astonished that *he*, who knew her so well, should ask such a question ; and replied, "Yes, I am willing to go, to be with Jesus." He then said,—“But would you not be sorry to leave us all?” She paused for a few moments, and then said, “No. No doubt, my dear children will grieve, poor things! *but the Lord will take care of you all.*” He further said, “You are, surely, very happy in your mind?” She replied, “Oh, yes, PERFECTLY HAPPY, *for I KNOW in whom I have believed ; He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*”

On a friend asking her if she felt perfectly safe in view

of the Jordan?—in answer, she repeated these beautiful lines,—

"Jesus! my Lord, I know His name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

"I know, that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust,
Till the decisive hour.

"Then will He own His servant's name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place."

A very short time before her death, she took her husband by the hand, and said,—“I will not be very long with you now, I will soon be home beside my Saviour. Do take care of the dear children—I know the Lord will take care of you all, for He hath said, ‘I will never leave thee, *no*, I will never forsake thee.’”

Another relative, approaching her bed-side, said,—“Margaret, have you anything to say to me?” “Yes,” she replied, “give yourself to the Saviour, for *without Him* there is no salvation;” and, taking him by the hand, she bade him an affectionate farewell. His wife next approached, and received much the same advice, while she expressed a hope that they would all meet in glory. She then called the dear children, one by one, to her bed-side, and entreated them to give their hearts to the Saviour, for by so doing, and trusting in Him, they would meet their mother in heaven. It was very affecting to see her taking a last earthly fond look, and a last earthly farewell of her dear and interesting family.

The servant asked, “Have you anything to say to me?” She replied, “Yes; do take care of the children, and keep them in mind that their mother’s last advice to them was,

that they should trust in the Saviour." She next called her sister, and desired her to "follow Jesus, the Saviour;" and "Oh, tell my mother," she continued, "to look to the Saviour, for in Him, and in Him alone, is there salvation. Tell her that I am going away before her, to be with Jesus!" The last words she was heard to utter, were,— "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—Job xix. 25, 26. After repeating these lines she ceased to speak,—and after a few severe struggles, she lifted her hands, and looking steadfastly upon those gathered around her, waved a last adieu, and entered into her eternal rest.

Mothers! are you ready *thus* to meet God? Don't startle at the question. Let it come home to your inmost heart! Realise its mighty importance! Oh, if you are an unsaved, *because Christless*, mother, how fearfully *guilty* is your position. You must be on the way to everlasting woe—and whither are your children bound? Can you expect them to walk Zionward, while you are walking hellward? If you have hitherto neglected the great salvation, do so no longer. Do you wish to enter glory, as the saved spirit of this mother did? Then you must come to Jesus as she came. It was Jesus who made *her* a conqueror over death, and caused her to rejoice in the anticipation of crossing Jordan's dark and troubled waters! 'Twas *His* glorious and matchless excellence, so completely filling her soul, that made her more willing to die and go to Him, than to stay with her beloved husband and children. She knew that "God is Love." She *saw that love* manifested in Jesus as the Lamb of God bearing the sin of the world. She had, long ere she became a "mother in Israel," yielded her entire heart to Him who loved her, and gave himself for her; consequently, she was ready, when the call came, to go to Him.

Unsaved mothers! Jesus is love to you, as He was to her. By His death on the Cross He made atonement for your every transgression. He says to you, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. i. 18. Oh, come, delay not, for your own sake, and that of your little ones. Take the blood and finished work of Jesus as your plea before a righteous God, and he will blot out and remember your sin no more for ever. He will justify and adopt you into His family. You will thus be saved, sanctified, and ready to die. You will sing,—

"Through Jordan's swell I will not fear,
My Jesus will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear.
"God is love."

"THERE ARE ALWAYS SOME TO BE COMFORTED."

TO A CHRISTIAN MOTHER DEEPLY BEREAVED.

BY REV. I. WATTS, D.D.

I HAD a comely fruit-tree, with the branches of it promising plenteous fruit; the stock was surrounded with seven or eight little snoots of different sizes, that grew up from the root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful defence and ornament for the mother-tree; but the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the danger the tree was in, and he cut down those tender suckers, one after another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in my heart, and said—"How beautiful they were! how like the parent! how elegantly clothed with the raiment of summer! and each of them might have grown to a fruitful tree!" But they stood so near as to endanger the stock; they drew away the sap, the heart and strength of

it, so far as to injure the fruit, and darken the prospect of autumn ; the pruning knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was wise, for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit quickly grew fine, and the ingathering at last was joyful.

Will you allow me, Christian mother, to persuade you into this parable? Shall I compare you to this tree in the Lord's garden? Your agreeable qualifications seem to promise various fruits of faith, of love, of universal holiness and service. You have had many of these young suckers springing up around you ; they stood awhile your sweet ornaments and joy, and each of them might have grown up to a perfection of likeness, and each might have become a parent tree ; but say, did they never draw your heart off from God? Did they never steal any of those seasons of devotion, or those warm affections, that were supremely due to Him you profess to serve? Did they not stand a little too near the soul? and, when they were laid one after another in the dust, did you not find your heart drawn out nearer to God? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to Him, since the last was taken away? Ah, then, repine not at the pruning knife, but adore the conduct of the heavenly Husbandman and say—" All His ways are wisdom and mercy." But I have not done with my parable.

When the fruit was gathered, and before winter came upon the tree, the gardener took it up by the roots, and it appeared as dead ; but his design was not to destroy it utterly, for he removed it far away from the spot of earth where it had stood, and planted it in a hill of richer mould, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its attendants. The spring appeared, the tree budded into life again, and all those fair young standards that had been cut off, broke out of the ground afresh, and stood up round it, a sweet young grove, flourishing in beauty and immortal vigour.

You know where you are now, Christian mother, and

that I have carried you to the hill of Paradise, to the blessed hour of the resurrection. What an unknown joy it will be to be transplanted to that heavenly mansion! What a divine rapture and surprise of blessedness to see all your little offspring around you that day, springing out of the dust at once, making a fairer and brighter appearance in that upper garden of God, and rejoicing together, all partakers with you of the same happy immortality, all fitted to bear heavenly fruit, without the need or danger of a pruning knife! Look forward to this glorious morning. Give cheerful honour to Him who by His unsearchable counsels, has fulfilled your best wishes, and secured your dear infants to you for ever, though not just in your own way. That blessed hand, which made the painful separation on earth, shall join you and your babes together in His own heavenly habitation, never to be divided again. Though the method may be painful, "They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." (Isaiah, lxxv. 23.) Then shall you say—"Lord, here am I, and the children that thou hast given me."

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.—No. IV.

It was a beautiful spring morning when the stage-coach stopped at my gate to take me to town. The coach was one of those well known at that time as "the short stages." This had three horses, driven unicorn fashion, and singularly enough, the leader was blind! but so docile, and so handy, that the sweet creature seemed instinctively aware of the many and difficult turnings we had to make in taking up our passengers—for straight railroads and electric telegraphs were not then even thought of.

I was soon seated on the roof, and my mind was in unison with the scenery through which I was passing. Nature seemed in one of her happiest moods; the fields

and hedges were green in virgin freshness, unsullied by the dusty roads; the little lambs were frisking and jumping in mid air, as they playfully chased each other up and down the sunny bank; the primrose, with its bright yellow, was seen nestling among the warm roots in the hedgerow; and the cows were feeding happily in the open meadow. As I looked on with delight, a thought, with electric speed, winged its way to heaven, and I breathed the sentiment, "All thy works praise thee," which echoed back the feeling, "Oh, that thy saints would bless thee." How delightful is that state of mind, in which the heart instinctively utters the exclamation, in a sort of holy transport, "Blessed Jesus! how I love thee!" Not a whisper is heard, not a muscle moves; and how unconscious is the man who sits next you, that in spirit you have winged your way to heaven, and are holding fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, and with the Holy Ghost.

About half-way to London, we took up a gentleman I well knew as the son of a minister. The father had been dead many years, but his name, I believe, even now, stands honourably side by side with great ones. After a few common-place observations, I touched upon religion, when he stopped me with the quick reply, "Ah, Sir, it's all very well, I dare say, but I had enough of it when I was a boy; my father sickened me of religion, Sir!" I pondered and was silent. How is this? thought I; Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Now, Solomon was a wise man, and inspired withal; yet here the word and experience seemed not to be in agreement! There is a discrepancy somewhere. One must be wrong; and although we have no knowledge of the facts which led to the result in question, we have no hesitation in saying the wrong was in the *training*. "Let God be true, though every man should prove a liar."

There are, alas! too many instances of injudicious train-

ing, in our day, to allow us to doubt the fact. A man may have his head full of knowledge, yea, and his heart full of love, and yet know not how to convey that love and knowledge to others, especially to his own children. I have wondered, and been greatly grieved, at the awful mistakes pious parents often make. They are all anxiety for the salvation of their children; they are instant at a throne of grace on their behalf; they are anxious to secure the prayers of pious people; and for them their tears flow oft and plentiful; but in the every-day scenes of this life, when dealing with their children, there is no firmness, no decision; a loving frown is never seen upon the brow, even when there is a consciousness of wrong-doing. They cannot say "no," and abide by it; sympathy and tenderness rush to the rescue; they give no heed to the wise man, when he says,—“the rod and reproof give wisdom;” with them, a mother’s foolish fondness must be the governing principle, and that fondness the exponent of all her love and tenderness. They have not yet attained to the power of meek decision, to a firmness of purpose, seen and read in the tenderest expression of the countenance, and which at once puts to silence every feeling of resistance.

It is truly painful to hear what is said on such occasions, and what vain attempts are made to daub with untempered mortar. They *know* their duty, but they do it not; and suffer themselves to be carried down the stream, crying all the while, “Pity me, O my friends!” No, you do not deserve pity; arise to the greatness of the occasion! This is your “right eye,” which you must pluck out; this is your “right arm,” which you must cut off; and assuredly you will find the figure to be no hyperbole; nay, you will be ready to say, “the half was not told me.” This is a testing point in your profession. Henceforward, dwarfish piety—a family given to worldly pleasures, with wretchedness of heart; or a family enjoying holy confidence in God—walking in his fear, with the witness of his Spirit with yours

that you are his children. Alas! alas! that the children of professing Christians, yea, of many who stand high in office in the church, should be permitted to have their own way! A little persuasion serves to reconcile to the private dance in the juvenile ball, and the "dear little creatures" are turned over to the world's fascinations, so agreeable to our fallen nature; and then we hear of their returning at two or three o'clock in the morning! Is this "coming out?" Is this being "separate?" The command is, "Touch not, taste not, handle not;" this is plain enough, but we are told, "Young people must have a little amusement. They must see a little of the world." Now, if these things are so, can we wonder that the bright spark of piety in the soul is almost extinguished, and that the state of religion is what it is in our families—in our churches! Mothers, awake! arise to your responsibilities, and may the God of love be your helper!

M. B.

"DO YOUR WORK IN THE LIGHT, MOTHER."

NO. II.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grant?" asked Mrs. Willey; "I have not seen you for a long time, and, therefore, I determined to make time to run down to-day for half an hour. Is Mary returned yet? How are you all?" "We are all quite well, thank you, except a little headache from sitting up later than usual last evening." "Ah, you do sit up late, I think." "No, not in a usual way, but Mr. Grant was helping Mr. Harris to take stock, and we waited up for him; for I always think, when a person is tired, a smiling fire and a smiling face are desirable." "Taking stock, eh! well, I am glad they are wise enough; I heard a hint that there is great need of drawing in, there—and I would just say to you, be on your guard; but, of course,

you will not take any notice of what I say." "Oh dear, no, Mrs. Willey, I take very little notice of anything I hear in that way; but as to *need*, why these times cause us all to be careful, and it seems a duty where one has a family, and life so uncertain, to keep our houses and business in good order." "Ah, but such a family of proud young people, who are known to laugh at everybody, cannot expect to bring custom to their father's shop—and, no doubt, he will soon have to compound." "Well, what you say may be true; I know so little of my friend's business, that I might as well live ten miles off." "Well, Mrs. Grant, I do wonder that Mr. Harris could ask your husband to help him, for you are no favourite there; but, however, it is not for me to make remarks, I am quite afraid to say a word." "Well, Mrs. Willey, I do not wonder at that, for friends and foes are very much alike. Am I not a 'favourite?' Well, I cannot help it; I am not aware of doing or saying anything to cause the family to dislike me." "Oh, well, don't say I gave you the hint."

After a little more gossip, Mrs. Willey rose to depart, saying, "Will you come to take your tea with me, to-morrow?" "Thank you, I cannot, we are all going to spend the evening with Mrs. Harris." "Oh, indeed; pray take care of those mocking girls, but don't take any notice of anything I say; I would not have my name in the matter." A short walk brought Mrs. Willey round to Mr. Harris's shop—she entered, to do a little bit of work in the dark. "I should like to look at some gloves," she said, addressing Mr. Harris; "why you seem in some confusion here," she added, looking round. "Yes, a little," replied the man of business; "we have been stock-taking, and are not yet quite right." "Oh, indeed! how is Mrs. Harris?" "She is just inside, walk in and ask her."

Mrs. Willey was soon seated by Mrs. Harris, who was helping her husband to card some lace. "Dear me, are

you obliged to do this, Mrs. Harris? Well, I hope things are going well. I regret to hear what I do; but these reports are not to be depended upon." "No, Mrs. Willey, they are not, indeed—but what is abroad now?" "Well, you see, I don't wish my name to be mentioned, but I have just left Mrs. Grant, and she hinted the importance of *your* being careful as to your house and business, and so on, in these times; and she told me all about Mr. Grant's being here taking stock; and we had a long chat—but, of course, you will not take any notice of what I say." Mrs. Harris opened her eyes, as if she wished to make sure she was not dreaming.

Mrs. Willey rose to depart, but the bit of work she had performed in the dark had left a thorn in poor Mrs. Harris's heart, and she asked herself the question,—“Is it possible that my dear friend Mrs. Grant could act thus? It is so unlike her—and unlike everything I ever knew about her; but, alas! the world is deceitful—and my Bible says, ‘A whisperer separateth chief friends;’ and we know that this world of ours has many such whisperers in it, who like to work in the dark.” Now, play with your boy a little, young mother, and take up the *Friend* again.

SONG OF A CHILD ON HEARING THE WIND BLOW.

I LOVE to listen when winds blow high,
 And hear the loud music of the sky,
 Because I think 'tis the angel's song
 That sounds when the fleet winds sweep along.
 Swift as they ride on their cars of cloud,
 Hark! how they sing to their fellows aloud!
 We catch not the words, but the sweet notes swell
 Down here—and the music I love so well
 Sounds like the distant notes of the lay,
 Borne by the gentle breeze away,
 When the good on earth, from their humble abode,
 Send up their evening praise to God.

Now with awe their voices are still,
 Now there's a sound so sweet and shrill,
 It must be an infant, such as I,
 But lately a tenant of the sky,
 Trying the powers of his little voice,
 While the rest listen. Now!—now!—they rejoice!
 And join with him in the praise of God,
 Who washed his young spirit in Jesus' blood,
 And took him away from mortal sorrow,
 Before his little heart was riven,
 For a bright long day without a morrow,
 To unite with them in the songs of heaven!

I wish that his mother, who weeps for him,
 Could hear the sound of his joyful hymn,
 And see how happy her child is there,
 In those blue regions, soft and fair;
 I'm sure she'd never weep again,
 If she could hear that heavenly strain.

Mother! if I should ever go
 Where the angels are singing so,
 I'll sing so loud that the winds shall bear
 My voice on their wings to my mother's ear.
 And I'll tell you not to weep for me,
 For Bessie's as happy as she can be;
 And I'll pray the Highest to send for you;
 And when you've done all He'd have you do,
 Oh, then, my mother, you shall come,
 Happy and glad, to your daughter's home!

A MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

THE other morning I called upon one of our Sunday-school teachers, to inquire after an absentee. In the course of conversation she said, "I think D—— T—— would come again if asked." Just at that moment the girl, with her mother, passed on the other side of the street. I instantly followed them, when they turned up a court which leads to an adjoining street; but, when I reached it, I could not see them. I concluded they had

entered the side-door of a gin palace which was at the corner, and, on opening the door a little way, saw them both at the tap. I then went round to the front door, and the mother had just received a cup from the person at the counter. I looked again, and they were apparently gone into the tap-room. I left the spot much grieved, thinking that, with such an example before the girl, it would be a hopeless case. This was before *eleven* o'clock in the morning. My mind was exercised about it during the day, and the next morning I called at their residence. I was the more anxious to do so, because I understood the mother was formerly in a Sunday school. I found them both at home, with one of her brothers, and a girl who lived in the same court. I said I had called to inquire why D—— had not been to school for so long a period. "Ah!" said the mother, "*you must ask her, for she has got above my hand, and her brothers as well! They do just as they please!*" The girl, who is about fifteen, evidently felt vexed, but she did not reply.

Without alluding to the circumstances of the preceding day, I pointed out to D—— the importance of the Sabbath school, and urged her to return, promising to call before the Sunday for her decision. On the Saturday I did so, and was glad to find the mother alone. I asked how they had decided, and she replied that D—— was willing to return, which would be on the Sunday week. I then entered into some serious conversation. I endeavoured to impress her mind with the necessity of a religious life, and showed how sad it is for mothers to lead their children into evil—to train them up for a miserable existence in this life, and a prospect of a more wretched existence in the life to come. I remarked, "If, unfortunately, you have allowed your children to disregard and even despise your authority, all you can now do will be to let them see that you **VALUE** religion; your **EXAMPLE** must speak, your prayers must make an impression. You must recall the

instructions you received when in a Sabbath school, and by dependence upon Divine grace, combined with kind remonstrance, you may yet prove a great blessing to your children. Show that you are in earnest, and try to conduct your children in the paths of religion. She thanked me, and appeared to take an interest in all that was said.

Alas! how many parents may trace the wickedness of their children to their own neglect of religion! What! a mother lost all control over her children! Would this prove the case, if the mother had FAITHFULLY PERFORMED HER DUTY? If she had RESTRAINED the EARLY PROPENSITIES TO EVIL, CHECKED THE FIRST ACTS OF DISOBEDIENCE, AND, ABOVE ALL, PRESENTED AN EXAMPLE OF GODLINESS, would it not have caused her children to shrink from such a course of conduct? O! MOTHERS, NEVER FORGET THE TREMENDOUS WEIGHT OF RESPONSIBILITY WHICH ATTACHES TO YOUR EXAMPLE!

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”—Prov. xxix. 26.

It is the command of God, “train up a child in the way he should go.” He should go to heaven, for “Jesus died for all;” and God will have all to be saved, “and to come to the knowledge of the truth.” To train up a child is to educate a child. There are many ways of doing this. Perhaps the most potent is by what you are—your thoughts and feelings, your sayings and doings, your life and character, insensibly educate your child. Mother! if you were certain that every thought, every feeling, every principle of yours, separated itself from you, and took root without you, in your child, how would you watch and pray that for you to live might be Christ, that you might be “changed into the same image from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord.” And are you certain it is not so? M. A. P.

MATERNAL PRAYER ANSWERED.

THE following extracts from the Memoir of the Rev. J. G. Breay, of Birmingham, are strikingly illustrative of the blessing and reward attendant on a pious mother's cares and prayers. They are offered as an encouragement to such parents to persevere, and as an inducement to lead others to begin to pray for their children. Writing to his mother, when under trials, he says:—

“But, my dear mother, though it may be an occasion of sorrow to our minds, depend upon it, it is a token for good. The father of the fatherless, the husband of the widow, has wise ends to answer in this, and in all his dispensations. . . . I have only to recur to my own childhood, and I see a striking illustration of our present situation. Unable to dive into your motives, or perceive the benefit and affection of your conduct, my little heart was ready to censure that plan of discipline, for which, now my faculties are somewhat enlarged, I shall love and thank you as long as I live. I feel a stronger reliance on your judgment than ever, and, I think, that had I my days of childhood to pass over again, I should cheerfully submit to every deprivation and punishment you might inflict on me, however painful for the time, knowing it proceeded from wisdom, was dictated by affection, and that future benefit and satisfaction would fully compensate for present afflictions and crosses. . . . Be assured, my beloved mother, that if we would die the death, and share the triumphs, of God's people, we must also live their life. It is in peculiar trials that we experience peculiar supports. Need I labour to prove this? I can prove it unanswerably. I can lead you to one who knows what it is to conflict with trials, and who is yet enabled to declare that she infinitely prefers suffering affliction, to the affluence and luxury of the ungodly. It is my near relation to this person that I esteem one of the highest honours and blessings of my life—a blessing for which I shall be thankful through time, and for which, I doubt not, I shall be thankful through eternity. . . . If I am a child of God, I conceive the origin of the work of grace on my heart, or rather the *means* employed in bringing it to a love of Jesus, and a delight in his service, to have been *the effect of maternal instructions and*

example. I cannot perceive it to have been produced by the preaching or reading of God's word ; I cannot discover it to have been the result of study and meditation ; neither can I find that the sudden convictions and changes that take place with many, were employed in bringing me to the knowledge of the truth. No, if I am drawn to God, which I venture to hope I am, though I hope with trembling, the *human* means which were used for this heavenly end was the pleasure which my *mother* felt at seeing me engaged in *serious things*. Impelled by this, and this alone, I have many times read a chapter and sung a hymn ; I did it *because it pleased my mother*. Yes ; my young heart was then unconscious of any other motive. This grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. The pleasure of the mother became the pleasure of the son, until, gradually, I was induced by higher and other motives ; and that which I first took delight in because it pleased my mother, I afterwards delighted in because it pleased my God. I would again repeat, that my relation to such a mother I esteem one of the highest honours and blessings of my life. You have not led me to the temple of fame, and bid me seek my happiness in the attainment of worldly honour and renown ; you have not led me to the temple of pleasure, and bid me seek the possession of earth's sordid joys ; but you *have* led me to the temple of Jehovah, and bid me seek, first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness. You have trained up a child in the way he should go. God has preserved his life, and given him grace and strength to perform his present resolutions and desires, and when he is old he will not depart from it. He would devote all his days to the service of Jesus, desiring no other recompence, seeking no other reward, than to be constantly employed in his service, and approved in his sight. In the meantime, my dear mother, if to convert a sinner from the error of his ways, and to save a soul from death, is any pleasure—if that pleasure is heightened by near relationship—that pleasure, in its greatest extent, you may consider as your *own*."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MAMAM,—A woman, to whom I lent a number of your *Mother's Friend*, said to me, last week, "That book is beautiful." A *young man*, a friend of my son, came to see him the other day, and took it up, and he never stopped till he had

read it through, he thought it so good and so useful. Another, the mother of a large family, said, "Please, ma'am, to leave this with me for another week, there is so much good in it—it learns one so well how to manage children, and brings one's duties to mind—and we're too apt to forget them." Indeed, I receive, weekly, new testimonials to its value in my district. I heard also of a clergyman's wife, in the neighbouring large town, who regularly lends *The Mothers' Friend* to the parents of her Sunday scholars—a very good plan.

Yours very sincerely,

May 5th, 1852.

L. S. T.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"MAMMA DOES SO."

A sweet little girl was standing in an orchard one day, under a very hot summer's sun. A friend who was near said to her, "Run in, dearest, and get your garden bonnet, lest you get a headache."—"No, thank you," replied the tiny one, "my ma does so; she comes out without a bonnet, so I do like her. I should not do so, if ma did not; I only do like her!" Mother, let your dear little ones see you rejoicing in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, that they, by your example, may bask with pleasure beneath His rays. They will do "as mother does;" never forget this important truth.

HEAVEN.

It is the hope of Heaven which relieves despair. Short as are our conceptions, there are moments with, perhaps, every mind, when glimpses shoot in of a bright and joyous and happy existence. They may be instantaneous in their coming, and momentary in their stay; yet they leave a sense of happiness in store for the righteous.

BE TIDY.

Woman was made to give our eyes delight—
A female sloven is an odious sight.

SONG OF A PASSING SPIRIT.

Far, far from my home, a pilgrim straying,
Oh, shelter me !

Foes on every side betraying,
Oh, shelter me !

Dark's the path through which I'm going,
Storms of strong temptation blowing,
Shake my hope, my peace o'erthrowing.
Oh, shelter me !

Rock for weary sinners founded,
Oh, shelter me !

Gilcad's balm can heal the wounded,
Oh, shelter me !

Can hell and sin my soul e'er sever ?
Shielded by thy blood, oh, never !
Once in Christ, I'm safe for ever !
Oh, shelter me !

When through death's dark vale I'm treading,
Oh, shelter me !

Hush each fear my mind o'erspreading,
Oh, shelter me !

Sweetly on thy bosom sleeping,
Bid adieu to sin and weeping ;
Jesus, take my all in keeping.
Oh, shelter me !

H. G. G.

The young man who thus sang has passed over Jordan's river.

PUT ON SPECTACLES TO VIEW MERCIES.

A Spaniard, who was observed to put on his spectacles to eat cherries, was asked the reason. "I put them on," he replied, "that they may look the larger and more tempting." Is this the way you make the most of your enjoyments?

CAREFULNESS.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But, then, how little do we need ?
For nature's calls are few.
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. VII.

“ Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thine house.”

THERE were joyous hearts and smiling faces in the native village of George and Nancy Notting. Their cottage was adorned with Christmas berries and nursed flowers, and the inmates appeared in holiday garb. What can be going on? Now and then George took his best hat from the bright table, walked round the house, and looked over the hill; and Nancy had lost her quiet way—she could not sit still long together, but peeped out of the window, over the clean muslin curtain, as if expecting some visitors.

About eight o'clock little Charley came running in, crying, “ Mother! mother! mother! there's somebody coming down the hill, for father says so.” Nancy's face became flushed, and her heart, as she said, seemed half-inclined to come “ up in her throat.” Presently two very nice-looking young men entered the cottage neatly dressed, wearing white gloves. The tallest advanced to meet Nancy, holding out his hand, and saying, “ This is the happiest day of my life, and I shall call you Mrs. Notting now for the last time.” “ May you, my dear Alfred,” said Nancy, “ never have cause to remember this day with regret, and may the smiles of Heaven be upon us all.”

Just at this moment a chaise drew up at the garden gate, and two young ladies stepped out, and placing themselves on each side of the walk, led in the youthful Mary Notting, very neatly dressed, as the bride elect of James Snow, a young tradesman. “ Here we are, Mrs. Notting,” said Miss Sinclair; “ look, here is our dear Mary; does she not appear nicely in her bridal attire? Oh, what fun we have had! See, Lucy and I are the two bridesmaids. Pa has so nicely settled all; he will be here with the four-wheel to

take us back, and you and Mr. Notting are to ride with the bride and bridegroom. Pa and dear brother, Lucy and I, are to ride together. Oh, is it not nicely arranged? And dear ma is making such nice things at home: we are all determined to have a gay wedding. But I fear poor Tiny will not laugh much, for he says all day long, 'No, no take my Mary 'way; don't let my Mary go 'way.' Indeed, if Mary's house would not be near at hand, we should all say the same; but we say now we must not cry to-day, because we do all think she will be so happy."

During this long speech Nancy had been looking with all a mother's love upon her eldest daughter, now about to become the wife of a worthy young man. The honour conferred upon her child, by the young family of Mary's master attending at the ceremony, caused her to feel deeply; and her heart went up in thanks to Him who had thus blessed her, and given her favour with those so much above her in station. Mary had proved herself a valuable servant, and the young people of the family were all exceedingly fond of her, and many useful presents had been made to her as tokens of their esteem, and testimonials of her worthy conduct.

At nine o'clock, the happy-looking party walked up the village to the old church: first Mary, leaning on her father's arm; then the young bridegroom and Miss Sinclair; then Mr. Hornsby Sinclair and his younger sister. Mary looked happy and confiding, but a tear would come now and then, and her father took her hand, speaking words of comfort as he felt her arm tremble on his. When the ceremony was over, the chaise and the four-wheel took them all to spend the day at Mr. Sinclair's, a solicitor in the next town, and a very happy party they made in the old-fashioned dining room on this joyous wedding-day.

When George and Nancy Notting returned to their cottage in the evening, they had to thank their heavenly Father that He had allowed them to behold their eldest

child most comfortably settled in a home of her own, feeling the truth of that Scripture—"Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

AN IMPORTANT NIGHT.

It was at a time when I was about eight or nine years of age—I was awake in the night by a very unusual noise in the room in which I slept, and when I opened my eyes I saw, by the dim light of the candle, my mother moving about. My father, apparently in great suffering, was holding his hands on his sides, and, in an agony of distress, crying aloud for mercy. My poor dear mother was actively engaged, preparing something for his relief, while the big tears rolled down her affectionate cheeks, for she loved him dearly, and all her hopes and comforts depended upon his life. As to myself, my poor little heart beat quickly, and I was full of trouble; but I spoke not, nor moved. I watched and listened attentively till, I suppose, I fell asleep, as the remainder of that eventful night is lost to my recollection.

On the morrow I was told that my father was taken ill in the night, and thought he was going to die. The pain still continued, and the distress of his mind quite terrified me; he was calling aloud for mercy, and I shall never forget the agony of the cry—"Mercy, O Lord, have mercy on me!"

At this time, I believe, we were all strangers to the power of godliness; were living without Christ, and without God in the world; though strictly moral, we could join in the laugh against a very pious, poor woman who was a Wesleyan, and assisted occasionally on washing days. I well remember the quietness of her manner, and the earnestness of her

zeal when she spoke of the love of the Saviour, and I believe it had its influence upon both my father and my mother, and certainly I **LIKED** her very much. I have no other term to express my meaning; for it would not be correct to say I *loved* her very much, or *respected* her very much, but I **LIKED** her very much.

This affliction was sanctified to my father, and from this period he became "a new creature in Christ Jesus"—"old things passed away, and all things became new." I both saw and felt the change, and was happy under it. The character of his reading became altered; he delighted now to read to us aloud some of the most stirring passages of the old divines. Christ was all in all to him—his blood—his righteousness—his atonement—his intercession, were the themes ever flowing from his lips.

As the pains still continued, though not so bad, it was thought best that he should see a physician, and I was to go with him: we had but a short way to go, and the path was through the churchyard. As we were passing through he said—"My boy, if I should die, be good to your poor mother; and if you grow up to be a man, never forsake her." And I remember how, in the sincerity of my heart, I promised I always would be good to her, and felt I was only saying what I meant. The very spot is vivid to my imagination. I see it now—nor will memory ever lose its hold; it will go with me to the grave.

My father recovered, and as a family we enjoyed many happy years together; but at length the time came that we were to part. Providence opened a door for me, some two hundred miles away. I had never been from home before, and was cast among perfect strangers; not a soul among them that I knew. The parting was sad and sorrowful, and the first month I spent in my new situation was the most bitter in my life. I happily kept my trouble to myself, and gradually recovered my spirits. Present duties and future prospects engaged my attention. Several

years passed away, and many changes took place ; but an unbroken intercourse was maintained with the dear family at home, and many a one-pound-note found its way as a token I had not forgotten my churchyard promise. Once I visited them, and as I drew near the beloved scenes of my childhood, and first caught a glimpse of the church spire and town, with which all my happiest ideas were associated, I felt as I never felt before, and have never felt since.

After a few more years had passed, I one day received a letter from my father, saying that a misunderstanding had taken place between him and his employer, and that he was discharged. This was rather a serious affair at his time of life, but God had graciously blessed and prospered me. I, therefore, wrote home immediately to say that I would undertake their support. This was a comfort, great and unexpected, to both their aged hearts ; but I had soon a request that they might be permitted to end their days in their own beloved city of Oxford. On their way thither they spent several weeks with me, and I afterwards gave them more than one running peep.

On the outside of the letter announcing my mother's death, was placed conspicuously the word "*prepare.*" She was buried in her favourite churchyard of Perry Hincksey, and never did one mourn more deeply and sincerely than did my father the loss of his wife. About four years afterwards I deposited him in the same grave, at the foot of the old stone cross ; and no portion of my life has ever given me such real pleasure as being able to minister to the peace and comfort of the last years of my mother and my father. I meant what I said when I crossed the old churchyard with my father.

This paper will be read by thousands who are now largely sharing the bounties of fathers and mothers. Be assured you have no friends like-minded—none whose love you may so safely trust—none who will so sincerely rejoice in

your prosperity. You owe them a long debt of gratitude—be, then, the comfort of their declining years—the stay of their old age ; and when you follow them to the grave, let your conscience witness that you have done what you could.

M. B.

AUNT KITTY.

“ So where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent.”

THE Roman censors frequently imposed fines upon unmarried men ; and the Spartan women, at some of their games, laid hold of old bachelors, dragged them around their altars, and inflicted on them various marks of infamy and disgrace. In 1785, a tax was laid on bachelors in England. The sum of two pounds ten shillings for a duke ; and for a common person, one shilling. And for the servants of these individual self-loving lords of the creation, a double tax was imposed.

We are not quite sure it would not be a good thing to tax a few of these Cœlebs now, for we sometimes hear them talk very boastingly of being able to marry just anybody they may choose, while we know very well there are many of them languishing, in very lonely homes, for ladies who have really and truly said “ No,” more than once. Yes, it is even so ! But it is not of these, our superiors, that we mean to write a short paper, but of a worthy class of useful bodies, to whom the world is very greatly indebted.

We have read with pleasure two or three articles lately written by those with whom we have deep sympathy, on the subject of “ Old Maids !” There, we *have* said it ; but we do not like the words. And we were reminded of a tale we read “ a long while ago,” called “ Aunt Kitty.” Did you ever see it ? It was something like this :—Aunt Kitty was the only unmarried sister of a large family, and her services were in continual requisition, sometimes at

half-a-dozen homes at the same time ! Often a little nimble foot would be heard tripping into her neat bed-room, where she often sat making clothes for the poor, and a flute-like voice would exclaim, "Oh, Aunt Kitty, please, do come down to our house ; baby is very ill, and ma wants you to put him into a warm bath !" Nobody *could* manage this matter so nicely as Aunt Kitty ! And as to leeches and blisters, and all such matters, why Aunt Kitty seemed to have a charm for them all ! Now the postman brings a letter :—

"DEAR KITTY,—Pray come to us by the next train. Polly, Sammy, Jack, and Tiny, are all down in the measles ; Mary has the mumps ; ma has a cold ; and I am pretty nearly at my wit's end. Pray come.

"Yours in haste,

"TOM —"

Before Aunt Kitty's mission of love is over, a niece writes to beg she will hasten to nurse "poor papa in fever !" Then she is called to take what she calls her "long journey," to keep house and keep peace while sister Matty is "up stairs," admiring some little Master Newcome ! Then some broken limb, or bruised head, or bursting heart, calls for Aunt Kitty's sympathy and attention ;—and all the poor and helpless around find in her a never-failing friend. Who will say that such women are not worthy of all honour ? It must be a cold and hard heart that would think of her as an outcast because she has not had the good fortune, or, it may be, has not *chosen* to marry ! Who would dare laugh, and point the finger at her as she walks by on her missions of love ? Who would tauntingly say, "There goes the old maid ?"

Ah, we know many an "Aunt Kitty" who is worth her weight in gold ; some, too, whose warm affections were early blighted by treachery or death, and they have said "No," many a time since, because the heart's deep sorrow is still alive ! Some of these Aunt Kitties are the very life

and sunshine of homes where aged parents rest on their never-tiring arms, and listen to their musical voices, while they smooth the descent to the dark valley by the songs of Zion, and tales of the better land. There is many a fair maiden in the world to-day, whom we should feel very sorry to see married just yet; for instance, there are Alice and Hannah Lovewell, two sisters, either of whom would make a happy home for any one of the "lords of the creation;" but neither can be spared from the home of their childhood just yet,—there is their good and excellent but feeble mother to be attended to, day and night; and she is now receiving from their hands all the tenderness and attention she bestowed on them in their early days. "Well," you say, "but surely *one* of them can be spared!" No, not one; for there is the father also to be attended to,—he must be cared for in the *parlour*, while "dear mother" never leaves her bed-room. No, neither can be spared at present; they must act "Aunt Kitty's" part a wee bit longer, blessing the beloved and frail ones by kindness and love—receiving in return the smiles of Him who in His dying agony could not forget the mother who administered to the wants of His feeble infancy. We are glad the world is beginning to awake to the real worth of these valuable "Aunt Kitties." To be sure, everybody knows there are some cross, selfish, *unmarried* women, that people *will* call "Old Maids;" but are there no selfish, cross, disagreeable married women? Ah, tell us this! The history of many an "Aunt Kitty," if told, would cause the world to turn round and pronounce them little less than angels!

Mothers! train your daughters early in life to be useful, that they may live to some purpose, comforting the sick* and infirm, and helping those who cannot help themselves, taking for their example Him who went about doing good; train them for heaven, and they will be useful on earth.

"DO YOUR WORK IN THE LIGHT, MOTHER."

NO. III.

"How did you like our minister yesterday, Mrs. Clarke?" asked Miss Dare, a gaily-dressed young lady, with rather a scowling brow. "Don't you think," she added, "that he is getting rather dry and personal of late?" "I cannot say I think so, Miss Dare; I believe he tries to do good, and I did not observe anything strange about his sermons. He proved all he said from the Bible, and told us to search it for ourselves; so then, you see, he cannot be far out." "But, bless you, Mrs. Clarke, did not you hear him say that some parents do not care where their children went to live so as they could get money, that their eternal welfare was out of the question; and all about the young man, who, after he was ruined, said, 'My father put my head in the lion's mouth, and then prayed that the creature might not bite it off.' Thinks I to myself, as sure as fate he is meaning all this for Mrs. Clarke and her Lucy, who is going to live at Squire Maygame's, for I hear 'tis a sad place, though they give plenty of money. Of course, he must have meant *you*." "Oh, no," said the artless mother, "he could not have meant me, for nobody in the town knows of it but yourself." "Ah, well," she continued, "it don't signify, it's quite certain he does not preach as well as he used to do. Now, you watch him next Sunday, and see if you don't find what I say true." "If I do listen like that, Miss Dare, 'twill be your fault; and, begging your pardon, I don't see this plan just right, as our pastor often tells us 'tis God's truth, not man's." "Bless the woman, what a dupe you are!" exclaimed Miss Dare, and then walked away, to find some more congenial place for doing her work in the dark. What will she do when the light of eternity's day bursts upon her, and the Master shall vindicate the characters of His servants?

"Where have you been, my boy?" asked Mrs. Lowel. Albert hung down his head, and turned away from the fixed gaze of his mother. "Look at me, my son, and tell me at once. You know I like you to be truthful and transparent as the light. You have not been trained in a home shaded by dark dealings. You never saw your mother or father working in the dark." "That's true, mother," said the lad, turning round, and looking confiding; "but 'tisin't every mother can appeal to her children as you and father can. I never knew either of you to deceive me. I will tell you all the truth. I was tempted to join Harry Andrews, and I felt all the time you would not like it. I am sorry, mother, but his language has sickened me now. I shall pass him by, next time—he is a wicked boy; but, you see, mother, there is some excuse for him, as his father and mother say such wicked things, and make-believe so often, he can't help learning evil." "Well, my boy, you bring all your sayings and doings to the light of God's Word, and try them there. The young Christian lad likes the light as much as our plants like it. Do you not see how they turn to the window, leaving the darkness of the room behind them? Just so we should turn towards the light that shines from heaven, and ask God, for the sake of His dear Son, to grant us His Holy Spirit, that we may have the light of life shining upon our path, leading us towards that happy home where there is no darkness at all."

Mother! take your work right out into the sunlight, and let your children see that you court the glorious rays of the orb of day to do it by. Yes, and let them see that you court the rays of the Sun of Righteousness to do the work of your life in—your heart work—your tongue work—your training work—your praying work—your work which is to last not only a day, a year, or a century, but for eternity.

We shall conclude our paper by some beautiful thoughts, written by one who loved the light while on earth, but now

lives in the light of eternity's day. He supposes professors of religion to be ranged in different concentric circles around Christ as their common centre. Some value the presence of their Saviour so highly, that they cannot bear to be at any remove from Him; even their work they will bring up, and do in the light of His countenance, and while engaged in it, will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful of losing one beam of His light. Others, who, to be sure, would not be content to live out of his presence, are yet less wholly absorbed by it, and may be seen a little farther off, engaged here and there in their various callings, their eyes generally upon their work, but often looking up for the light which they love. A third class, beyond these, but yet within the life-giving rays, includes a doubtful multitude, many of whom are so much engaged in their worldly schemes, that they may be seen standing sideways to Christ, looking mostly the other way, and only now and then turning their faces towards the light. And farther out, among the last scattered rays, so distant that it is often doubtful whether they come at all within their influence, is a mixed assemblage of busy ones; some with their backs wholly turned upon the Sun, and most of them so "careful and troubled" about their "many things," as to spare but little time for their Saviour.

Mother! is your work done with your back to the Sun, so that you can only see your own shadow, and, therefore, think only of yourself? Turn round—right round—without delay, lest the darkness of death fall upon you, and the darkness of despair overtake you, and you cry out in bitterness, "I knew my duty, but I did it not: my day of working is over, but my work is not commenced." "Let us work——while it is day."

RECEIPT FOR MAKING A PERSON USEFUL.—Do every thing in its proper time; keep every thing to its proper use; and put every thing in its proper place.

THE BORDER LAND.

[These lines were sent by a lady to a friend who wrote frequently to know where she had been for several months, that she had not written to her. She had been to the gates of the grave, in a long and severe illness.]

I HAVE been to a land, a Border Land,
 Where there was but a strange, dim light ;
 Where shadows and dreams, in a spectral band,
 Seemed real to the aching sight.
 I scarce bethought me how there I came,
 Or if thence I should pass again ;
 Its morning and night were marked by the flight,
 Or coming, of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border Land,
 With its mountain-ridges hoar,
 That they looked across to a wondrous strand,—
 A bright and unearthly shore.
 Then I turned me to Him, “ *The Crucified,* ”
 In most humble faith and prayer,
 Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,
 For I thought He would call me there.

Yet nay : for awhile in the Border Land
 He bade me in patience stay,
 And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,
 While He chased its glooms away.
 He had led me amid those shadows dim,
 And shown that bright world so near,
 To teach me that earnest trust in Him,
 Is “ the one thing needful ” here.

And so from the land, the Border Land,
 I have turned me to earth once more ;
 But earth and its works were such trifles, scanned
 By the light of that radiant shore.
 And, oh, should they ever possess me again
 Too deeply, in heart and hand,
 I must think how empty they seemed, and vain,
 From the heights of the Border Land.

But little I heard in the Border Land
 Of all that passed below ;
 The once loud voices of human life
 To the deafened ear were low.
 I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call,
 And alike to its gibe or its sneer ;
 Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
 Would then scarce have cost a tear.

I have been to a land, a Border Land !
 May oblivion never roll
 O'er the mighty lessons which there and then
 Have been graven on my soul !
 I have trodden a path I did not know,
 Safe in my Saviour's hand :
 I can trust Him for all the future, now
 I have been to the Border Land.

L. N. R.

THE YOUNG TEACHER ; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. VII.

“ Come unto me, my son, if sin shall have tempted thee astray ;
 I will not chide thee like the rest, but help thee to return.
 Come unto me, my son, if men rebuke and mock thee ;
 There always shall be one to bless—for I am on thy side !
 O, that refuge from the world, when a stricken son or daughter
 May seek, with confidence of love, a father's hearth and heart ;
 Sure of a welcome, though others cast them out—of kindness,
 though men blame them,
 And finding there the last to blame—the earliest to commend.”

ONE morning Frank was dressed much earlier than usual, and expressed himself as able to take a long walk, if his father would accompany him ; and, taking a camp stool in his hand, he said—“ You see, I can take this old friend to rest upon if I feel very tired, and we can have a nice long chat.” This was like a bright light in the cloud to the good father's heart, and the very thing he had long desired, but he wished that it should be a spontaneous act of his son to seek the “long chat.”

Frank took his father's arm, and they walked down the lawn and into the carriage road in silence ; when they were fairly out of sight of the house, he looked around hastily, and again taking his father's arm, he began his tale of sorrow. "I have long wished, my dear father," said he, "to tell you the sad burden of my mind. You must have observed that I am ill at ease, and altogether changed from the being I was, when I left my happy home to mix in the world's strife and dangers. When I went forth from our own dear circle I was a happy lad, and I vainly thought that I was proof against all the varied temptations which you and my dear mother often warned me would beset my path. For a time all went on smoothly enough in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Gleba, who are kind and excellent people, and with them I missed my home comforts as little, perhaps, as could be expected ; but in the surgery, among the students, the scene was sadly different. There I saw practices, and heard doubts expressed, which made me tremble, and I tremble *now* while I recur to them. I stood on a fearful precipice.

"For a time I seemed proof against all their infidelity and wicked doings, and your letters, as well as those of my dear mother, helped me to keep my good resolutions ; but I see now that a higher power was necessary to aid me in my dangerous position, and this I had never sought in the right way. *

"There was a young man in the surgery of the name of Peccarns, who to me seemed the most agreeable of the party, and he expressed a pleasure in explaining to me some of the difficulties of my profession, so that I soon felt a friendship for him. He was intimate with several families in the town, and he expressed a desire that I should be introduced to them—particularly one, where he told me he 'rubbed up his French and music.' I felt that this would be of importance to me also, and although I knew him to be a dangerous companion, I consented to be led

by him, and neglected to consult either you or my heavenly Father.

“One evening I accompanied him to what he called his ‘friend’s jolly home,’ and when I look back upon this fearful step, I feel convinced that what appeared to me mere chance, was all an arranged plan to draw me into the vortex of the world’s temptations. The family consisted of a widowed mother, three sons, and two daughters, and all devoted to what I had been taught to call the forbidden pleasures and follies of the world. We did, indeed, con over a little French at first, and we had a little music; but very soon four of the party were seated at the card-table, and the others were talking of a new novel which had just come out, and one commenced reading passages from it to awaken my interest in the work; in this they so far succeeded as to cause me to express a desire to read the whole, and I took it home with me in the evening, with a resolution to look at it again in the early hours of the morning.

“As Peccarns and I were walking home, I was surprised to find it was past midnight, and I expressed an anxiety at keeping the family up so late. My friend—for so I called him then—laughed at my fears, and, pulling a key [from his pocket, said—‘We will teach you how we manage our matters, my lad; we are not such fools here as you are in the country; we go in and out just as we please, by giving old Nancy a shilling now and then, to leave the inside door unlocked; and that little fool of a dog, which you saw Mrs. Gleba cry about, and which used to annoy us by giving tongue, we pretty soon settled by a dose rather stronger than suited the little beast!’

“I never felt before as I did then, when we entered the house that night like robbers! Peccarns brought me some brandy to ‘quiet my nerves,’ as he called it. My Bible and my devotions were then hurried over, as a burden that I would have pushed aside, if conscience and early recol-

lections would have allowed me ; but my heart was not so hard then as it has been since. The novels lay on the table, and feeling too much excited to sleep, I took up one of them, and became so fascinated by its false views of life and character, that the morning dawned ere I sought the rest of sleep.”—“ You are tired, Frank,” said his father ; “ we had better return, my son, and after tea, in my study, we can perhaps resume the sad account.”

Frank was indeed tired, but he felt as one having a heavy burden falling from his shoulders, as he disclosed to his father the progress of his past folly.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

Now, dear friends, a few words about Sunday occupations for older children. It is a great comfort to a mother when her little ones can either write or paint, because it is then so much easier to interest them, and to keep up their attention. I am now supposing a group of children, between the ages of six and twelve. I need not speak of the happiness of reading the Bible to them, nor of the pleasure with which they will listen to its sacred contents. Then, again, “ The Pilgrim’s Progress.” What a favourite this is with children ; how willingly they will spend their money to possess one of *their* “ *very own*.” Next to God’s Word, I do not know any book more suitable for them. I have been much surprised to notice how much of its contents even very young children can understand. But to return to the Bible. There are many ways in which it may be rendered interesting to children, besides that of *reading it to them*.

Let us suppose it is a quiet Sunday evening: The *very little* children are asleep, and the others gather round you with their Bibles in their hands. You say to them, “ Now, my dears, I will give you each a strip of common writing paper, and you must bring your pencils as well. When

you are quite ready we will begin." "Here we are, mother, all quite 'settled,' and happy." "Very well; we will talk this evening about *Angels*. I want you to try and find out from the Bible as many errands as you can upon which they have been sent from heaven to this world. Print at the top of your list, '*Angels' Missions.*' You know we speak of *missionaries*—those who *are sent* to the poor heathen to teach them about Jesus."

Soon the little voices are heard:—"The angel who came into the den and shut the lions' mouths. May I write that in my list? Peter in prison; an angel brought him out. An angel came to Samson's mother. Oh! I shall have *so many*." Then a little one exclaims, "*I* have thought of one better than all the rest. The angel who came to strengthen Jesus at the Mount of Olives," &c. &c., until it is time to put all away, with a promise to finish another time.

Dear *Christian* mothers! for I am writing more especially to *you*, let it be your earnest endeavour to teach your children to love and reverence God's holy Word. Be very careful not to let them learn enough of it by heart to make it seem like a task-book, and let them see that you *love* it yourself, and that it is your comfort and your joy. As to *reverence*, my heart is very sorrowful, for I fear these are days of fearful tampering with God's holy Word. Let us strive to teach its sacred truths to our children, as coming *directly from God Himself*. Let us cleave very closely to God's Word, and try everything by it.

Should any mother read these pages who has no interest in that blessed book, no part nor lot in the glorious things of which it speaks, at least, mother, at least, let me entreat you, read for yourself; see *what* you are slighting, and *how* you may yet obtain it. Should this paper prove a help to any mother, I have more *subjects for Sunday evenings* on which to write, if the Lord permit.

Oxford.

MARY.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

[Mothers ! take your children there with you, as soon as they are able
to understand the service.]

HE was sitting by his mother,
(The little blue-eyed boy,)
He sat quite still and listened,
That he might give her joy.

But thoughts were in his mother's heart,
He could not understand ;
He only saw the gathering tear,
And felt her press his hand.

He looked into his mother's eyes,
But could not read her prayer,
That at the happy marriage-feast
Her darling might be there.

Oxford.

MARY.

DIFFICULTIES.

HE who says "there is a lion in the way," will be sure to find difficulties grow by delay ; but if you advance on them in the path of duty, they will vanish like shadows before you.

"DEAREST MADAM,—I felt the truth of the above not long since. I told you in a former letter that I had been able to establish two' Maternal Meetings ; but finding that there were many mothers, in another locality, who could not reach these meetings in town, I resolved, by the blessing of God, to try to form another. But, alas ! there were none to help me, and many 'lions' appeared in the way. Asking for Divine aid to enable me to carry out my purpose, I called at about thirty houses where many sad characters lived. All promised to attend. A house was offered me to hold my meeting in. A goodly number attended, and I was requested by them to go 'again.' I distributed a great many *Mothers' Friends*, and now order THIRTY-SIX, expecting I shall have to order many more ere long.

"M. L. E."

Thus did this kind Christian mother find difficulties a mere "shadow," as she advanced in the path of duty; and doubtless she will rejoice, with many more, in eternity, that the "lion in the way" vanished as she approached. Have you a Maternal Meeting, mother, in your neighbourhood? Try to form one, following the example not only of our dear Christian friend, but of Him who went about doing good!

[Since the above was written, a letter tells us that this active mother has forty-six subscribers to *The Mothers' Friend*, and has established six Maternal Associations within a distance of four miles! A call loud enough to awake those who are sleeping!—ED.]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MADAM,—In reading *The Mothers' Friend* for April last, I find, at the close of the Birmingham Maternal Association Report, you kindly invite your readers to tell you the result of their efforts in this good work.

When I first came here, Mrs. Sherman called and persuaded me to form a Maternal Meeting; but having three very young children, and feeling my own insufficiency, it was deferred for a season. Her visit, however, was not in vain. From that time I felt a strong desire to commence this fresh effort for the benefit of mothers.

About fifteen months since we met for the first time, having distributed your papers of invitation, and supplied ourselves with *The Mother's Monitor*. I am happy to say the attendance has steadily increased; eighteen have given their names for *The Mothers' Friend*; and what is better still, one woman has yielded her heart to God since our meetings were begun.

On the 23rd of February last, sixty-four mothers (and those who have the care of children) took tea together. I am sure you would have been pleased to have seen their smiling faces; they seemed to have left their cares at home, and afforded a pleasing illustration that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

After tea, appropriate hymns were sung from your *Mothers'*

Hymn Book, and suitable addresses were delivered by three ministers present, at our request.

You will not be surprised that on my return home I should feel encouraged to pray, as dear Mrs. Sherman's prayers and efforts ten years before had been so signally answered that evening. May I ask that you will remember our little band at a throne of grace. Be assured, my dear madam, we shall not cease to pray for one who has contributed so largely as yourself to our well-being, both temporal and spiritual. That your valuable life may be long spared for increased usefulness, is the sincere wish of

Yours very respectfully,

A. O. S.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought uttered by a father or mother may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust which no after-scouring can efface.

BEEES WORTH HIVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B mild,
 B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child ;
 B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
 B sure you make matter subservient to mind ;
 B cautious, B prudent, B truthful, B true,
 B courteous to all men, trust only a few ;
 B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine,
 B careful of conduct, of money, of time ;
 B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
 B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn ;
 B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
 B aspiring, B humble *because* thou art dust ;
 B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
 B active, devoted, B faithful till death ;
 B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
 B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll be secure.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

CHEERFULNESS and gratitude walk hand-in-hand through life. One is the homage which the heart gives to God for his goodness—the other is the external manifestation of His praise.

A young man, who had a pious mother, one day witnessed the incessant murmurings and fault-finding she manifested, making his home perfectly miserable; turning away in disgust, he exclaimed, "If this is religion, the less I have of it the better!"

Is it not very probable, that many mothers, who have passed years of anxious prayer for the conversion of their children, have effectually prevented their conversion by the exhibition of an unamiable or melancholy spirit? When a friend calls in, or a stranger approaches, the mother will force a smile to greet him; but the smile is as transient as the visit, and her face is soon again shrouded in its accustomed gloom.

The husband comes home from his shop, or his labour, perplexed with care, and almost the first sounds which greet his ears are the words of complaint. Disgusted with his home, he is almost tempted to shut the door, and go back again to his business. He, however, takes his seat, and waits for tea, with feelings in that irritable state which the least vexation will inflame. Soon his wife comes in, harassed with domestic troubles. Now, here are the gunpowder and the spark brought near together; and, in all probability, before the supper is over, there is an explosion. After tea, the husband, disappointed in finding happiness at home, sallies out in pursuit of enjoyment to some club, or some tavern. He rapidly forms associates, and acquires a relish for dissipated pleasures; and in a few years fails in business, and totters along the drunkard's path to the grave. The world is full of such wrecks, and petulant wives are too often the cause of them.

Sometimes it happens that the husband has too much self-control to surrender himself up to the drunkard's doom, and merely leaves his wife in solitude at home, while he goes elsewhere to find his joys. She feels all the pangs of a broken heart, in perceiving that she has lost her husband's affections. She knows that he once loved her, and she weeps most bitterly, as she feels assured that he loves her no more. Perhaps she does not even imagine the reason why. Unhappy wife! the fault is your own. When, wearied and excited by the harassments of the day, the husband has returned to his home, he has not been met with a smile of welcome and a placid heart—the room, as he enters, is in confusion—the children are neglected—the wife is fretful. Love, even the most pure, cannot survive such encounters. The tavern-keeper will bid him welcome; and the little parlour is snug, neat, and in order, where he can meet those who will be careful not to give offence. Is it strange, that a man who is not governed by Christian principles should, under such circumstances, fall in the snare laid for him far away from his wife and children? It is sad to think how many a wife, professing godliness, has thus been the most formidable obstacle in the way of her husband's conversion. But let us now get into the sunshine for a few minutes.

The pious and cheerful wife moves about the house serene and happy. She is faithful in the discharge of all her duties, nor does she allow her husband to be annoyed by her own little troubles. The smile is upon her countenance, to greet him on his return from toil, and good nature animates her heart. "My dear wife," he says, "is almost an angel! Oh, that I had such control over my feelings as she has over hers—with so many things to vex her, she is still calm, and mild, and happy. There must, indeed, be a reality in that religion which makes her so perfect."

When he comes home to his cheerful fireside, his troubled spirit is soothed by the quiet influences which she throws around him. He feels that home is a blessed retreat from the turmoil of business or the weariness of labour, and he has no wish to leave it till duty compels him to go forth. Now and then, at a suitable season, she kindly urges the duties of religion. He feels the power of her persuasion, for her whole life is a most convincing comment upon the truth and the value of her principles. He hears the minister preach upon the loveliness of piety—"Ah," he says, "I have a still more eloquent and convincing sermon preached to me, every day and every hour, by the example of my beloved wife. Yes! if any one is inexcusable in not being a Christian, it is surely I. God has sent to me the combined influence of precept and example."

Pious wife! thus you may adorn the Gospel of your God and Saviour. Thus may you, with your husband and children, live in a home of sunshine here, and be daily meetening for dwelling together in that better home beyond the grave, where clouds can never obscure the atmosphere of the glorified inhabitants.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. VIII.

"Sin is a loathsome leprosy fretting the white robe of innocence."

AFTER tea, the father and son shut themselves up in the study, both feeling anxious to resume the morning's conversation. "I feel like another person, father," said Frank, when they were seated, "since I began to tell you my prodigal's tale. Shall I go on from the fatal evening, or, rather, my first novel-reading night? I am ashamed to go over the past, and I feel that I could hide my head in the dust for ever, but I know you will hear me with patience, and pray for me." "Yes, my son, go on, and

remember what I have very often told you, that the first step towards the kingdom of heaven is repentance."

"I hope and believe, dear father, that I do repent," Frank replied, and a tear fell over his cheek; "but I wish to put you in possession of all the facts of the sad case. My first evening's dissipation cost me a bad headache as well as heartache, and at breakfast I felt I had fallen sadly since I parted with Mr. and Mrs. Gleba the previous night. They very kindly asked if I felt unwell, and expressed their anxiety, seeing I looked so pale and could take no food; but Peccarns turned the conversation, to save me from shame or pain, or from telling the whole truth, which, I think, he feared, for I had not then made up my mind what course to pursue.

"During the morning a polite note arrived from the family with whom we had spent the previous evening, requesting our presence, about eight o'clock, to accompany them to a scene of amusement; what the 'amusement' was, the note did not state. Again I was weak enough to be persuaded to join the party, and, I am sorry to add, I accompanied them to the theatre; and from that time I seemed to have been led captive by Satan at his will, doing all his bidding, and I have indeed felt that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' Oh, my father! I do believe, if you and my dear mother had not been earnest for me when pleading with God at a throne of mercy, I should never have returned to tell the tale of shame."

Mr. Lamure covered his face with his hands, and in a faltering voice requested his son to proceed.

"I will not pain you, my dear father, by entering into the particulars of my downward course; from this time until you received the first letter relating to my illness, my time was almost wholly taken up by novel reading, card playing, and the theatre. My mind revolted from the dull routine of study necessary to my chosen profession, and, reckless and heedless, I made rapid progress among my vile com-

panions, and became a tempter to others, younger and better, who came in my way. The wonder is that I am still in the land of hope. I feel, if I had been sent to endless woe in the midst of my sins, I should have been compelled to acknowledge that God was just, though I should have been shut up in despair.

“ During my illness, and before I would consent that you should be told of my state of health, Mrs. Gleba brought into my room two volumes, hoping, as she said, I might be able to read a little. I took up one of them, it was ‘Theron and Aspasio;’ I felt as though an old friend had looked at me, and I opened the page, when my eye rested on that part where the righteous are described as standing up without fear in the day of judgment. I knew this would not be my case, and I was sick at heart. My Bible seemed to me a book of terror, for I could only see written there God’s displeasure against sin, and I longed for you or my dear mother to point me to some word of promise which I never seemed to find. I had put far away from me all thoughts of my early teaching, and I had been ‘sitting in the seat of the scornful,’ and now nothing seemed before me but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation from the presence of the Lord. After reading for half an hour in ‘Theron and Aspasio,’ I began to hope that there might be mercy even for me, and that evening I consented, for Mr. Gleba to write to you to mention my dangerous position. Little did he imagine that my sin and folly had brought me to the gates of death; and, as I then expected, ETERNAL death was likely to be my portion.

“ The rest is known to you, my father, and if you think I may hope to be restored to the favour of God, I would desire to consecrate my life, whether long or short, to his service and glory. My sins have brought me into deep sorrow, but that one text, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,’ is my resting place. I think ‘all’ may include even *mine*. I desire to live much in prayer to

God, and if any have need to sing praise I am one, for I feel that but for His mercy, my sinful companions and my deceitful heart would have dragged me over the precipice of time into the awful gulf of never-ending woe."

Mr. Lamure took down his Bible, and after reading some words of encouragement to his repenting son, he prayed with him, and they returned to the family circle.

THE DEAD VILLAGE.

"AUNTIE," said my little niece, as we walked together one fine June morning to the church, which lay at the farther end of the village in which I had lately come to reside; "Auntie, what a strange place this is! No one is going to church; no one is walking about; no one is even standing at the cottage doors, and such a bright summer day, too; it might be *a dead village*."

The little girl had come from a town where, in numerous places of worship, the Gospel was faithfully preached, and where, at the different hours of Divine service, throngs of worshippers filled the courts of the Lord. No wonder the contrast struck her; it had done me most painfully, on my first coming to the village, and it was with a sad heart that I replied to the child's earnest question.

"But, dear auntie—*Why is it so?*" "I fear, my dear, that they do not value the Sabbath; that they forget it is not theirs, but the Lord's day." "But don't they read the Bible, and learn that God will notice it if they don't keep his Sabbath? Dear auntie," she added, more earnestly, "*you* used to go and teach the people at B.; why don't you go and tell them how wrong it is?"

My little monitor touched me to the quick; for, though I had mentioned their neglect of the Sabbath to one or two of my neighbours, I felt that, under the plea of being a stranger in the place, I had screened a degree of cowardice

in speaking for God. Roused by this incident, I searched into the causes which made our places of worship, like our street, little less than deserted on the sacred day of rest.

The employment of the greater part of the men in the village was that of farm labourers, with a sprinkling of mechanics and silk weavers. These had, with a few exceptions, finished their labour early on Saturday evening, and might be seen digging or planting their allotment ground or their gardens. Where were their wives? Not busily cleaning and tidying their houses; not carefully cleansing their children, and preparing a supply of clean linen for Sunday's use; not making ready the dinner of the following day, that no unnecessary work might remain to be done then. No; being for the most part washerwomen, they were toiling through piles of clothes, to be given in that evening at the next town, or on their way to the Saturday night's market (a certain way of leading to a breach of the Sabbath), at which they mean to buy the provisions and articles of dress wanted by the family, taking with them not unfrequently one or two children, and not returning till nearly midnight, *some* (I blush to say it) in a state of intoxication. No wonder that the husband, instead of spending *his* evening by his lonely fireside, went where a warm welcome, a cup of good ale, and a circle of laughing companions awaited him—at the beer-shop, reeling home to join his partner in a sad degraded state.

The week thus ended, how could the Sabbath be well begun? Alas! the forenoon was often spent by one in bed, by the other in hurrying off the children to the Sunday school, cooking the dinner, or cleaning the house. So passed the morning. In the afternoon, the better gown was put on by some; others remained in dirty gowns and caps, gossiping by their own or a neighbour's fire, conscience being soothed by reading a tract or perhaps a chapter in the Bible; and so finished the blessed day of rest.

That exceptions existed, I doubt not. That some attended the evening social meeting, held at a house in the village, after having wasted the rest of the day, I do know; but these were few in comparison with those who passed the Sabbath in sheer neglect of every holy duty. Wives and mothers, where lay the blame? Granting that linen must be washed and sent home, why not on Friday evening? Granting that convenience and cheapness recommend the late market to the poor—that wages are not paid until Saturday afternoon (some masters now pay on a Thursday)—cast these and more into the scale, they are nothing compared with that one plain command—“*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*”

But let me examine the three points in your favour. Could you not begin your washing earlier in the week than you do? Is time made the most of on the *Monday*? Are not the cheap meat, the stale fish and vegetables, the low-priced drapery goods, when seen in the light of day, no bargains at all? Besides, does not the sin of your husband's being at the public-house lie partly at your door? Depend upon it, few men will leave a clean house, a tidy wife, ready-prepared linen, a supply of water to wash in, for the beer-shop, after his week of toil. I fear that ours is not the only “Dead Village” in England, and I desire to deal plainly with those who shall read these pages.

My dear friends, one broken Sabbath is an awful sin—how much heavier the guilt of months and years spent as I have described. A little management, and the pence spent at the gin-shop and the ale-house, would enable you to have a little sum in advance, with which you could purchase fresh and wholesome food, and good useful clothing. The balance lies between your convenience and your God. The former is not sure; the vengeance of the latter for his broken law is *sure and certain*. Be persuaded, dear countrywomen, to try a different way of *closing* the week. It may be done easily. Set your duty to God in the first

place, and that to your husband and family next. Be early to bed on the Saturday night, if possible. Prepare your Sunday's dinner beforehand. Rise early on the Sabbath morning. Go as regularly as you can to the house of God, and persuade your husband to go also. I know of instances where the husband would go, if the wife set the example. The Sunday and Infant schools, in most places, relieve you from the care of your children. Let not your seat in the courts of God's house be empty.

I have written what my dear little girl desired I should say to my neighbours, believing it possible that it may be of use to others. I pray God to bless this effort for your good, and to make you wives and mothers in Israel, so that your children shall rise up and call you blessed—the heart of your husband shall safely trust in you—and the village where you live be dead unto sin, but alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

L. S. T.

PAGE FROM A HUSBAND.

"A wise man in a crowded street winneth his way with gentleness."

"To the Editor of the Mothers' Friend."

"MADAM, — We are constant readers of the *Mothers' Friend*, and have learned many important lessons from that valuable work. If you deem what I am about to tell you worthy a corner in your excellent magazine, I shall feel it a favour.

"Yours respectfully,

"J. H. P."

I have enjoyed the comforts of a married life for six or seven years. I have had my trials, with the rest of married people; but a more comfortable home man could never have, with the same means of obtaining it. I have often observed the kindness of my wife displayed in many little things which she, perhaps, may have thought I did not

notice. One night I was invited to a large supper, after which all kinds of intoxicating drinks could be obtained without expense; but, while many took them, I used ginger beer only, sometimes putting the empty glass to my mouth when various toasts were called for. I walked to my home at a late hour, which was an unusual thing for me. As it was something new to my wife, the thought came into my mind, before I reached my home, that I would try her kindness in a new scene.

I had heard some person say that I could very well mimic a drunkard; I therefore thought I would assume this character. I did so in every way, so far as not to make a breach into my character as a Christian man. My state, though distressing, of course, to her, only drew forth kindness from her affectionate heart. Oh, I shall never forget her kind manner and her sorrowful countenance as long as memory holds her seat. I was so concerned and affected, that I ran into another apartment and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. I thought, if this had been all real, I should have been the veriest wretch under the sun. She told me afterwards that she thought I had been overcome by temptation and was dreadfully intoxicated.

In my humble opinion there is nothing like kindness and sensible argument for bringing a married man to think rightly. He is not like a child, nor a servant, who can be brought into subjection by threats. He considers himself the head of the family; and there is something in man which makes him dislike to be dictated to by those who are under him. Treat him with kindness—it is a sure weapon, when all other means fail; and the wife who acts thus, will have the satisfaction of feeling she has done what she could to make her husband's home happy.

BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND.—No. II.

IN a past paper we gave a few reasons why it may be said the former times were better than these, and, as the subject is of vast importance, we are desirous to pursue it a little further. It must be acknowledged that the state of religion—and by that we mean vital godliness, or personal religion before God—is far from being what it ought to be, and there is great necessity for serious and solemn self-examination. Men are looking everywhere rather than to themselves. Excitement, public engagements, committees, make a large item in the religion of many; exhausted and worn out by these, they have little time and less inclination to enter into their closet, shut their door about them, and there, in secret and in silence, pour out their whole soul before God. Oh, what a work there is to undo before this can be done; and, yet, unless it be done, and done heartily, as in the sight of God, there can be no growth in grace, no deep humility, no loathing of sin; in vain we rush into the sanctuary, to seek those comforts there which are only to be found when the soul is brought face to face with God. This is a point in religion where many halt, stumble, and fall; yet there is no avoiding the cross; it must be taken up; it lies right across the path.

You are unhappy—you know what you ought to do, but you do it not—darkness comes over your mind, and leanness into your soul—you are dissatisfied with yourself and with all around you—the minister, in your estimation, no longer preaches as he once did; there lacks a spirituality and an unction—but the fact is, that if an angel from heaven came to preach to you, with all his persuasive eloquence, he would do you no good, while your heart is in this hardened state. “Break up your fallow ground.” This is the reason why there are so many useless, fruitless professors in the church, and so little spirituality in its

members ; they are only half-way converted, and if they are saved at all, it will be so as by fire.

Now, if we believe this in a great measure to be true, we must arise and cultivate a spirit of grace and supplication. Previous to the opening of the windows of heaven, in the days of Malachi, we are told, that those who feared the Lord spoke often to one another. When our Lord was taken up into heaven, the disciples returned to Jerusalem, and CONTINUED, with one accord, in prayer and supplication. This is the way to wait for the promise ; unity of *feelings*, ends, and objects must characterise the people whom God will bless. The strength of the first Christians was in their piety ; they were filled with the Holy Ghost and faith, and therefore much people were added to the Lord. He only is to be regarded as a Gospel Christian who holds forth the words of life, walking in accordance with the commands of the

Mothers ! Parents ! is it not time to break up your fallow ground ? Will you not seek Him who alone can shower blessings upon you, and upon your families ? God is indeed waiting to be gracious—waiting to hear and answer your prayers—waiting to teach, to help, to bless. Are there not some indications of good ? Is there not evidence that Jesus is willing to pass that way ? Let us arise and build ; the God of heaven will prosper us ; let us be upon our watch-tower, and ready whensoever the Lord shall come.

M. B.

FIRST SWARM FROM OUR “B. HIVE.”

SATURDAY evening, July 31st, Peter Penn as usual came home early, for, as the phrase is, the shops close earlier on Saturdays. His good wife had his tea ready for him, “all comfortable,” by the time he had changed his working dress and was ready for it. The season of the year forced

upon this thinking pair a subject of grateful conversation ; they talked of the luxuriant summer, the beautiful weather, the ripening corn, the glorious appearance of the fields, ripe unto the harvest, with the mower filling his hand and the binder of sheaves his bosom.

Their homely meal over, all was cleared away, and Patty went up stairs to attend to some Saturday evening's preparations for the quiet comfort of the next day—"the blessed Sabbath,"—as they called the Lord's day. Just then a knock at the door was answered by Peter, who called to his little girl, the little dear who prized the "old Bible," "Here, Susan, is *Mother's Friend* come." "What, father, come so soon?" "Yes, my dear, you see the book people like a Sabbath as well as we ; so when the first of the month falls on a Sunday, they send out their magazines on the Saturday." "Oh, how glad I am ; let us see what is in it, father ; for it is our friend, you know, as well as mother's."

Peter happened to look at the last page first, and was struck with the lines which all began with the same letter, and, having skimmed the piece, said, "Come hither, Susan and George, here is a nice bit for you,—'Bees worth hiving ;'" and so he read the lines to them, all wondering what it could mean. Peter explained to their wondering little minds what the piece meant, and Susan, after a while, caught the idea, and looked and looked again at the page and up into her father's face, as if afraid to say what she thought ; then suddenly darted away up stairs.—"Mother ! do come and see what father has got !" "What is it, my child ?" "Why, mother, he has got a hive of bees in his hands !" "A what ?" "A hive of bees, I say ; do come and see,—come, will you ? Oh, there are so many, and they are worth hiving ; they are so beautiful, and they don't sting us ; and there is such sweet honey in the hive !" "What can you mean, child ?" "Do, mother, come and see." And so she persuaded her mother to leave her upstairs

duty for a little, and to come down ;—and, seeing only her own little book in her husband's hands, she asked, "Where is the hive of bees?—I see no hive of bees." "Oh, yes, mother, look here."

Her husband then looked up and smiled, and patting his little girl on the head, said, "Come, show your mother the hive of bees." Susan turned over the book, and read the page with eagerness. "There, mother, did you ever see such a hive of bees before?" "No, my dear, never ; as you said, they are very beautiful,—and there is some very sweet honey. But you said they don't sting. Now, one or two of them sting me just now." "What, *sting* you? How, mother?" "Oh, my child, I feel them sting me now." "Stinging? Why, mother, it is reading, not real bees that fly about and make honey!" "Yes, my child, I understand ; but they *do* sting, I assure you,—and take care, or they will sting you. I am afraid that even your father will get stung by them, though no man less likely. But these bees do not sting your brother George, and I hope they never will."

Susan stood silent, wondering what her mother could mean ; and, looking up to her father inquiringly, he met her anxious gaze by saying, "I will, show you, dear, what mother means. Look here, these bees are so many lessons about *patience*, *prayer*, and many other things. Now begin with the first,—'B patient.' Does that bee sting? I suppose mother saw that bee light on my head, or felt it on her own, and then learnt the lesson by its being so applicable to one or both of us." "But you are always patient, father ; I am sure that bee would not sting you, nor mother either. I am not always patient, and this bee shall sting me, for I ought to be. Is that the meaning, father?" "Yes, my child, that is the way to read these lines ; let us go to the next. 'B prayerful.' Ah, this is a very stinging bee ! But there is so much honey with it that the sting won't hurt ; it will only make us feel, and,

by its gentle touch, beckon us to the throne of grace. Ah, I wish this bee would light upon some heads that I know. But let us not lose the honey. This honey will cure the sting and take away the smart. I hope you are a praying child, my Susan. God is the hearer and answerer of prayer. Do you recollect anything in the Bible about this?" "Oh, yes, I remember the prayer of Jabez, and Jacob wrestling with the angel. Oh, and Peter got out of prison by prayer." "Ah, my child, that's right,—now you see what the sting is that these bees use, and if you taste the honey too, it will be a nice hive of bees for us. We will turn to this page again, another time." GAIRUS.

[We shall hope for another swarm while the beautiful flowers are blooming, and the glorious sun is shining. We should like to see all our bees hived before the autumnal blasts whistle around.]

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. VIII.

"Behold, for heaven—or for hell—thou canst not escape from immortality."

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Allsop?" asked Nancy Notting, as she entered the sick room of Amy, with a jug of broth in her hand. "I hope you are more composed, and in less pain than yesternight." "Thank you, my dear friend," replied the sick woman, who was pillowed up in bed; "I am a little more quiet, thanks to you and your prayers; but I must go down to the grave, fretting over the state of my dear children. You see, the recollection of letting them all run wild in their early days, and putting no good example before them, troubles my mind, and I cannot sleep o' nights; and if I do doze, I dream of meeting them at the left hand, or some such dreadful thing, that my poor heart must wear out with its beatings before long. I see it all now; but 'tis too late for me to do any-

thing for them—they are all trained ; but 'tis in the wrong road, and they won't turn now at my bidding—the bit o' twig will bend, but not the tree. I am afraid how I shall meet them at the judgment-day ; and I feel I am going to the grave, and shall soon be there."

"I wish I had more consolation to offer you on this point, Amy ; but, you see, we are sure to reap what we have sown : still, prayer does mighty things sometimes, and may avail for yours as well as you."

"Yes—yes," earnestly replied the dying woman, "yes, don't I know the truth of that ? Why, the prayers at that Mother's Meeting broke my hard heart, to be sure they did, and brought the Spirit down to convince me of my evil way. Thanks to you for ever taking me there ; and to the ladies for ever taking notice of poor, wandering, ignorant mothers ; but, you see, there's my poor Sam and Sally, they only laugh when I tell them about the Bible—and they say, 'If all you say is true, mother, why did not you tell us about it long ago, and let us stay at the Sunday school, when we asked you ?' This goes to my heart, and brings all my sins to my remembrance ; and I feel I must go mourning to the grave, for now, while we are in this life, one can hardly think of being happy in heaven, if we should get there, without a hope that our dear ones will be there too. I believe poor William is beginning to think about it too, for he said to me last night—'What a thing it will be, Amy, if we should find at last that we have been leading our dear children in the broad road all the time, and may be, they will never turn round now !' "

"Now do rest a little, Amy, you will be so very tired, if you talk any more."

"Oh, let me speak just a very little more, Nancy, my tongue will soon be silent in the grave. How I do wish my children had all the recollection of the Sunday school in their memory to abide by them, when I am gone, as yours have ; then I should have a hope that, when I am cold in

my grave, they would be led to the Saviour. Oh, what a fool I was to keep them at home so often, after you had persuaded them to go; and how wicked I was to speak so slightly of the teacher's work there. I see it all now. Many a time has my Sally begged to go with your Mary; but I made her stay at home to help me do my Saturday's work on the Sabbath. Oh, what a burden this is on my heart now—nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash my guilty soul clean."

"Yes, you must remember that glorious truth, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin'—and '*all*' must include *yours*, however deep the stain. It is never too late, this side the grave, to get pardon from Him who came to seek and to save those who were lost."

"Ah, thank ye again, Nancy, for that sweet word of comfort—you are like a good angel to me. I do hope sometimes that I shall praise God in heaven, for putting it into your heart to care for me and mine; and I hope, when I am gone, you will still be the friend of the motherless, and warn them to flee from the wrath to come! Oh, that wrath *to come*!—always coming worse; after it has come, still *to come*! Oh, may they all seek and find refuge in the blessed Saviour! Oh, if I could speak to the mothers now at our Meeting, how I would warn them to begin early to train their children in the right way!" A few days after this conversation, poor Amy Allsop was laid in her coffin, lamenting, to the last moment of her existence, the neglect of her family in their young days.

Nancy lived on in peace and happiness for many a year, and then departed to be "with Christ," which, she said, she felt would be "far better." And now her children arise and call her blessed; and generations to come will echo—"blessed." Mother, how are you doing your early work? will it look well in the light of eternity?

MOTHER, KEEP HOLD OF YOUR SON.—No. IV.

THE mother who would keep hold of her son, must be on his right hand and on his left—stand before him when he sleeps—know his whole history. She must ascertain where he spends his mornings, noons, and evenings—who are his associates—what the character of the families he visits—of their young men—of THEIR YOUNG WOMEN—the history of their Sabbath-day and their week-day amusements. But then, too, she must make a happy home for him; his father's house must be made the sweetest place in the creation to him; she must accumulate the books he should read, and the minds he should yoke with his own, and display in herself the spirit he should wear, and the temper he should exhibit; and still she must look abroad, clinging to the threshold of her home with the grasp of death, and must ascertain what kind of influences sway her son as soon as he quits her presence; she can use other eyes than her own.

One young man tells us that he learned, after his mother's death, that she knew every step he took, every track he trod. "If I presumed," said he, "to approach any place where I could not ask God to accompany me, some pious friend kept her advised in time, and she prohibited me—then the temptation was over, for I would rather die than disobey her. I used to think sometimes, that heaven told her all my history, so well did she meet my every difficulty; but all this was done and arranged with so much gentleness and love, that heaven never sent any kindlier and holier influence."

Now, the mother must never let go her hold, come life, come death. How John Newton's mother kept her hold of her son, long after she had been laid in her grave! If a mother saw her son perishing in the river, would she not keep hold of him till life went out, and then die with him?

Oh, try to save him by pulling him out of the fire!—If you cannot lift him by one hold, take another, and another, and another, till his death has broken your hold, or the recording angel has whispered in your dying ear that your son is safe.

Your son may be hardened by your lack of good early training ; still, hold him by prayer and watchfulness, and care and kindness, and love. Have you tried the power of prayer ? Try it again ; it may prove a golden chain, fastening him to the throne of your God, and in heaven you may learn its strength. Let us listen to the way in which one mother kept hold of her son—one who has but lately gone up to join her in the heavenly home. One day, he tells us, he went home from the house of God with his mind uneasy as to his prospects for eternity ; his watchful mother observed the cloud—but we will give his own words—“ My mother looked me steadily in the face for a moment—I had often met that soft, anxious gaze, it always gave me peculiar feelings—‘ William,’ said she, ‘ do you ever think seriously of religion ? ’ ‘ I do sometimes,’ was my reply. She looked a moment longer, and with a voice that went to my heart calmly replied, ‘ William, the Spirit of God is striving with you—do not grieve Him—He may never come again ! ’” Instantly I was determined to seek God—I arose, went out of the room, retired to my bed-chamber, knelt down, and for the first time in my life began to pray for mercy—my whole soul was absorbed in an intense desire to be a true Christian.” This young man soon gave up all for Christ, and became a missionary of the cross. Thus did the mother keep hold of her son in life—in death—in eternity. More next month.

RELIGION.—The profession of some persons may be compared to the ice that covers a lake ; it conceals the natural feelings of the heart, and has a smooth appearance :—but do not venture on it till you are well assured of its strength.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TWO WAYS OF DOING A THING.

A LITTLE boy, in the company of his parents, intruded himself upon his father a little more than was agreeable ; with a severe rebuke, accompanied with a violent push amounting to a blow, the father laid him prostrate on the ground. The little boy gave vent to his feelings by saying, " I don't like you at all, papa." " Why not ?" asked the father. " Because you hurt me," replied the little fellow. " So does your mamma, when you are not good," rejoined the father. " *You* punish me to *hurt* me, but when mamma punishes me it is to do me good !" The father was silent.

ARAB PROVERB.

By six qualities may a fool be known :—Anger without cause ; speech without profit ; change without motive ; inquiry without an object ; putting trust in a stranger ; and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

FALSEHOODS.

Can the wife ever ask counsel of the husband she has detected in falsehood ? Can the husband look with satisfaction on the countenance of the wife where falsehood has polluted the lips ? Can the child revere the parent who tells lies, or deceives by *acting* lies ?

REWARD.

Lead your child to the cross ; teach him to love the Saviour, and keep His commandments ; and he will lend you a sinewy arm to lean on, as you descend towards the shadowy vale, and whisper, in loving accents, of " the land afar off," where " the king in his beauty " waits to crown the victors.

Train your child to serve the Lord,
will give thee thy reward.

THE MOTHER AND DR. WATTS.

"I am surprised at nothing which Dr. Watts did, but his hymns for children. Other men could have written as well as he, in his other works ; but how he wrote those hymns I know not."—RD. CECIL.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—You are quite right in saying mothers do not sufficiently think of their responsibilities. Alas ! they forget that their words and actions—aye, and even their very looks—will be remembered by their children when years have flown by, and those children enter homes of their own.

I was one of a numerous and happy family, and it was our blessing to have a pious mother. Well is the time remembered when, kneeling by her side, we were taught to lisp the name of Jesus. Oh, how happy we felt, when her kind words taught us to feel that God loved children, and that He could take care of them by night as well as by day. Then we were comfortably laid to rest, repeating Dr. Watts's little hymn—

"With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love."

Would it not be well to recommend mothers to purchase those sweet little "Hymns for Children," by Dr. Watts? They may be had for a very small sum. This was a favourite book of my dear mother's, and often were we reproved by it, and from it, and sometimes comforted. When *pride* was manifested by any of us, we were reminded that

"The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I ;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still."

If there was any complaining for the lack of imagined wants, we read—

"How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold."

And never can I forget one Sunday evening, after returning from the House of God, feeling the full force of that verse—

“ I have been there, and still would go ;
’Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all my pleasure, all my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.”

Our dear mother often allowed us to accompany her in visits to the sick, and help her in exchanging tracts, and thus were we prepared for being useful as we grew up into life. The youngest of our large family is now grown to womanhood, and I can say they all delight in following the footsteps of our good mother.

[Read this again, young mother, and take the good hints given. You may get Dr. Watts’s “ Divine Songs ” for a penny—can’t you spare it ?—*Try.*—ED.]

HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.

“ OH, MOTHER ! ” said Carrie Thrifty, “ when shall I go out to service ? I want to support myself, and not take away from you and father what you may, perhaps, need some day, if father should be out of work or ill at home.”

“ Your feeling is very good, my child,” replied Mrs. Thrifty ; “ but I should be sorry to send you forth into the world until you are prepared to be a useful and good little servant. Some mothers push their children from home, just like the little bird pushes its young from its nest, careless as to where they may go, or how they may fare ; careless, too, as to the trouble they may cost strangers in teaching them what is right, or breaking them of bad habits formed at home ; careless, too, of all the suffering daughters may have to endure, while they are learning what mothers should have taught them at home.”

“ Well, mother, then, will you tell me what I shall have to do, and let me go as soon as you can ? My aunt told me she would get me a place.” — “ The first question

is, Carrie, what kind of situation you would like, and what do you think you are fitted for?"

"Well, mother, ever since I read that pretty piece in *The Mothers' Friend* about the little nurse, in the March number—don't you mind, mother?—I have thought I should like to be a little nurse. I love little babies so—and I am sure I would never do as I saw Olive Lackgrace do yesterday; she put the poor little thing she has to nurse to sit upon the damp grass, while she had a game with Polly Wildfire. And you see, mother, you have taught me to nurse my little brother, and he is a very healthy, clean little fellow, and I don't think I ever spoiled his nice clean clothes with dirty hands—did I, mother?"

"No, my dear, I do not know that you ever did; and this, perhaps, would help you to get a place—the fact that you are a tidy little girl; but this is not all—we will talk of this matter again. I will read to you a pretty tale from Mr. Sabine's book, and then we will get father's tea."

"THE LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

"Mary, go and bring your stool;
Now, say what you'd like to be,
When you go away from school,
When you bid adieu to me.

"Will you be a little maid,
With your apron and your broom—
Tidy, clean, and neatly clad,
Dusting out a lady's room?

"If you would, then seek a place
In a house where God is known—
Seek it at His throne of grace;
He will guard the seed that's sown.

"Do not e'er, my child, forget
Lessons which you've here been taught;
Gracious truths, in memory set,
Let them be to memory brought.

"Never, then, forget to read,
Daily, God's most holy page;
This will guide you in your need—
Let it oft your heart engage.

"Never, dear, neglect to pray
For the aid of grace Divine;
Grace will keep you always gay;
Grace will make your face to shine.

"Be industrious—truthful—kind;
Never speak an angry word;
Seek to have the Saviour's mind;
Seek to be just like the Lord."

"Oh, mother, I do like that pretty piece."—"Yes, dear, was it not kind of the good gentleman to write for poor children? But here comes father."

SECOND SWARMING OF THE B'S.

"Now, Susan and George, let us go to the B-hive again." "Oh, yes, father, that is nice." Susan looked very grave, and asked her father who gave these bees names? "I never before heard of bees having names." "No, my child, these are not names but descriptions. I thought you understood that the letter B is used in this page of *The Mothers' Friend*, recommending certain dispositions and duties; and we have seen that it begins by teaching us to B 'patient' and 'prayerful.' Now, the next B teaches us to be 'mild.'" "Oh, yes, father, now I understand; please, go on and explain them all to me, and I will try to remember what you say. But mother should be here, shouldn't she? for you know she understands these things. She often tells us to be gentle; is that what 'B mild' means?" "Yes, that is part of it; but it means be kind and tender, not rough and boisterous." "Here's mother; now let us all learn this lesson. What a many lessons we shall have, mother." "Yes, my dear,

more than forty; and if we take only two at a time we shall make the matter too long. The editor of *The Mothers' Friend* says she wishes all the swarms to be over before winter, and so we must class the lessons, for there are several that express much the same thing. Suppose we begin now to find out those that are somewhat like others."

"'B mild' is the next," said father; "who can find out any B in the list that would be like this? Let us all look over the page together, and you may call out which you think is like. "'B mild'—'B wise;' I am sure," said mother, "it is wise to be mild, for mildness and gentleness would save from many a rough and rugged danger. I suppose Solomon meant be mild when he said, *'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'*"

"Oh, mother," said little Susan, "how you always find a passage of Scripture for everything you teach us. Do you know the Bible all through?" "No, my dear, I wish I did. I knew a little boy once (who is gone to heaven now) who learnt the whole book of Proverbs." "He was wise, indeed, then," said the little girl. "Yes, my child," said the father, "he was wise enough to learn a *few* verses every day, and no doubt it made him wise. If every young person would be guided by Solomon's Proverbs it would be a blessing indeed to them." "I should like to learn them, mother," said Susan. "Well, you may try; but remember the first B—'B patient,'—and take only two or three verses to learn at a time. But we must go on."

"'B meek as a child,' that is like mild," said father; "who has a text for this?" Mother was ready with one. "'Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;' 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.' 'B kind' is another of the same class; so are 'B courteous, B temperate, B peaceful, B benevolent, B willing to learn, B

gentle, B humble, B Christ-like.' All these may be considered together, and what lessons they give. Dr. Watts says—

'Kindness, temperance, truth, and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.'

Peacefulness, not storming, but calm, gentle, quiet behaviour, always wears longest and does most good." "'Christ-like,' ah," said Susan, "one of my hymns says—

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.'

Oh, how many of the B's are like him, father!" "Yes, my child, and to *be like Him* ourselves is the greatest object at which we can aim. Well, we must let this swarm do for this time; we have got on nicely. Ten B's to-night; we ought to be very thankful for such a Saturday evening's treat for us. What say you, mother?" "Why, I say it is a true saying, in this case, that the honey of the B cures its own sting, and I hope it will cure us of many things. Come, children, it is time now to go up stairs, and let us not forget what we have learnt this evening."

GAIUS.

DEATH ALTERS THE VISION.

"Fame to our ashes comes, alas! too late,
And praise smells rank upon the coffin-plate."

My friend Hanbury was an excellent man, a man of great experience and large intercourse with the world; few had his abilities and tact for general purposes, and there was a decision about his character which carried him over every obstacle; indeed, some people did not scruple to say his decision was direct obstinacy; whether this was ill-natured or not, I cannot determine—but certain it is, that in the straightforwardness and vigour of his movements he shook and jostled many who were quiet, and

moving on, but slower than himself, and sadly disturbed their equanimity, and called forth not the most friendly feelings. Yet, amidst all this, there was a general homage paid to the ability and judgment of my friend; many sought unto him for counsel and advice—and it must be admitted, few could counsel with equal wisdom, if you laid hold of the right handle. But, unhappily, my friend was not always free from bias; and those who knew the man sometimes fancied they saw the workings of a great mind, which brought to their recollection the saying of certain men who reasoned and exclaimed,—“If we shall say from heaven, he will say unto us, Why, then, did ye not believe in him?”

But there was one great peculiarity in the mind of the man, and which, I have reason to think, is by no means confined to himself,—he never could rightly appreciate and value the character of his friends while *living*. Though they were the living type of all that was good and excellent, and Hanbury might have seen it, yet it did not move his soul as he walked by their side. But only let one of these be removed by death, and at once the misty vision was cleared; he awoke as if from a trance, and kindly proclaimed the great points and excellences of their character. I remember once to have seen his tears flow freely and plentifully at the funeral of a mutual friend, whom I happened to know; he oftentimes made me sad and sorrowful, and I was strongly reminded of the lines standing at the head of our paper. There is reason to believe my friend was but a type—that is to say, there are many like him.

Now the drift of this paper is, to awaken a perception to *living merit*; there is much excellence around and about us—many an excellent soul, perhaps, at our very door, or within our home circle, not valued as they deserve. Who is there amongst us who has not been grieved and troubled, after reading the memoir of some pious, humble

neighbour, to think we so lightly esteemed him, and most heartily have we wished we had known of his excellences before. Now there is a sympathy to which our hearts must readily yield, but to which we have, hitherto, been entire strangers; hence, we are deprived of much present enjoyment, and lose some of the brightest and sunniest spots in life. Do we feel quite guiltless? Are there no hideous monsters rising up to accuse us? We fear the evil is too near to strike—there is no room for the back step, and the arm is powerless. Alas! it is SELF that blinds the eye, that obscures the vision; we cannot get out of ourselves—our own cares, our own troubles, our own hopes and fears, take up all our thoughts and time. Oh, how difficult it is to hush all these, and go out, with the tender sensibilities of an affectionate heart, to sympathise with another; nothing but Divine grace can work this marvel; and in proportion to our conformity to the heavenly original, will be our aptitude in the delightful work.

M. B.

[When you were children, have you never marvelled in silence to hear of the excellence of *dead* friends, whom you were never taught to love and revere when living? Are *your* children wondering over the same inexplicable matter? —ED.]

IS YOUR SON IN PRISON?

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—If the following fragment of a sermon of my dear departed husband's be found suitable for the pages of *The Mothers' Friend*, you are exceedingly welcome to it. I have been a reader of your valuable little Magazine for two years, and have found much pleasure, and, I trust, profit by its perusal. I have also induced several others to take a copy of it, and my own I circulate among many mothers, whose limited means prevent them from having one of their own.

I am, yours truly,

E—, N. B.

J. M'K.

“ The importance of training up our children in the way they should go, is a duty which commends itself to our judgment and affections. If any of you, by some unfortunate act of any of your children, were subjected to the pain of seeing him torn from the family and clapped up in chains in the prison-house, how would your sense of duty in this matter be exhibited? Why, by immediate and unremitting exertions for the liberty of your child. You would first make inquiry into the case, and learn the character of the offence. You would next make your way to the highest authority in your neighbourhood, and there make use of all the influence you possessed for the liberation of your child. This is a course of conduct which would be prompted by your common sense of duty and parental affection.

“ Now, when you are made aware that your children are, every one of them, in chains and in prison, in a spiritual point of view—when you are aware of the fact, that Satan hath possession of their hearts and affections—that they are by nature his slaves and willing captives—and that this is a bondage that may continue, not for a month, or six months, or twelve months only, but which may and shall exist, if unremoved by Divine grace, throughout eternity:—when parents are made aware of this lamentable condition of their children by nature, what is the duty, we ask, that commends itself both to their judgment and affection? Why, that of acting and living for the restoration of the lost liberty of their children. But oh! how lamentably backward are parents to the duty, when it embraces spiritual and eternal interests! Besides, when it embraces only bodily and temporal interests, with a strange inconsistency the latter are preferred to the former. The interests of the body enlist the exertions of the mind and heart, while the interests of the soul produce but very little apparent concern.

“ Let us watch the parent whose child lies in chains in the prison. Let us see the anxiety manifested by him ;

let us follow him, and hear him plead the cause of his child before those in authority. Let us witness the travail and sorrow of soul he endures until his son has been restored to liberty. Let us go to that same parent, after his son has, through his influence and exertion, been restored to liberty, and ask, in the presence of God, if ever he has once approached a throne of grace for the liberation of the immortal spirit of that same son; perhaps he will have to answer, if he tells the truth, No! Oh, what inconsistency! what strange infatuation! If the judgment confesses that the interests of the soul are incomparably more momentous than those of the body, then surely parents cannot love their children truly, if, while exhibiting deep interest in what concerns their temporal liberty and life, they almost entirely neglect what concerns their imperishable and eternal being. The interests of the soul not only commend themselves to the judgment, but to the best feelings of the heart. It is he, and he only, who loves his child, whose love embraces his future destiny, and whose love leads him to train his child up in the way everlasting."

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. IV.

"The kite feedeth with the starling under the law of kindness."

Now, young mother, you will soon observe the first effort of your babe's intellect, and the little hands will soon crumple your neat collar, and pull your curls, if they hang in his way. At the tea-table, too, he will try his skill at pulling the cup of hot tea over him, or grasping the pretty bright knife! We will tell you a nice little plan. Get him a baby's high chair, put little cushions all round, to keep him firm in his seat (made of cheap print and wadding), and only put within his reach such things as cannot injure him, and he cannot injure. You have no idea what

a comfort this plan will be to you, if you have no one to nurse him while you are taking your food.

Some parents sit and laugh while their baby-boy tries his strength by pulling from the table valuable and breakable things; and after a little time the poor child is punished for doing the very things he is now encouraged to perform. This is real cruelty to the poor little helpless one. How can he understand the conduct of his parents? Do all you can to teach your little charge, but let it be such teachings as you will have no cause to regret in after-years.

Try to make him associate the names of objects with the sight of them, by speaking the name of the object slowly and distinctly, as he is looking at it, and turning it over. When you draw your child's attention to a living thing, accompany it with some endearment to the animal, that in his earliest days he may be taught *kindness*. Talk to him about it in low, mild tones. If he attempts to catch a fly, pull the kitten's hair, or strike the dog, draw back the little hand gently, look very grave, and say, "No, baby, no," in a firm voice. As soon as he is able to understand, teach him that the gift of life is from the great God, who lives in heaven, and must not be driven out by cruelty.

Mrs. Sigourney tells us that a little boy, who was inclined to be very cruel in his early days, was so thoroughly cured of it by his mother, that when attending to infantine lessons in natural history, long before he was able to read, and hearing of a bird that was fond of catching flies, he lisped, with a kind of horror upon his baby-face, "Oh! kill flies! Will God forgive it?"

Mother! let the lesson of love and kindness be very early impressed upon the mind and heart of your young immortal charge. We have more thoughts in store for you.

HOW MUCH DOES YOUR RELIGION COST?—"Religion will cost us something, but the want of it infinitely more."—*Cecil*.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. IX.

“There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side of life.”

FRANK became once more the cheerful companion of young Annie, and her pocket-book was soon produced, where the numerous questions were arranged which she expected his superior mind would enter into and answer; nor was she disappointed. The great buried cities, too, were the subject of conversation, and various new books, which had been presented to her during her brother's absence from home, were introduced; and among them was a sweet little work, called “The Anxious Inquirer,” which Frank requested he might be allowed to take to his room.

“Oh, yes, you shall have it, dear brother,” said Annie; but suddenly recollecting the locking of the door, the difficulty of gaining admittance, and some other mysteries relating to Frank's room, she whispered in his ear, “You won't lock it always up and for ever, will you? I shall see it sometimes, shall I not?”

Frank smiled, and promised to restore it safe and sound before a week had passed; and he kept his word. But when he gave it back to her, he took her upon his knee, and talked to her a long time about the kindness of Jesus, and His love to little children; and then he requested her to repeat to him that beautiful hymn in which these two verses occur:—

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.”

And then he requested her to take care of this one little book, above all the others; and he desired that when he

was again far away, and she was yet a little older, that she would read it in her own room, and think about it, and try to remember that it had been a very great comfort to her brother once, when he was in deep sorrow, and felt afraid that he should have been driven away from happiness and God for ever. Annie looked very sorrowful, and when she could get a chat with her mamma, quite alone, she had many questions to ask about her brother. The favourite book was placed in a snug little corner, and, when she now and then looked at it, she remembered all Frank had said, and often pondered why he could have been in "deep sorrow."

From this time Frank became a faithful disciple of Jesus, and, after a year or two, he gave up his medical studies, and entered on those which prepared him for becoming an ambassador of the cross; and he was often heard, in after-life, warning the young people of his charge against the very first downward step in forbidden paths, and against making friends with those who belong to Satan's kingdom.

Frank is gone to heaven now. He was never strong again after his severe illness as he was before, and one day, when he was preaching from the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," a vessel burst on his lungs, and he never entered his pulpit again. He died very happily, and his last words were, "Looking unto Jesus."

And now, dear young friends, we would fain hope that the account of "The Young Teacher" may be a warning to you. Never allow yourself to be drawn into evil company; and ever remember, that if you are invited to join in any kind of pleasure in which you cannot ask the blessing of God and Jesus Christ to accompany you, it is *sure to be wrong*. The path to the "pit" is all downward; take care of the first step towards it. Satan will tell you there is no danger, and your own wicked heart will tell you there is no danger; but the Bible says, unless you are a real Christian, and show that you are one by keeping

the commands of Jesus, you will never—never reach heaven. “Ye must be born again,” the Bible says, and if you are not born again, your place must be with the “wicked,” and they are to be “turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God;” and remember that every year you live will make it the more difficult for you to break off your sins, and Satan will bind his chains stronger and stronger around you. He will tell you *now* that it is time enough yet to think about heaven and hell, and your never-dying soul; but, if you listen to him, he will tell you by-and-by that it is “TOO LATE,” and then, perhaps, you will die in despair, having no kind Jesus to walk with you through the dark valley of the shadow of death—no kind angels to bear you away in triumph to the skies, to join in the songs of the redeemed in heaven, but your portion will be in that place of misery prepared for the devil and his angels.

Are you scorning truth divine ?
 Then no glorious hope is thine.
 Is this world enough for thee ?
 Then prepare for misery !
 Horror soon shall seize thine heart,
 When the Judge shall say—‘ Depart !’
 List ! we warn thee of thy dream ;
 Warn thee of thy fearful scheme.
 List ! the friendly warning take ;
 On the morrow thou mayst wake,
 Where all hope will ever fly,
 Where the worm shall never die.
 Come to Him who died to save,
 Rouse thee from thy moral grave ;
 Come and tread the path to heaven ;
 Seek—and find thy sins forgiven !

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

WHEN the lone spirit is crushed beneath an accumulated weight of sorrow, and the soul shrouded in darkness and gloom, what is more soothing than the sweet caressings of a

dear child? I have a little son who, for more than seven years, has cheered my pathway. Not long since we stood together by the open grave of our dearest earthly friend; in early manhood he had passed away, leaving us to mourn the loss of such a husband and father as few have to lose.

We left the dear spot, and sought the home where for years we had enjoyed uninterrupted happiness. I threw myself on a chair, and was giving full vent to my agonised spirit, when a pair of little arms were thrown around my neck, and a sweet voice whispered,—“Don’t cry, mother, father is better off than we are—we will be good, and very soon we will go too.” Oh! I thought, what a precious treasure is left me even now, and I thanked my heavenly Father that he had not left me comfortless. I not only had a child, but he was affectionate, and manifested a disposition to assuage my grief. True, as days passed, he said many things that thrilled my inmost soul, and gave freshness to the wound he vainly endeavoured to heal, making his very sympathy painful. But they were prompted by a spirit of affection, which made them a source of comfort to my desolate heart. I knew they were kindly said.

I shall not soon forget his words, as one day he imprinted a score of kisses on my tearful face, saying,—“We are altogether now, mother; I’ll take care of you, and love you just as well as father did!” I have always felt the importance of cultivating the kindly feelings of children, but never before realised the vast responsibility resting upon mothers, to cherish every generous emotion, every feeling of sympathy and tenderness. What a happy world would ours be, were love, kindness, benevolence, and pure philanthropy in full operation! And where can these Divine principles be more successfully disseminated than in the youthful mind? And who better adapted to foster and cherish such heavenly virtues than the mother? What would be the glorious results, if every child should be

taught to "do unto others as they would have others do unto them?" I would teach them "the art of thinking," and inspire in their young hearts the love of the beautiful. I would teach them to think how many tears they might dry — how many hearts they might make happy — how many little acts of kindness they might perform among their brothers and sisters, or towards their school-fellows and playmates. I would show them beauty in soothing and lessening the cares of a father and mother; or, if one had been left alone in this vale of tears, the magnanimity of cheering the lonely hours of the stricken one. I would show them beauty in kindly words and tones of love; in participating in the joys and sorrows of their little associates; in doing good to all, in loving all, and trying to throw sunshine on the pathway of all with whom they come in contact.

If children from their infancy are educated to feel, to love, to rightly appreciate earthly blessings, will they not be more inclined to love and seek after Him who is goodness itself, when they shall arrive at the years of accountability,—and will not the world be made better through their influence?—*Mother's Journal.*

EDUCATION.

THERE is probably little at the present moment that awakens greater gratitude in the hearts of pious persons, than the increasing interest felt for the instruction of the young. The term Education, in its widest sense, embraces all those influences that call forth character, whether at home or abroad, in the domestic circle, the school, or amid nature's lovely works. These influences may come from life, with its varied discipline; from books, or from the world. The infant comes to us without any positive character. Its mind is filled with the seeds of things. We

are its guardians. God has given us a double duty ; a duty which, if looked upon wisely, is a pleasure and a privilege. The young mind is placed under our care. As it grows into childhood its young powers put forth ; every shower, every cloudless day, bring some change to a field of grain ; so with the child, every word, every look, every passing occurrence, may produce some effect on the mind, however imperceptible to the eye ; but while all things bring their effect, there is none so great as that of mind upon mind. Thought can elicit thought ; love awaken love. Doubtless, the greatest responsibility rests upon the parents, but they are not alone responsible for the child's character. We are all more or less interested ; the brother, the sister, the teacher, the friend, is in some measure accountable, and might, with a little effort, do much good.

The true education is, doubtless, the religious one ; with it all other education is good, without it all is empty. The religious principle should be the first developed ; it should be the important object, for it will quicken the mental powers, check the passions, and keep that proper balance of character, without which a mind is ever liable to be misled. It may be asked, what is a religious education ? It is giving a just sense of duty ; a clear idea of the great purpose of life.

The Spartan mother with enthusiasm buckled the sword to the side of her son, and told him to come home with honour or be borne home dead. We want a like enthusiasm in the spiritual warfare. We wish to see a joy, a deep soul-felt delight, in the parent's heart, while with earnest prayer he directs and encourages his child, by God's blessing, to gird on the armour of salvation. And will not parents feel this ? I am persuaded they will, and then will they be to their children a burning and a shining light, and when they close their earthly existence, they will leave the memory of faithful parents as their richest legacy.

Let us, as guardians of these precious loans, be more

watchful, more diligent, more earnest for the welfare of their immortal souls, their moral conduct in life; not forgetting our Father in heaven, who will hear our prayers, and guide our little ones through the world. Let us not forget that they are children, nor chill them by expecting them to depart from the beautiful characteristics of their age. Love to see them happy, and teach them to love virtue and fear God, taking the example of Jesus, that their happiness may be complete.

“ And as the bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
So try each art, reprove each dull delay,
Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.”

HARRIET B.

MOTHER, CAN YOU ANSWER YOUR CHILD'S QUESTIONS?

A MOTHER was one day sitting by the window, busy with her needle, when the following incident occurred. Her little girl had for some time been reading her New Testament, when she came to a passage which appeared to engage her attention more than usually. After she had remained in deep thought for some minutes, she went to her mother with a countenance betraying great earnestness, and said, “ Mother, the Bible says, ‘ the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ Did those wicked men, who hung Jesus on the cross, catch his blood in a basin to wash themselves in, so that their great sin might be washed away?”

The mother could not answer her little girl's question. She did not know herself that grand yet simple scheme of man's salvation, whereby even those who crucified the Lord of Glory might have been pardoned and justified before a holy God. Mother! do your little ones ever put such questions to you? If so, are you obliged to say, “ I cannot

explain it?" How is this? Is it because you do not know anything of religious matters? Have you ever thought that to you are committed the souls of your children? Remember, that on the instruction and moral training you give depend, in a great degree, their happiness or misery in another world.

E. B. V.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

EXAMPLE.

One watch set right will do to set many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighbourhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

WHICH IS BEST?

. Which is best?—To build a light-house that shall save many vessels from being wrecked; or a life-boat that shall rescue a few wretches from the wrecks that occur for want of a light-house?

Which is best?—To prevent crime, or to punish it?

Which is best?—To train up a boy in the fear of God, or punish the man for breaking human laws?

BOOKS.

In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead.

THE RAILWAY PARTING.

"Farewell"—a word spoken only on *earth*.

That word of earth—"Farewell,"

The saddest and the last,

Heard in the funeral knell,

Imagined in the blast;

The heart is throbbing loud,

The tears, unbidden, flow,

The eye, through all the crowd,

Must watch the dear one go.

'Tis but a word of earth !
 Oh, thought divinely given,
Here it must hush all mirth,
 'Tis not heard in heaven !
Here dearest ones must part,
There they shall sever never—
 Heaven has no sad heart,
 Bright spirits love for ever.

MISERY.

The greatest of human misery may be reduced to two words—BROKEN PROMISES.

HABIT IN CHILDHOOD.

A pebble on the streamlet scant
 Has turned the course of many a river ;
 A dew-drop on the baby plant
 Has warped the giant oak for ever.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

“ Six things,” says Hamilton, “ are requisite to create a ‘ happy home.’ Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer ; it must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day ; while, over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.”

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Scripture Narratives in Verse. By S. CARPENTER. Ward & Co., Paternoster Row.

Just the book to please young minds and to impress Scripture narratives on the heart.

Scripture Teacher's Assistant. By HENRY ALTHANS. Butt, 60, Paternoster Row.

A very valuable help for Sabbath-school teachers and mothers of families.

Infanthood and Childhood. By J. DIXON. Houlston and Stoneman.

A cheap guide for young mothers, by a medical man.

HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.—No. II.

“Now, dear mother, as we are so quiet here, all by ourselves, do tell me some of the things I must do, when I go away from home to be a little servant.”

“Well, dear, as you have been an obedient child to your parents, I have reason to hope you have one quality which will make you liked and useful as a little servant. You must be obedient to your master and mistress, as you have been at home. Let me read to you a little bit from the Book which must ever be your guide, if you would be happy in life and in death. Look over here, and read with me, in Titus ii. 9, 10. *‘Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.’*” “Why, mother, the Bible teaches everything.” “Let us look again, Carrie, at Colossians iii., beginning at the 22nd verse. *‘Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God;’* and, again, in Ephesians vi. 5, 6. *‘Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.’*”

“What is eye-service, mother?” “Why, dear, not doing anything out of the sight of your mistress which you would not do if she were always close to you and looking upon you. Now, suppose you were a very good little daughter in my sight,—very clean, very industrious, very kind, and very particular. But suppose I went out to work for a day, and left you in charge of the house and the children; then you did not care to neglect your duties, speak unkindly to your brothers and sisters, and careless about the house, neglect-

ing to be neat and clean, and meddling with things that you ought not to touch, forgetting that the Great God is always near to see you and to hear you. This would be eye-service." "Oh, mother, I am sure I could never do so at home." "No, my child; but I trust you would never be an eye-servant in the home of strangers, for such characters are very hateful to God and to all good people."

"But, mother, how nice the Bible tells us about things; I hope I shall have time to read it, when I am in service."

"Yes, dear, and if you are very busy, I hope you will get up half an hour earlier than you are required, that you may find time to read it, and pray for strength to fulfil all your duties. Everybody can find time, if they choose, to read a portion of the Bible every day. Now listen, I will read to you a pretty tale again, from Mr. Sabine:—

"THE SHOP BOY.

"Our Willie's such a dapper lad,
He makes so nice a bow;
It would, indeed, be quite too bad,
To send him to the plough.

"A message if he has to take,
He's off with skip and hop;
A handy boy I'm sure he'd make,
In warehouse, store, or shop.

"And when he takes a parcel out,
Think you he stops to chat,
Or loiter, play, or stand about,
With Johnny this or that?

"No; if I ken the boy aright,
He's not the one to tarry,
Because he thinks he's out of sight,
When sent to bring or carry.

"At morn, he'd have the shutters down,
The floor and counter swept;
No window panes, in all the town,
Would be more brightly kept.

" At eve, he'd have the shutters up,
And see all safe and right,
Then with a lightsome heart he'd sup,
Sleep soundly through the night.

" I hope he'll get a master kind,
Good lads are such a treasure !
Then, Willie, I am sure you'll find,
If he but knows his master's mind,
None do it with more pleasure."

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. V.

" His eye is quick to observe—his memory storeth in secret."

SOME mothers may say, " I cannot train my children like those who are educated." Now, if you mean by this what you call " book-learning," the excuse is a poor one. A kind heart, tender feelings, good judgment and piety, are all necessary to the mother who would train her child aright, but " learning is not necessary." Only think, young mother, how much more you know of the human frame—of the ways of men—of the will of God—of this beautiful world you inhabit, than your tiny boy, who has only looked upon the world some three or four years. Try to make him understand something about everything he handles. For instance, when he is looking at his ball, make him see it is all round—round, all alike—no corners. Then point out the slate on which he makes marks—tell him Willie's slate is not round—it has one, two, three, four corners—it is square and flat. Then show him a penny—tell him it is round, but *flat* ; therefore unlike the ball.

These little things, which you seem always to have known, are all new to him. Why, only think, he came to you the other day as ignorant as the little lamb in the field yonder. Can you not talk to him about his nice bread and butter—" Who made the bread, Willie ?" " What did mother make it of ?" " Where did the grain come from, little boy ?" " Who made it grow in the

field?" "Where do we get butter, dear?" "Who made the fine great red cow, Willie?" "The same Glorious Being who made my little Willie's wonderful body. Yes, and He made a body for Himself once, and was put to sleep in a manger; and He loved little children, and He loves them now when they obey His commands. I hope my little boy will love 'Gentle Jesus;'—try to be like Him on earth, and then go up to live with Him in heaven." Teach him this pretty hymn, mother:—

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs to his fold—
 I should like to have been with him then.
 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 And I might have seen his kind look when he said,
 'Let the little ones come unto me.'

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above—
 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 'For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS; OR, THE MOTHER'S LAST EFFORT.

A boy belonging to a Sunday school in a country village was so vicious and unteachable, that it was thought necessary to expel him from the school. As he grew in years, his evil propensities strengthened, and he became exceedingly dissipated. At length he enlisted for a soldier, and went with his regiment into a foreign land, leaving a widowed mother to bewail the state of her only son.

After some time, a pious man, who had resided in the same village, and who was a sergeant in the same regiment, returned to pay his friends a visit; and, knowing both the mother and son, called on the widow to ask if he should convey any message to her soldier boy. He found her in deep affliction, and confined to her bed. On learning the object of the sergeant's visit, she told him she had only one boon to bestow, which she begged he would deliver to her son; and giving him a Bible, she requested that he would ask her wanderer, for the sake of his dying mother, "to read at least one verse a day."

As soon as the sergeant reached his destination, he sought the young soldier, and said to him, "I am the bearer of the last gift and the last wish of your mother." "What!" cried he, "is she dead?" "She was not, when I left England," replied the sergeant; "but I think she cannot have survived till now. Here," he continued, "is a Bible which your mother has sent you; and she had only one request to make of you,—that for her sake you would read at least one verse a day." "Oh, if it is only one verse," replied the hardened youth, "here goes." He opened the Bible—he looked—he paused—"Well," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance—the first verse that caught my eye was the *only* one I ever learned while I was in the Sunday school. It is, '*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*'" He began to ask the sergeant who "*ME*" was? The good man, like Philip of old, spoke to him of Jesus. From this period his conduct changed.

Some time after, the regiment was engaged in a fearful battle. When the conflict was over, the sergeant, walking over the field of blood, discovered his late pupil lying dead under a tree—his Bible was open at the passage he mentioned as having learned at school, and his head reposed upon its sacred pages, which were soaked through with his blood.

Mother! store your child's mind with the truth of God's book. Oh, let not your family live in ignorance of the Bible. Do you read it yourself? Is it your guide in every-day life? Are you training your dear ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and are you saying—is your husband saying, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord?" Ah, then, there is hope that you may all meet in heaven.

Sabbath-school teacher! take encouragement. "*In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.*" You may imagine that it is lost—that it is gone for ever—but it may be transplanted into some foreign country, and vegetate and grow and bring forth fruit there, but you may never see it till you reach the celestial plains. Then you may rejoice with some poor young soldier, taken to that blissful region from the battle-field; and the head, that died resting on the sacred pages of the Book of God, you may behold crowned with immortality. Cheer up—work on—it is our *sowing* time now. Our reaping time is not far distant.

THIRD SWARMING OF THE B'S.

"How dqtli the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour;
And gather honey, all the day,
From every opening flower."

SATURDAY afternoon, —, as Susan and her mother were sitting at needlework together, Susan said, "Oh! mother, how I long for Monday to come." "Why, my child?" "Why, because we shall then have another swarm of 'B's.' I have been counting so on it that I wish they would swarm this evening, and I half thought they might; for you know to-morrow is the Lord's day, and the last day of the month, so *The Mothers' Friend* ought

to be here this evening, I think. I hope the booksellers do not work on the Lord's day." "I am very glad, my child, that you so esteem the Lord's day; and, welcome as *The Mothers' Friend* is, as a monthly visitor, I hope we can wait a little, and enjoy and improve the Lord's day, and be the more ready to see our friend on the next day." "Yes, but I so want the B's to swarm again." "What! have you so imperfectly learnt the lesson '*B patient*'?" "Oh! dear mother, how sad to be so impatient; but I *do* long for the next swarm, because I learnt so much from these B's, and I hope I shan't forget to be patient. Mayn't I be patient, mother, and yet wish for more?" "Hear what the Apostle James says, my dear, '*Let patience have her perfect work.*' It is difficult for little girls to learn this lesson, and a few years of experience are, perhaps, necessary to make us really patient. We must learn this lesson by slow degrees; only mind, every day, to learn *a little* of it. When father comes home, by-and-by, we can, perhaps, ask him about the printers working on the Lord's day. I do not know much about that, *but* I think it is very likely that the printers of such books as *The Mothers' Friend* do not work *their* men on the Lord's day."

"Mother, here is father come home already. Father, how came you home so soon?" "Why, my dear, it is Saturday, and I always try to get my work done as soon as I can, that I may have a quiet Saturday evening, and to-day I was able to break off earlier than usual." "Oh! come," said Susan, "we shall have you with us then a long while now. I wish the B's would swarm now you are come home." "Well, to tell you all, that is one reason why I came home sooner, for I saw the lady, about an hour ago, who sends us *The Mothers' Friend*, and as the first of the month falls on a Monday, she had got her parcel to-day, and was making haste to send out the little visitor before the Lord's day; for she said she thought some people

might find a little more time on that day to read it.' "What, have you really got it, then, in your pocket?" "Yes, I have." "Let me see—let me see. Is there a swarm of B's this time?" "Yes, there is; and I have just read that page, which so went to my heart that I thought I would make it the matter of my meditation in preparation for to-morrow. Now, B patient, my child, and you shall hear all about it presently. Let me have tea first." The frugal meal was soon ready, and soon over, and down they sat, father, and mother, and Susan, to witness the third swarming of the B's.

"The B's that swarm this time are numerous, more than we had last time, and the class is what we may call *heart* B's." "Heart B's, father, what do you mean?" "I mean, my child, that they relate to the heart—to our feelings and affections mostly." "Which are they?" said the little inquiring girl, whose mind seemed to open to the beams of light. "Well, they are the following—B loving, B truthful, B true, B grateful, B hopeful, B liberal, B just, B penitent, B devoted, B faithful, B honest, B holy, B transparent, B pure, B dependent." "Oh! what a many. I know what some of them mean, but I don't know them all." Mother said, "I am afraid we have too long a lesson for a little girl this evening, and I think it would be well if father were to make a selection." "No," said the father, "I think we can manage it all, for some of them are very like to others, and I am sure they are all so easy that we shall not find them to be too many; and besides, if we don't make some speed, we shall not finish them all next month.

"Now, then, what is the first? 'B loving.' Ah! that will be, I think, the 'queen B.'" "What is that, father?" "Why, dear, bees are not only industrious, but they are very orderly and loyal. They acknowledge one to be superior; it is called the *queen* bee. Some are called *drones*; and the rest, working bees. The queen is treated

as a queen, and her laws and orders are attended to." "What, whether they be right or wrong?" "They are always right; for the irrational creation have what is called instinct, and mankind have reason. Reason is sometimes wrong, because man is a depraved creature; but instinct is certain: but this is a subject you will have more of, by-and-by. Let us keep to the B's. The queen bee is so important to the hive, that it is said, if she were to die, all the others would die. Well, we call love the queen B, because love is the spring and power which have most influence over us,—nothing moves us like love.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devil knows and trembles too,
But Satan cannot love.'

We shall do nothing effectually and happily, if we do not love it. Love is the first lesson which children should learn. It has been said that, during the first seven years of life, this should be mainly the daily lesson; and that if children are taught thus early to love their parents, to *love* the Bible, to *love* God, they will never depart from it. God will bless the heart that loves Him. Character is everything. Let character be based on love, and all the rest will follow. Obedience is very easy where love directs it, and success is sure.

"The next B's are several of them very much of the same character; as, B watchful, and B true. These are excellent B's. If a person does not speak the truth, no dependence can be placed upon him. Lying and falsehood are of the devil; but truth is of God. This great lesson I hope you will never forget. I have read a little story which will explain the value of truth to you. It is this:—A gentleman in America had a present made him of a valuable young tree. He had it planted in his garden; and one day, to his deep regret, he saw this stripling of a tree cut down. Inquiry was made as to who had done it; and little George, who

had been just before presented with a small hatchet, stepped forward and said, 'Pa, I can't tell a lie ; pa, I did it with my new hatchet.' 'You did it, my child?' said the astonished parent, 'and you tell me you *can't tell a lie*? Run into my arms, my boy, that fact is worth all the trees in my garden.'

"'B grateful.' Ah, how much reason we have to be grateful ; and to be grateful is to be happy. You can repeat these verses—

'Not more than others I deserve.'"

Susan instantly took up the theme, and repeated—

" 'Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more ;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.' "

"I wonder," said the mother, "that this hive of B's had not B happy,—for I am sure very much depends upon ourselves in that respect ; I think it is a duty to try to be happy."

"'B hopeful.' What should we do without hope?" said the father ; and the mother instantly drew from her store of sacred Scriptures. "What a blessing," said she, "is the 'good hope through grace ;' that is the hope that is the 'anchor both sure and steadfast.' "

"'B liberal ;' 'B just.' These are well put together. It is not being liberal to give away what is not your own ; but I like that B liberal should precede B just ; for it shows the right state of the heart ; and, if *right*, it *will* be *just*. To be just, we must also B faithful to ourselves, and to others, and to *God*. John Wesley's three maxims are very striking and appropriate. 'Get all you can ; save all you can ; give all you can.' That's true liberality." "'B honest,' may come in here," said the mother, "for the Scriptures say, 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another.' "

"'B penitent.' If we knew ourselves, this would mark

every day; for 'in many things we all offend.' Penitence will relieve the heart, and put us in the right position for pardon.

"'B devoted'—to God,—and to your objects in life; that is, be in earnest, do not trifle with your time or your privileges.

"'B holy,' and 'B pure.' We can aim to be so, but God the Holy Spirit *alone* can *make* us so; but if we *desire* it, He will do it.

"'B transparent;' open, candid, generous; that is, let there be no duplicity, no deception; *deserve* the confidence of others, and you will have it.

"'B dependent;' that is, feel that you are; for we are all dependent on God, 'for life, and breath, and all things.'

"Now we must have done for this time. Good night."

GAIUS.

A LETTER FOR THE TIMES.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have thought that, in the present state of the public mind, the following solemn letter, written by a nobleman on his death-bed to an intimate friend, might be useful. If you are of the same opinion, and will give it a place in the next number of *The Mothers' Friend*, you will oblige

M. B.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of the whole earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the unchangeable sentence will be passed, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read these lines, I shall be groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in the fulness of joy.

"It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I am struggling with; no

words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions; every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for the faint gleams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended over the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important result. Good God! how have I employed myself! What enchantment has held me! In what delirium has my life been past! What have I been doing? While the sun in his race, and the stars in their courses have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition. I never awakened till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being! Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of everything in nature. I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams—I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind! I look back on my past life, and, but for the memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank! a perfect vacancy! I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitant of the woods to much better purpose than any for which I have lived; and, oh! but for the faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty fiat, nor waked into life at His command! I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I had to act till now! I have often met death insultingly on the hostile plain, and, with a stupid boast, defied his terrors, with a courage as brutal as that of the horse on which I rode. I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor of the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned—

‘Where all my secret guilt had been revealed,
Nor the minutest circumstance concealed.’

“ It is this which arms death with all its terror, else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my breath—it is not the thought of being for ever insensible at which I shrink—it is the terrible hereafter—the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil ; those great realities which, in the hours of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms and idle dreams of superstitious beings—these start forth and stare at me in their most terrible demonstration ; my awakened conscience feels something of the eternal vengeance I have often defied. To what heights of folly it is possible for human nature to reach ! What extravagance it is to jest with death ; to laugh at damnation ; to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of eternal misery ; were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a harlequin, or the rehearsal of a farce ! Everything in nature seems to reprove the levity in human creatures ; the whole creation, man excepted, is serious ; man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite importance depending on this short, uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace, go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go, with such a thoughtless gaiety, to their graves !

•

“ Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recollect those hours of vanity we have wasted together ; return, ye lost, neglected moments ; how would I prize you above eastern treasures ! Let me dwell with hermits, let me rest on the cold earth, may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness. Ye vain grandeurs of a court, ye sounding titles and perishing riches, what do ye now signify ? What consolation, what relief, can ye now give me ? I have a splendid passage to the grave ! I lie in state, and languish under a gilded canopy ! I am expiring

on a soft and downy pillow, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependents sigh ; my sisters weep ; my father bends under a load of years and grief ; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish ; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief ; but oh ! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal ? Which of these will bail me from the arrest of death ? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me ? Here they all leave me, after paying a few idle ceremonials to the breathless clay, which, perhaps, may be laid in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, stands trembling before my Judge. My afflicted friends will, probably, with great solemnity, lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with

‘ Here lies the great.’

But could the pale corpse speak, it would soon reply,—

‘ False marble, where ?’

Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here. While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may, perhaps, be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal, where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy.* But I cast myself on His absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear friend, till we meet in the world of spirits.”

AN EARLY BLOSSOM.

A TRUE CIRCUMSTANCE.

QUICK, to his well-loved Sunday School,
Each Sabbath morn he passed ;
A child of almost infant form,
Amid the youngest classed.

* The spirit—the immortal spirit—will be in heaven or hell before the body is in the grave.—ED.

No sign of listless weariness
 That baby-visage showed ;
 But earnest thoughts of things unseen,
 'Mid happy radiance glowed.

The story of a Saviour's love,
 In gentle tones rehearsed,
 Had power to win that infant heart,
 In meaner lore unversed.

The spring came on—the gardens full
 Of buds, for summer bloom ;
 But that fair season gathered him,
 Soon ripened !—to the tomb.

One precious book, a Bible new,
 His tiny fingers guard ;
 The fruit of early industry,
 A Sabbath-school reward.

His last bright Sabbath-day appeared,
 Less brightly gleamed his eye ;
 “ Oh, mother dear,” he whispered soft,
 “ I feel that I shall die.”

“ I'll pray to Jesus—ah !—I can't,
 But will you pray for me ?”
 She knelt—and while the incense rose,
 His spirit was set free.

F. G.

FAMILY WORSHIP; OR, THE EARLY CALL.

Not long ago I had occasion to call on a friend—my business was of such a nature and of such importance that it had given an impetus to family affairs, so that I had unconsciously gained an hour. I rose from the family altar, put on my bonnet and cloak, and set out in haste in pursuit of my object. I felt that it was early, but I knew that I should not be met with the cold and repulsive indifference of “ *Not at home*,” or the mistress of the house “ *engaged*.” The spirit of my friend was more in unison with the gentleman's who was heard to say, that he

"always considered a rap at his door as a call from Providence."

As I approached the threshold of my friend's mansion, I thought I heard music, like the strains of hearts and voices commingling under the elevating influences of a present Deity. I gave a gentle tap at the door. It was opened by a young woman, whose solemn countenance so impressed my own feelings that I walked silently into an apartment, the door of which she cautiously opened for my entrance, without either of us having spoken. The master of the house, as I entered, politely welcomed me by a silent bow, at the same time motioning with his hand that I should take an unoccupied seat. On observing a numerous family seated around, I suspected at once that they had just entered upon their family devotions, and that the music I had heard was the commencement of a morning song of praise. I cannot do justice to the scene, or convey my own impressions, without transcribing the song itself which this family choir continued to chant forth :—

•
"Time is winging us away
To an eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blossoming beauty lose its charms,
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

•
"Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb—
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love."

The sentiments expressed in this sacred song reminded me that this was probably my farewell call to my friends,

as they were just about to remove far away. My heart was sad, in view of our anticipated parting—the silent tear stole down my cheek; but it was not till all were prostrated in the act of solemn worship, that my feelings were relieved by a flood of tears. As we rose, I unconsciously exclaimed, “If the communion of saints on earth is so sweet, what will it be above!” One such example as this has, in some cases, produced a greater effect than a hundred sermons. I well remember some instances of this kind.

Some years since, an old officer, tottering under the accumulated hardships of eighty years, had settled down in a state of confirmed infidelity. His wife, the partner of his early days, had made him the subject of her *special* prayers for forty years. He had regularly attended church, till at length he heard something in a sermon from his minister which he thought personal, and from that time he deserted the house of God. This was exceedingly distressing to his good wife. One morning she was taken suddenly ill—the old man went in haste to ask the minister’s wife to make her a visit, for he was truly an affectionate husband. The good divine was just commencing family prayer—the scene so impressed this old veteran that it was the means of his becoming a humble believer in Jesus; and thus, too, the wife’s prayers were answered.

There is not a scene on earth more interesting than a family bending before the God of Heaven—a collection of dependent beings, with tender feelings, with lively sympathies, with common hopes, fears, and joys, blending their bliss and their woes together, and presenting them all to the King of kings, and the Father of all the families of mankind. How venerated is that father who thus ministers at the family altar! The earth, amidst its desolateness, contains no spot on which angels gaze with more delight, than on the collected group where the eye and the

heart of the father is raised to heaven, and the voice of praise and prayer commends the household worshippers to the protecting care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps; and not till eternity dawns upon us, shall we know the rich blessings which have descended from heaven in answer to the prayers offered in faith at family worship.

A PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

“Trust not thy soul upon a fancy;—who would freight a bubble with a diamond,
And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of a cataract?”

JOSEPHINE was a branch of a pious family. Some of her ancestors had suffered martyrdom for the sake of a good conscience. She had been religiously educated by her excellent parents, who, with several of their daughters and two valued servants, were all professing Christians. Her education afforded many advantages; almost every branch of knowledge was made to enter her mind in some way or other associated with religion. She had studied the history of her own country, and glanced at that of the world, regarding the state of religion under every new event, and watching its consequences in that respect, as forming the chief interest in the history. Religious topics became her element, and her remarks evinced the correctness of her judgment and the vigour of her understanding. She was frequently the life of the social circle around her parents' fire-side, which was often entertained and edified by her novel, yet appropriate and striking application of religious subjects to the current subject of conversation. Connected with all this, her habits were those of the rest of this happy household, as to the retirement of the closet, family devotion, and the public exercises of religion. Her friends wondered at one only exception;—she did not attend with them at the Lord's table. Every one regarded her as an

ornament to religion, and many ineffectual endeavours had been made to induce her to join them at this sacred place.

In one year, Josephine lost both her parents! They died in the enjoyment of a hope full of immortality, leaving a solemn charge to each of their children to follow them as far as they had followed Christ. The removal of such parents must have been severely felt by such a family. They had put off their mourning, and Josephine had nearly regained her accustomed vivacity, when she was taken ill. A neighbouring minister was sent for; and, at the time of his visit, she was thought past recovery. He had been very intimate with the family, and now came at her own request; he therefore with mingled emotions pursued the path that led to the dying Josephine. He went prepared to see a Christian die! He anticipated the awful solemnity of a momentary station on the privileged spot just on the verge of heaven.

With those feelings he was conducted to the sick chamber, and approached the bed in expectation of beholding a countenance smiling in death—of hearing a voice which would bespeak the exercises of a strong mind encountering the last enemy under a well-grounded confidence of victory through the blood of the Lamb. What was his astonishment, on drawing aside the curtain, to behold those features, accustomed to speak in every lineament, clothed in all the horrors of mental agony! Bidding him sit down, and ascertaining there were no witnesses, she addressed him in nearly the following words:—"I am glad you are come; I cannot bear to go out of the world a deceiver, but I am unable to tell the sad secret of my heart to those around me. It would be too much for them to hear or me to bear. Ah! what have I to undergo! I must be short, and therefore will be plain. I am not the character my friends have supposed me! I am not religious!—Do not interrupt me. I have *talked* about religion; my passions have often felt the powers of the world to come, and my imagination roved at large among things unseen; but, amidst all, my heart

has never loved religion as a personal thing! I have never concerned myself about it for myself; and now I must die, and die without any of its prospects, and be for ever shut out from any of its enjoyments!"

She paused a moment. The minister began to observe that life is the season of hope; and, admitting all she had said to be true, still the Saviour is saying, "*Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;*" and He is entitled to credit. But Josephine cut him short by observing, "The vigour of my youth and the strength of my intellect I have wasted in living to myself. I never cared for the Divine approbation, and God is justly my adversary. Cast down as I am, I cannot go to petition for mercy, for which I can plead no services, nor live to show any gratitude. I know already what you would say to these sentiments. You would hold out mercy as yet attainable. But my heart revolts at it. Heaven would be no heaven to me, upon the terms on which I only can enter it. I have been a worthless idler, and cannot endure to accept the reward of a faithful servant!"

Surprised as the man of God was, he endeavoured to enforce the necessity of renouncing such sentiments, and was urging that, though late, she might find acceptance, when Josephine interrupted him with energy, saying,— "No, Sir—spare me—spare yourself;—my character is finished! What I am, that I shall be for ever!!! The tree is even now falling—it is too late to direct the point towards which it shall be extended!" The medical man then came in. The minister soon after took his leave, intending to renew his visit; but in the morning he heard that the unhappy Josephine had expired in the night.

Dear young friends, would *you* die thus? Would you share in the horror of the dying agony of the clever, careless, and unhappy Josephine? Remember who has said, "*Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.*" "*Be not deceived.*" Be in earnest. Be wise. Be true. "*God is not mocked.*"

TO-MORROW.

“To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh which a traveller never reacheth!”

ENSCONCED in the comfortable chair of a railway carriage, we were startled from our reverie by a dark form covering the window, and the loud shrill voice of a newspaper-boy most pressingly entreating us to make a purchase. A gentleman from France, who sat opposite, with all the politeness of his countrymen, said, “No, no!” taking the trouble of settling the matter on himself. The boy, however, was not so soon silenced, and after trying the gentleman’s patience yet a little longer, he was roused to speak more decidedly, and, suiting the action to the word, said, “To-morrow!” or rather, in his broken English, “Two-moo-roo, boy—two-moo-roo!” The boy looked amazed and incredulous, feeling, doubtless, that the traveller’s “to-morrow” would not yield the price of a paper to him; so he left us to our musings. Having just heard of three accidents, we naturally enough asked the question, “Will the ‘to-morrow’ ever come to us? Shall we see ‘to-morrow’s’ light on earth?”

Mother! have you never had a misgiving as to the “to-morrow” of your life?—the to-morrow of your dear children? As you stood by the dying bed of your prodigal boy, did you not with anguish ask, “If he dies to-night, where will be *his* to-morrow?” As you closed the loving eyes of your expiring babe, did you wish him joy of *his* to-morrow? * “Ah,” you exclaimed, “my darling is gone to live in a bright world where time is unmeasured!”

As we journeyed on, our minds were led to a sad tale of “to-morrow,” told by Mrs. Sigourney, when in England.

“Once as the swift coach
Stopped at its destined goal, an ancient dame
Came from a neighbouring cottage with such speed
As hoary years could make, and earnestly

Scanning each passenger with hurried tone,
Demanded—'Is he come?'

'No; not to-day;

TO-MORROW,'—was the answer.

So back she turned,
Lifting her shrivelled finger with a look
Half-credulous—half-sorrowing, and still
Repeating, '*Aye, to-morrow*,' homeward went.—
'Tis a sad tale. She and her husband led
A life of humble and of honest toil,
Content though poor. One only son they had,
Healthful and bright; and to their eyes he seemed
Exceeding fair. The father was a man
Austere and passionate, and loved his boy,
As fathers often do, with such a pride,
That could not bear the humbling of his faults,
Nor the slow toil to mend them. When he grew
To a tall lad, the mother's readier tact
Discerned that change of character which meets
With chafing thought the yoke of discipline,
And humoured it—but to the sire he seemed
Still as a child, and so he treated him.

"When eighteen summers threw a ripening tinge
O'er his bold brow, the father, at some fault,
Born more of carelessness than turpitude,
In anger struck him—bidding him go forth
From his own door. The youth, who shared too well
The fiery temper of his father's blood,
Vowed to return no more.

"The mother wept,
And wildly prayed her husband to forgive,
And call him back. But he, with aspect stern,
Bade her be still, and harshly said the boy
Was by her folly and indulgence spoiled
Beyond redemption. So she meekly took
The tear and prayer into her silent soul,
And waited till the passion-storm should slack,
And die away. It was a night of woe;
But midst its agony she blest her God,
That, after hours of tossing, quiet sleep
Stole o'er the wrathful man. With the fresh morn
Relentings came, and that ill-smothered pang

With which an unrul'd spirit bears its shame.
 And then he bade the woman seek her son—
 And forth she went. Alas ! it was too late.
 He was a listed soldier, for a land
 Beyond the seas—nor would their little all
 Suffice to buy him back.

“ ’Twere long to tell

How loneliness, remorse, and sorrow took
 Their Shylock payment for that passion-gust ;
 And how the father, when his hour was come,
 Said, with his pale-pale lips and hollow voice,
 ‘ Would that our boy was here ! ’—and how the wife,
 In her kind ministrations round his bed,
 And in her widowed mourning, murmured still
 His dying words, ‘ Would that our boy was here ! ’

“ Years sped, and oft her soldier’s letters came,
 Replete with filial love and penitence,
 For his rash words. But then the mother’s ear
 Was tortured by the tidings that he lay
 Wounded and sick in foreign hospitals.
 A line traced faintly by his own dear hand
 Relieved her anguish. He was ordered home
 Among the invalids. Joy long unknown
 Sat on her brow. Again to hear his voice—
 To gaze into his eyes—to part the hair
 O’er his clear forehead—to prepare his food,
 And nurse his feebleness—she asked no more.
 And to his childhood’s long-forsaken bed
 Put forth its snowy pillow ; and with care,
 She hung a curtain of flowered muslin o’er
 The little casement where he used to love
 To sit and read. The cushioned chair that cheered
 The father’s days of sickness should be his ;
 And on the favourite table by its side,
 The hour-glass with its ever-changing sands,
 Which pleased him when a boy.

“ The morning came,—

Slow sped the hours. She heaped the cheerful fire
 In the small grate, and ere the coach arrived,
 Stood with a throbbing heart expectant there.
 ‘ Is Willy come ? ’ Each traveller, intent

On his own business, made her no reply.

'Coachman ! is Willy here ?'

'No—no, he's dead !

Good woman ! dead and buried near the coast,

Three days ago !'

But when a stranger marked

How the strong lines of speechless misery

Changed every feature, he in pity said,

'Perhaps he'll come *to-morrow* !'

"Home she turned,

Struck to the heart, and wept the livelong night,

Insensible to comfort ; and to those

Who came in kind compassion to her side

Answering nothing.

But when day restored

The hour of expectation, with strange zeal

She rose and dressed, and cast her mantle on ;

And as the coachman checked his foaming steeds,

Stood closely by his side. 'Is Willy here ?'

'Has Willy come ?' While he, by pity schooled,

Answered—'To-morrow !'

"And thus years have fled,

And though her step grows weaker, and the locks

Thinner and whiter on her furrowed brow,

Yet duly, when the shrill horn o'er the hills

Announceth the approaching passenger,

She hurries forth with wild and wasted eye,

To speak her only question, and receive

The same reply—'To-morrow !'

"And on that

Poor single fragment doth her yearning heart

Feed and survive. When tottering reason sank

Beneath the shock of grief, *maternal love*

Caught the one word of hope, and held it high ;

And grappling to it like a broken raft,

Still breasts the shoreless ocean of despair."

Alas ! how many a stricken heart will sigh over the wrecks made *this year* ! Many a tale of sorrow and bereavement are our hearts pondering. Not many weeks since, a lovely family were presented to the fond gaze of a

missionary brother, and one among the interesting group stood forth more bright and fair than the rest. A few days passed, and that little loved one had glided into the spirit-land, and the tenement of clay was pale and motionless, arrayed in the garniture of the grave. A sad "to-morrow" came to that home of love! Such is life! Mother! are you thinking anxiously of the New Year's "to-morrow?" What shall it be? Ah, try not to lift the veil—to turn over the hidden page. Live to-day, instruct and guide your household to-day, commending yourself and your dear ones to Him who can make you happy in time or eternity—TO-MORROW.

DEATH IN EARLY MORNING.

Few things appear so very beautiful as an infant child in its shroud—the little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding among the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred—no hypocrisy—no suspicion—no care for the morrow—ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it. The yearnings of love, indeed, may not be stifled, for the prattle and smiles, and the little world of thoughts that delighted the parents' hearts are gone for ever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the little voyager. It has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of Him who said—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A mother, one night, was watching her dying babe, when these words were deeply impressed on her heart—"Let me go, for the day breaketh." At early dawn her little one died.

Silent and sad the mother stood,
 Watching her infant's sleep,
 Fearing his eyelids soon would close
 In slumbers yet more deep.
 She turned her from his couch awhile,
 To watch the moon's pale ray—
 "My babe," she said, "will hence depart
 Just at the break of day!"

A voice had spoken to her heart,
 In angel-whispers low,
 Saying, "Behold! the morning breaks,
 Dear mother, let me go!
 My night of sorrow hath been short,
 But though thine own may be
 A longer one—yet, wait awhile,
 And *morn will break for thee!*"

The mother watched the first bright ray
 That broke the darksome night;
 She watched *alone*—her darling dwelt
 In everlasting light!

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THOSE WHO HELP US.

THE MOTHERLESS COMFORTED.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR EDITOR,—It was shortly after the angel of death had closed the eyes of my beloved mother, that I first saw your valuable Magazine. When the words "*Mothers' Friend*" met my eye, the word *mother* never seemed so lovely. It was like magic to my sad heart; and I thought, if it is the *mother's* friend it is the *child's* friend, and I will buy it. I told my resolution to a number of my companions, and we ordered several. For three years we have continued to take them, and often when my spirit has been bowed down, and my heart sad, and when, if I had had a dear mother living, I should have poured my grief into her ear, "*The Mothers' Friend*" has been a balm to my heart. In reading its pages I have found some kind mother's pen willing to fill up the place of my lost mother, and willing to sympathise with me and give me advice. I may never know any of these kind friends on earth, but I think you

will be reminded of it when the "book of remembrance" is opened, and you have been found giving more than a cup of cold water or a morsel of food to some lambs of the flock. What joy will it afford you, dear mothers, to find the seed you have sown on the streams of time growing up into fruit in eternity, where all you now do will be registered. Be encouraged to go on, and may the Lord bless you and your work.

C. O. P. L.

HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.—No. III.

"WELL, mother, I was thinking about all you read and told me, after I went to bed last night; I never thought the Bible told us everything like it does; it tells us all about this life, as well as about heaven and hell." "Yes, Carrie, you may always find a guide in that precious book, to help you in your every-day duties, as well as to teach you the path to heaven. There is no book like it in the world; and no wonder, for the words are the words of God to His sinful creatures, and blessed are those who know and believe its glorious truths and live by them."

"You were telling me about obedience, mother—what comes next?" "Well, dear, then, in order to be obedient, you must try to remember what you are told to do. It will not do to neglect your duties, and then say you forgot them; your mistress will be afraid to confide in you another time." "Ah, I do mind, mother, now, how sorry I was about Mrs. More, when I forgot to tell her the lady wanted to see her, and she lost the washing; I see I must try to get a good memory."

"Yes, my Carrie, and again, you must always tell the truth, as I have reason to believe you do now; but when you are away from your mother, and forget anything you ought to have remembered, or if you do anything wrong, fear may tempt you to equivocate, if not really to tell a lie. This would be a sore grief to me and to your father, and in order to impress this on your mind, my child, I will

read, in Deuteronomy xxxii. 4, what God is—‘A God of truth, without iniquity, just and right is He.’ Now, of course, it must follow that our heavenly Father must hate lying lips, since He is a God of *truth*; and if you turn to Proverbs xii. and 22, you will read, ‘Lying lips are abomination to the Lord;’ and in chap. xix. and verse 5, you read that ‘He that speaketh lies shall not escape;’ and in verse 9, ‘He that speaketh lies shall perish;’ and if you turn to Revelation xxi. 8, God says—‘All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death;’ and in the 27th verse you will see that whoever maketh a lie shall have no place in the glorious city where the God of truth and truth-loving people shall dwell together for ever.” “Why, mother, it quite frightens me; I do wonder people are not afraid to tell lies with all that in the Bible!” “Ah, ’tis a wonder, as you say, Carrie; but then, you see, our hearts are so deceitful and wicked, and Satan, who was called by the Saviour the ‘father of lies,’ helps us on to do things contrary to God’s Word; but one thing I want you to bear in mind, that whatever you *say or do, intending to deceive*, is a lie in the sight of heaven.” “Oh, thank you, mother; now I will just run up for Ben’s petticoat, to sew a button on, and then you will read the poetry you promised.” “Yes; here it is.”

“THE LITTLE MAID OF ALL WORK.

“I should like to be useful wherever I go;
I’m so glad I have learned both to knit and to sew;
I can read and can write, and if I have strength,
I feel sure I shall make a good servant at length.

“I am willing to work, and I love to be taught,
How to do all my duties and tasks as I ought.
How thankful, how grateful, I am for my school!
I might have been left without teaching or rule.

“But God, who has been my Protector and Guide,
Who has hitherto kept me, I know will provide

A place for his child, who is willing to learn,
And anxious her food and her clothing to earn.

“ I am sure I should serve, with the readiest mind,
A master and mistress, if patient and kind ;
But still, if austere, I would strive to obey,
And the meekness of Jesus, my pattern, display.

“ When I rise in the morning I'll ask for His aid—
When I lie down at night, what shall make me afraid ?
There's an eye will watch over me all the year through,
'Tis the eye of my Saviour—' the faithful and true ! ' ”

“ NOT QUITE ALONE, PAPA.”

To the Editor of “The Mothers' Friend.”

DEAR MADAM,—I very much value your excellent periodical, and have endeavoured to recommend it *everywhere*, for I consider it not only the Mother's but also the *Father's* friend. I cannot refrain from relating a circumstance, which, if you think it worth insertion in your next number, will, I trust, encourage many parents who are interested in the spiritual welfare of their offspring.

My dear wife and children were recently going out to spend the evening with a friend ; when leaving the room, I observed, —“ Well, so you are *all* going off, and poor Papa will be left quite alone.” My youngest child (an interesting girl of four years) immediately came running up to me, and, with her eyes beaming brightly, exclaimed—“ Not *quite alone*, Papa—remember that God will be with you.” I felt the consoling rebuke, and also felt it a beautiful illustration of the sentiment I have endeavoured to impress on their minds, that God is *everywhere* present, and sees and knows all that they do. Surely, “out of the mouth of babes and sucklings He hath ordained praise.”

Trusting that He who was pleased to look on children with holy affection, and publicly *bless* them, will bless your efforts for the spiritual improvement of both parents and their offspring,

I remain, dear Madam,

Yours, in Christian esteem,

A FATHER.

FINAL SWARM OF B's.

DECEMBER 1st.—“These long evenings suit us nicely,” said Susan’s father; “they give us opportunity to study the B’s, and a very instructive lesson it is to study. Here, Susan, I have brought home a piece of honeycomb, to show you what these industrious little creatures do. Look at these little holes—how exactly they are made; what saving of space—there is no waste—this shape will, undoubtedly, give more useful room than any other shape would. The square, or the triangle, or the round, would not be so economical.” “Why, father,” exclaimed Susan, “do we not have our houses and rooms built so, if this be the best form?” “Building houses,” replied her father, “is a matter of taste, more than of economy of space; but if the rooms of a house were the shape of these cells, they would not be so convenient for us as these cells are for bees. But we must not talk about house-building now. Observe what wonderful perseverance these little creatures must have—how regular every part—how exact the partitions—how complete!

‘How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax;
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.’

The swarm to-day we shall call the intellectual B’s. ‘B wise—B studious—B thoughtful.’ These three may help one another. Thought and study will tend to make a man wise. But, oh! how few people really think, or think deeply or seriously about anything! Thought brings thought, and thinking closely will fetch new ideas, and extend our capacity for knowledge. Wisdom, however, is more than knowledge; wisdom is the right use of knowledge. Every learned man is not a wise man.” “Let me put in my word, father,” said the listening mother. “The Bible says, *‘The fear of the Lord, that is*

wisdom ; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'" "I wish I may be wise, father," said little Susan. "Well, my dear, your mother's text tells the true way to be wise. Follow that out, and you will be wise and happy."

Susan's gravity and seriousness almost made her father think that she was being discouraged ; but, presently, her cheerful smile indicated that she was only thoughtful, and she knew not how to express what she felt, or she would have said, "How wise the Scriptures are! Mother always finds all she wants there." Her heart was full, and she could only say, "I wish I knew the Bible as well as mother does."

"Let us have three more B's. 'B cautious—B prudent—B careful who you trust.' It is a sad thing," said Susan's father, "that we must be cautious of one another, and sometimes almost suspicious. It is a painful lesson to learn, but we must learn it, or, perhaps, be ruined. Caution is necessary, too, against our own thoughts, for they are often evil. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—who can know it?' To be prudent is to be wise, and to have your materials ready before you begin any undertaking. Have money in hand before you spend it. Those who spend it before they have it, have often double work to do to make it up afterwards." "There is a text on this subject, Susan," observed the mother, "which you can read by-and-by—you will find it in Luke xiv. 28—30."

"Now we have next three carefals—'Be careful of conduct, of money, and of time.' The Scripture precept as to our conduct is, '*Be circumspect*:' that is, look before you—ponder the path of your feet. Careful of money—your own and other people's ; do not squander it or waste it, or use it for improper purposes. Careful of time—time is a precious treasure, often wasted. There is an old saying which applies to time and money too :—'Take care of the moments, hours will take care of themselves ;' so, 'Take

care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves.'

"The last two B's are, 'B sound in the faith, and B firm.' This means, make the Bible your guide, and be fixed to your purpose. Do not make up your mind hastily, but when you have decided, then act. The thing next to decision, with a decided character, is action. I think, Susan, we have looked at all the B's of this hive, and they are worth hiving."

"But, father," said Susan, "what does that Scripture mean which I thought of as you looked at the B careful? It says, '*Be careful for nothing.*' And another, '*Take no thought of what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or put on.*'" "These Scriptures, my dear, mean, that while we do everything that duty requires of us, we are not to be anxious about any of these things—not to take upon ourselves the *care* of them. God, in His providence, will give us what we ask and seek for in the way of duty. We must trust Him for success when we have done what we could, and He will care for us.

"Now, having finished the swarming of the B's, let us be thankful for the instruction we have had, and hope for more next year."

GAIUS.

THE TEACHER AND HER LITTLE PUPIL.

"But, oh! will my mother be there?"

HAVING been employed for many years in the instruction of the infant mind, I have found it a pleasing duty to lead these dear little ones to think of God in all they see and do; and I have often found, as age advances, that they have been influenced by the great truth, "Thou, God, seest me." I have very often been encouraged by their remarks and their interest in spiritual things, and I have seen some of my charge called away from earth, trusting in Jesus, at a very early age. Not long ago, I was prevented by illness from seeing

them, and when I did return to them my weakness attracted their attention, but particularly that of a dear boy, about four years of age, a little motherless fellow. One day we had the following conversation :—" I am sorry, teacher, to see you so ill, but I can tell you how to get well soon. Pray to God, teacher, and I will pray, too, for you!" " But how do you know, my little boy, that I shall get better then?" " Why, teacher, you have often told us that praying is asking God for what we want. You said, God would hear us if we really wanted what we asked Him for, and meant what we said. Now, I found this out to be true when I was in London, at my grandmother's." " How so, my little man?" " Why, you see, she was very ill, and I told her all about it; she said, ' My dear, I know how good God is. I often pray to Him, and if it is good for me, I know He can make me well again.' Well, so aunt, and I, and grandmother used to pray to God; and, do you know, she is quite well now! Well, teacher, I often wondered my mother did not get better; and when I thought, I remembered she never prayed to God, or taught me to pray. Oh, if she had, perhaps I might have had a mother now! I will always ask God for what I want; and when I grow up, like you, I will tell everybody to do so too. I hope you will pray, and I know you will soon get well, and be able to tell us more about God and heaven. Do you think, teacher, when I die, if I love God, I shall go to that happy place and see you and grandmother there? O yes, I know I shall, for all who love Him will be there. You both love God; but, oh! WILL MY MOTHER BE THERE? Grandmother told me that when my poor mother was a little girl she had no kind friend to teach her how Jesus loves little children. All her friends thought more of her dress and dancing, and making her look pretty, but not one told her to pray. Oh! how I wish she would live again! I would ask her to come to school with me."

M. M.

[Teachers! be encouraged to lead your young charge to the cross! Mothers! will your little boy have to "remember that you never prayed?" Better begin at once.—Ed.]

THE YOUNG MAN AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—As a constant reader of your valuable Magazine, I introduce to your notice a circumstance that lately happened.

Yours truly,

J. W.

One Sabbath morning I accompanied a young friend to his accustomed place of worship, some distance from my home. Arriving some time before the service, we walked round the churchyard, and among a number of graves my young friend pointed out several of his own relatives. At length, he stood and gazed earnestly on one, saying—"This is my dear mother's grave! I have had a stone placed over it, and I have given the sexton a solemn charge to take care of it!"

The mother of this young man died when he was only a few days old, and he is now twenty-six years of age; yet he talks of his mother as though she had died a week ago. How is this? Ah, the secret is, that he had a praying mother, and as soon as he could walk he was taken to her grave by his grandmother and aunt, and there was told of her character and love, and of the home above to which she was gone! Would that young men valued, more than they do, a mother's love and prayers!

[Mothers! be encouraged. Your son may stand some day on your grave, and recount to others, with a feeling heart and weeping eyes, your love and tenderness and prayers for him. Thus may you allure him to the home of the blessed, and rejoice with him in the golden streets of the celestial city.—Ed.]

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. III.

DEAR friends, I have this month two exercises to propose, very similar to each other. The first is, for the dear children to find out all the names and figures by which God is spoken of in Scripture. This will be very easy; a young child will soon remember a great many, and older ones will find sixty or a hundred without any difficulty. For the little ones a simple list, without any order or reference to chapter and verse, will be quite sufficient; thus — *Rock—Shepherd—King—High Priest, &c.* The elder children may like to put the chapter and verse, or sketch on the slate a rock, a shepherd, &c. Another of our lists was divided very neatly into three compartments, and the different passages relating to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, placed separately. Two or three other exercises naturally follow this one; as, for example, find out *all* the passages in which God is spoken of as a Rock, Shepherd, &c. Do teach your little ones Watts's beautiful hymn, which begins—

“Join all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.”

We now come to our second subject,—the names and figures used in the Bible for the *people of God*—*Sheep—Wise Virgins—Jewels, &c., &c.*

And now, Christian mothers! I have a few words for you. Your children will not be the only gainers by these exercises, if you forget not to pray over them. Surely, you cannot dwell on all the names by which God—even your Father God—has revealed Himself, without your love to Him being increased, and your weakness (in some degree at least) turned into strength. Surely, you cannot ponder all the blessed titles He has given you, and sink

disheartened under the pressure of duty or trial. May you thus be led to pray and strive to be more and more worthy of the names God has given you. May you trust in your Father like a confiding child—abide in the true Vine like a living branch ; and since He has chosen you for His jewels—His peculiar treasure—may you be separated from the world, and be holy, even as He is holy.

To those mothers who profess to believe that it matters not how much they may neglect the religious training of their children, because God will save them or not, as He may choose—for such, I have but a very few words. Your children will not have to thank you—should they reach the world of glory—for any help on their way thither. *Perhaps* God may bring them there without your instrumentality—*perhaps* he may *not* ! But there is, to my mind, another and a fearful “*perhaps*” in the question—*perhaps*, after all, if they reach the heavenly world, they may look in vain for you ! If you are so careless about the salvation of your children, it is not likely that you should be in earnest about your own. Unconverted mother!—my heart thrills with sorrow as I write the words—Unconverted mother ! do not turn away from these exercises and say—“They are not for me.” Do go through them with your little ones, and see whether, when you think of all the glorious privileges which belong to the children of God, you do not earnestly desire to be among them. I do hope it will be so—that you will feel how lost and undone you must be without an interest in Jesus, the Lamb of God, “who taketh away the sins of the world ;” then shall your feet stand within the gates of the new Jerusalem, and there, also, may the child and the mother meet, and the voice of your babe be heard in the strains that thrill through the golden streets.

MARY.

Oxford.

PRAY ON, MOTHER; YOUR SON MAY YET BE SAVED.

THIS monument of Divine grace was the son of truly pious parents. The husband was eminent in his profession, and honoured with the friendship of the great, as well as of the "excellent of the earth." His *mother* was emphatically a woman of faith and prayer; but, notwithstanding such examples and the counsel of godly tutors, the youth fell into the very *depths* of sin, and, consequently, of degradation. Every means used for his recovery seemed in vain; and the poor father, no longer able to endure the anxiety and disgrace his presence occasioned, procured employment for him in a distant land. This opportunity also of recovery he threw up, and gave himself up to his old habits, till he reduced himself to the level of a *common beggar*.

Had his mother cast him off? No; her ceaseless prayers and watchful energies attended all his wanderings; and, wherever he went, she contrived to follow him with her *influence*,—sometimes by letters, sometimes by enlisting the sympathies of some of the Lord's people to go and seek him out, and administer for her to his bare necessities, accompanying the relief with their kind counsel. His *name* was proscribed at home, so she *could* only take it to the "Friend of Sinners;" and this she did ceaselessly.

Many a long and anxious year passed, till, at length, letters came breathing somewhat of the spirit of the prodigal; but they were scarcely believed by the other members of the family. The *mother* gathered hope, and renewed her exertions on his behalf with Christians in this foreign land. The prodigal *had* come to himself; his heavenly Father had welcomed him; and the talents he had gifted him with, which had been so prostituted or neglected, are now gratefully consecrated to his Saviour. He asked to be one of His hired servants, and he *is* sent

into the vineyard, and is *now* the honoured pastor of a large and attached flock ; and when the recorder of these facts last heard of him, *was* also superintendent of a large and important establishment for the education of youth.

His *mother* rests from her labours ; but she was permitted to *see* and *embrace* her long-lost one, not long before her death, and to rejoice over him as the honoured messenger of that Gospel which was the health of *her* soul, and which gave her songs in the night of her sorrow.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS MAKING HOMES MORE COMFORTABLE.

"Is it not your Maternal Meeting this evening, Mrs. Jukes ?" "Yes, it is," replied Mrs. J. ; "but why do you ask ? I hope you have made up your mind to accompany me, at last." "Why, to say truth, I half promised my husband I would go with you, and he offered to be home in time to take care of the children if I would." "Well, to be sure, that is strange ! I thought you told me he objected to your going." "Ah, *so* he did once ; and as I thought the ladies only wanted to get us together to tell us of our faults, I have not cared to ask him again ; but John is mightily changed, and teases me now to go with you." "Dear me, how very strange ! What has altered his mind, so much ?"

"Well, I will tell you in as few words as I can, for I am in haste to get my work done up. You must know, a week or two since, John went with a load of corn to Ingleton, and, while there, he thought he might as well call and see Edward Summers, who used to be our neighbour, you remember. Mary Summers, as you will recollect, I dare say, used to be a dirty, untidy creature, and their children always were in rags. Well, when John went in, he could scarcely believe his eyes ! He began to think he had gone

to the wrong house, for when the door opened he saw at home the picture of neatness. The white cloth on the table for dinner, and Mary and the children (who had just returned from school) looking as nice as new pins! They made John stay to dinner, and then he asked them what had happened to them, for he thought somebody must have left them some money! But Edward told him his wages were no better than when they lived here; 'But I tell you what, John,' says he, 'if you want to be happy, get your wife to go to the Maternal Meeting. For some time after we came here, things went on just as they did at Bilden, but some one persuaded my Mary to go to one of the Mothers' Meetings, and she liked it so much that she has gone ever since. Well, that was the beginning of our happiness! Soon after this, Mary began to put things in better trim, and when I found I had a smiling wife and a tidy home with a clean hearth to come to when I left work, I very soon gave up going to the "Lion." Depend upon it, John,' says he, 'it is very often the women's fault, if they have drinking husbands!'

"Why, how well you remember it all, Mrs. Smith!" "Ah, you would remember it, too, if you had heard John tell it as often as I have. He cannot forget it. And so now you know the reason why he wishes me to go this evening. Will you be so good as call for me, as I should feel strange going among so many?" "Yes, I will be sure to call, and glad to add another to our number; and quite sure I am, neither you nor John will ever repent your going to a Maternal Meeting."

C. R.

TRY WHAT KINDNESS WILL DO.

A poor man, who was eminent for his pious zeal and consistency, was very much tried by the conduct of an ungodly neighbour, who was in the habit of cutting his

wood for the week on the Sabbath-day, and the sound of whose axe continually disturbed the old Christian's meditations. He often earnestly but kindly remonstrated with his neighbour, but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. One Saturday afternoon the old man was found by his neighbour very busy at his wood-pile, and inquired with astonishment what he was doing. "Why," replied the good old man, "you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and it grieves me so much that I mean to do it for you this afternoon, so that you will have no temptation to do it to-morrow." The neighbour was at once overcome, and exclaimed, "No, you shall not—I will do it myself; nor shall you ever after this have reason to complain of me for chopping on the Lord's day;" and he was as good as his word. Mother, do you attend to Saturday's work on the Lord's day? We have heard of some mothers who were in the habit of heating a large oven, and making bread and pies, and keeping the poor dear little children from the Sunday school to help them, often against their will; but one day a good old man walked into the midst of them, with the Bible open in his hand, reading the text in the fourth chapter of Malachi—"For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." The women refused to look at the book, but the good old man placed it open before them, saying, "There it is, in God's Word; you may look at it or not, as you please; but there it will stand against you, and at the last day you will all be judged by it." This appeal had the effect of putting an end to the Sunday baking, at least in this place. Ah, see to it, mothers, that you are not preparing yourselves and your families to be fuel for that fire which is never to be quenched.

A HINT TO IDLE LADS.

WALTER SCOTT, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth :—"It is my deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth ; and, through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and I would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by so doing I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

THE LIFE OF A POET.

"I AM not a little diverted," said Bernard Barton, "by thy taking on somewhat about the irksome monotony and confinement of a fortnight's spell at the desk and figure-work, and seeming to thyself like a piece of machinery in consequence. I have really been so unfeeling as to have a hearty laugh at the whole affair. Why, man, I took my seat on the identical stool I now occupy at the desk, to the wood of which I have now well-nigh grown, in the third month of the year 1810, and there I have sat on, for three-and-thirty blessed years, besides the odd eight months, without one month's respite in all that time. I believe I once had a fortnight, and once in about two years or better I had a week ; but all my absences put together would not make up the odd eight months. I often wonder that my health has stood this sedentary probation as it has, and that my mental faculties have survived three-and-thirty years of putting down figures in three rows, casting them up, and carrying them forward *ad infinitum*. Nor is this all ; for, during that time, I think I have put forward some half-dozen volumes of verse, to say nothing of scores and scores of odd bits of verse contributed to annuals, periodicals, albums, and what not, and a correspondence, implying a

hundred times the *writing* of all these put together. Where is the wonder, that, on the verge of sixty, I am somewhat of a premature old man, with odds and ends of infirmities and ailments about me, which at times are a trial to the spirits, and a weariness to the flesh? But all the grumbling in the world would not mend the matter or help me, so I rub and drive on as well as I can." Bernard Barton did not believe in idleness, did he?

WORTHY WOMEN.

BY HANNAH MORE.

THERE is a large class of excellent female characters who, on account of that very excellence, are little known, because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste. They pass through life honoured and respected in their own small, but not unimportant, sphere, and approved by Him, "whose they are, and whom they serve," though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society; if they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. And when once a woman, who has "all appliances and means to get it," *can* withstand the intoxication of the flatterer, and the adoration of the fashionable—*can* conquer the fondness for public distinction—*can* resist the temptations of that magic circle to which she is courted, and in which she is qualified to shine—this is, indeed, a trial of firmness; a trial which those who have never been called to resist themselves, can hardly judge of the merit of resistance in others. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into notice by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a colour; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to

them ; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and, above all, they possess *His* favour, whom to know is life eternal.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WOULD YOU CHOOSE ?

He is a presumptuous child that will choose his own rod—and an unreasonable Christian that will choose his own cross.

A GENTLE HINT.

Aristotle observing a proud, self-conceited, but empty youth, strutting along with an affected gait and lofty looks, stepped up to him and whispered these words into his ear—“ Friend, such as thou thinkest thyself to be, I wish I were!—but to be as thou art, I wish only to mine enemies !”

WE HAVE ONLY ONE TONGUE !

Zeno, hearing a young man speak too freely, told him—“ For this reason we have only one tongue but two *ears*, that we should hear much and speak little !”

THREE THINGS A WIFE SHOULD BE, AND THREE THINGS A WIFE SHOULD NOT BE.

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door ;
But not like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back !
Like a town-clock a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity ;
But not like clock harangue so clear
That all the town her voice may hear.
A wife should be like echo true,
And speak but when she's spoken to ;
But not like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word.

Young man ! your bride should be like and unlike an echo—a clock—and a snail.

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